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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

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THE Rev. J. H. O'Neill, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Middleboro', Mass., has purchased the fine property, corner of Oak and Centre streets, forming part of the Colonel Thomas estate, for seven thousand dollars. One of the buildings on the property will be remodelled and used for a rectory. A local paper has called the new purchase "Catholic Corner," and says: "Casting all prejudice aside, and looking at the question as it stands, is there a stronger or wealthier religious organization in town than the Church of the Sacred Heart? There may be those more pretentious, but stronger or wealthier? Extremely doubtful."

BISHOP CASPAR H. BORGESS died at Kalamazoo, Mich., on the 2d of May, aged 62. The deceased was consecrated April 24, 1870, and resigned for ill health April 16, 1887.

CAPT. P. D. HUGHES, son of P. Hughes, Esq., of Toronto, Canada, and grandson of Patrick Donahoe, of Boston, was married, on the 17th of April, to Miss Gertrude Berlin of Ontario, at the pro-Cathedral in Victoria. Mr. P. D. H. is doing business in Seattle, Washington.

THE WORKING BOYS' HOME Fair, contrary to many expectations, turned out to be a great success.

A LARGE meeting of the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, was held in the basement chapel on the evening of Thursday, April 24, for the presentation of a testimonial to the Rev. James B. Troy. The Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, P. P., presided. The testimonial took the form of a purse of two thousand dollars.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1890. No. 2.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

What is Agnosticism?

THREE words very much in men's mouths at present are "Agnosticism," "Materialism," and "Evolution." One can hardly glance at a newspaper or a magazine without seeing them, or listen to any casual conversation without hearing at least one of them; yet it is probable that comparatively few know the meaning of the words, and, we venture to say, that very many of the persons who talk and write most glibly about them could not give a clear and accurate definition of their real meaning, if suddenly called upon to do so. Yet they all represent most important movements in the intellectual world of to-day, and it is very desirable that all Christians, and especially Catholics, should know what is meant by them. We shall concern ourselves in this article with the first.

Agnosticism is from a Greek word, meaning "Not to know." It is the name given to the system of belief held by the Agnostics. These persons hold, in brief, that men do not and cannot positively know anything about God and the future life. They say: "We know that men are born; that they live and die. We know the world as it exists, nature and the works of man, because we see them. We know and believe what surrounds us here, by the evidence of our senses. It may be that there is a God; that we have souls, and that there is a life of immortality beyond the grave; but we do not *know* it, and we cannot find out about it for certain. These things are beyond the scope of our intelligence. It is useless to vex ourselves about them, to strain our intellects, to worry and distress our minds about them. All the theories of religion as to God, the origin of the world, the relations of man to his Maker, are vain theories and nothing more. These things belong in the region of the 'Unknowable.' There let us leave them, frankly acknowledging our inability to grapple with them, or to ever arrive at any sure conclusion about them."

The Christian will ask: "Is not this a dangerous doctrine? If you agree to leave out God from your conception of the universe, what becomes of morality? We Christians believe that God made us, and that because He is our Creator, and we are the creatures of His hands, therefore His will is our law. What He commands us to do is right, and what He forbids is wrong. But what is your rule of right and wrong? How do you know the difference between good and bad in conduct, if you live in a world which is not governed by any God that we know, or whose will we may be sure of?"

There will be various answers to this. One Agnostic will say, that whatever tends to the progress and general good of the race of men is right, and whatever tends to keep men back in the march of progress and improvement is wrong. Another will say, that we must all seek happiness for ourselves; but they add that experience proves that the man who lies, steals, cheats, and robs his neighbor, or acquires riches and power by unjust means, is not really happy, or, if he is, that his happiness is gained by making others miserable and unhappy, so that his actions are bad, because they do not tend to general happiness, or to a happiness of the right kind. Still another will declare that goodness means simply unselfishness, and his rule of life, of right and wrong, is, devote yourself to working for the good of others.

Agnostics, as a class, include many very estimable persons. They agree that men should be good. They look to see the human race go on in progress and enlightenment, till some bright time in the future, when all men shall be happy and good. But they do not, as we have said, all agree as to the foundation of morals; the essential difference between right and wrong. Of course, this is not surprising. They have given up the search for God. They have relegated the soul, its Maker, the future life, — all the great, solemn questions of life to the region of the unknowable: they are agnostics — spiritual know-nothings. For them there is no great Creator, and Lord of heaven and earth, to be loved and obeyed; for them, no soul breathed into them by the Divine Spirit, and sharing His immortality. In sorrow and trial they do not know the support and consolation that come from the knowledge of a life beyond the grave, which shall make amends for all they suffer here. They have agreed to pass all that by as a theory. They say we cannot know it, and they do not wish to make the mistake of believing it, if, perchance, it be not true. They are good, because they live in a world that is ruled by the Christian law. If all men were Agnostics for a generation or two, the influence of the Christian traditions would die out, and their vague theories of the "good of the race," the "desire for happiness," and so on, would do very little to restrain the passions of wicked men. They might as well deny God and the soul at once, as to say that we never can know that they exist; as well believe in no God at all, as in a hidden, or a dead one!

There is little prospect that Agnosticism will make very great headway, or count a very large number of adherents. It is contrary to human nature. Man is naturally religious. The religious instinct

is too deeply planted in his breast to be rooted up and displaced by such a cold and barren negation as this. And who says that we cannot *know* that God and the soul exist? For my soul, I feel it within me. I have a higher, a nobler, and a better part than this weak body, and this erring mind; and if I do not know that God exists, — that He made me and governs me, — then I do not know anything. I have not seen Him with my eyes; scientific men have not weighed Him in their scales, or analyzed His substance; but in the history of the world, the records of the race of men, in the constitution of nature, and in my own mind and heart, "I know that my Creator liveth." This is the Christian's answer to the Agnostic.

Unhappy souls! How greatly to be pitied. The only things really worth knowing they say that they cannot know.

H. L. R., Jr.

Young Preachers.

Speaking of the comparison in The Catholic Review of Archbishop Ryan and Archbishop Ireland in the pulpit, an experienced ecclesiastic said: "It is all true; but The Catholic Review should also warn young preachers that sincerity and resolution are not enough. To preach effectively it is necessary to practise." That our younger preachers are many of them indifferent to the aids which art affords the preacher, is undeniable. In college they are timid; they listen with far more profit than they speak. They pay little attention to elocution. They pay none to the related science of physical culture by which good voice, correct use of the vocal organs, and composure while speaking, are to be acquired. They go forth, in too many cases, unable to commit a discourse to memory, and unable to speak extemporaneously. Many of our pulpits fail to perform the great work which is their rightful function. The greatest orators of every age, of every nation, have been lowly and persevering in seeking every aid science and art offer for maturing and refining the natural gift of eloquence. The musician is not made by soul and sympathy only. The poet is not equipped for his art by imagination alone. The study of good models is indispensable for every man who has anything to say, whether in prose or poetry, on the platform or in the pulpit. Practice is essential for preaching — practice directed by sound criticism. But after the young preacher has obtained voice, and skill in conserving and expending it, grace and dignity of gesture, the valuable talent of spontaneously adorning his discourse with gems that others have polished, it will still be true, as Lowell says, that "a grass blade of his own raising will be worth a barrow load of flowers from other men's gardens."

"Now, Maggie, let us understand one another thoroughly before we are married. You, of course, will recognize me as the head of the house?" — "Yes, Clarence, you are to be president, provided you grant me my wish." — "There, it is granted." — "Thank you, darling. Then I am unanimously elected treasurer."

What shall the New Year Bring?

I.

WHAT shall the New Year bring us,
Asthore, macree?
Dear love of an Irish heart,
What shall it bring to thee?
And me?
Shall it bring gladness,
Or shall it bring sadness?
Shall it bring roses or thorns?
The gain that gladdens,
The loss that saddens,
A future that sings or mourns?
Asthore, macree!
Answer, — which shall it be?

II.

What shall the new year bring us,
Joy of my breath?
Sweet love of an Irish heart,
Shall it bring life or death?
Dark death?

— Sound thro' its bowers
Of sunlight and flowers,
Echoes of sport and song?
Or bitterest sighing
For loved ones dying, —
Death-knells, weary and long?
Asthore, macree!
Answer, — which shall it be?

III.

Ah! *this* shall the New Year bring us,
Jewel, *asthore!*
Brave love of an Irish heart,
This shall it bring, and more,
Much more!

Sunshine, for crosses,
Courage, for losses,
Hope, for the darkest hours;
Love's resignation
To God's dispensation,
Turning the thorns to flowers!
Macree, asthore,
This shall it bring, — and more.

Philadelphia, January, 1890. ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

From the German of Hettinger.

Theology and Natural Science.

PART III.

In the method of the Christian schools, we must accordingly acknowledge and gratefully admire the guiding hand of forethought. They studied Nature but in the light of mind. Even in the oldest records of revealed religion a deep feeling for Nature finds expression; but all Nature is only the footstool of God, and not itself the Deity before which man should fall down in adoration.

"It is a characteristic feature of the Nature-poetry of the Hebrews, that, as the reflex of monotheism, it embraces the whole universe in its unity; the whole world is the work of God; accordingly the poetry is magnificent and of most solemn earnestness; but, in contrast to Indian poetry, full of moral significance, precisely because of the underlying thought of one, personal God. In the 104th psalm alone, we find set forth a complete picture of the whole universe." (Humboldt, Kosmos II. 46.) Thus does Holy Scripture of itself lead Christian teachers to the study of Nature. This love of Nature appears in the oldest of the Fathers, especially St. Basil, with a feeling so profound and original, that A. v. Humboldt "cherished a special fondness for this doctor of the church. In his simple descriptions of scenery and forest-life, feelings find expression which blend more intimately with those of modern times, than any which have survived in Greek and Roman literature." (Humboldt, Kosmos II. 27.) When in the Hexaëmeron, he describes the glorious nights of Asia Minor, the stars, "those immortal flowers of heaven," uplift his thoughts from the visible to the invisible. So, too, does Clement of Rome, contemplating the universe, remark, "How full of mildness and peace is God towards His whole creation." (1 Cor. 19, 20.) His letter to Diognetus praises the Divine Logos as "the artist and master-workman of the universe, through whom God created the heavens and enclosed the ocean within bounds, and whose laws all the elements faithfully obey." (Octav. c. 2, 16.) Theophilus speaks of the Pleiades and Orion and Arctus, and "the hosts of the heavenly bodies to each of which the wonderful wisdom of God has assigned a special name." (Ad. Autolyc. 1, 9.) Minutius Felix describes the majestic order in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies and of the seasons, the artistic structure of the organs in members of the brute creation, the exalted beauty of the human body — clear and visible witnesses of the wise and good ruler and maker of all. The deep feeling for Nature of Augustine, commingled of joy and sadness, finds expression, especially in that passage which Petrarch so much admired, and which moved him to tears. (Confess. X. 8.) In recent times has Leo. XIII., when Bishop of Perugia, exalted the importance of natural science for Christian knowledge. "Since the universe is a book in every leaf of which the name and wisdom of God stands written, so is it clear that the more deeply and intelligently we read

in that book, the more are we filled and inspired with the love of God. Since it suffices to have but two eyes to perceive that the starlit heavens proclaims the glory of its Maker; since two ears suffice to hear those hymns of praise which one day chants to another, how much more shall the wisdom and power of God shine forth before him who directs his enquiring gaze to the heavens above, and the depths of the earth beneath, to the shining stars and to the atom, to the plants and the grasses, all of which furnish the proof that the universe is regulated in due measure and proportion, according to the highest intelligence. Shall it then be supposed that the Church is radically hostile, or even indifferent to inquiries and researches which bring forth such precious fruits. As lord of creation, man only exercises his rights, when he penetrates into the secrets of Nature, collects the forces slumbering therein, and employs them for his use and benefit, and that of his fellow-men. How lordly and majestic man appears when he beckons to the thunderbolt, and causes it to sink harmless at his feet; when he summons the electric spark and sends it forth as the messengers of his behests over the abysses of ocean, the lofty mountain ranges, and the illimitable plains! How glorious he seems when he bids steam take wings, and fly with the rapidity of lightning over land and sea! How mighty, when by his ingenious contrivances he summons forth the forces of Nature, chains them down, rules and directs them, and, so to speak, endows dead matter with reason, so that it performs for man the rudest labors! Is there not within him a spark of his Creator, when he bids the light come forth and illumine the darkness." (The Church and Civilization. Two pastoral letters of the Cardinal Bishop of Perugia, Joachim Pecci, 1878, p. 26.)

The old monks and hermits have been reproached with hatred of Nature; but wholly without reason. Neither the fathers of the desert in the valley of the Nile, on Sinai and in Hauran merit this reproach, nor the monks of the West in the forests of Gaul and Germany; what led them to fly from human intercourse was a strong, passionate liking for Nature rather than any hostile feeling towards it. The excellence of the monastic life is not the sole reason why its eulogists, such as Basil, Jerome, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, commend it. Ambrose speaks of the Mediterranean isles, peopled with hermits, as "a string of pearls thrown over the ocean by God," and refers to their hymns as mingling with the murmur of the waves on the strand. (Ambros. Hexaëmer. III., 5.) Eucherius describes the island of Lerins as "alive with fountains, glittering with flowers, and filled with sweet odors." (Eucher. De land. erem. ad Hilar. n. 42.) Ozanam has made known the deep insight into Nature of the Franciscan poets of the thirteenth century, and in Montalembert's fascinating book, "The Monks of the West," the chapter headed "The Monks and Nature" affords to the reader a rich store of enjoyment Though not everything narrated in the work rests on a historical basis, and many things are legendary, still it shows what a deep feeling of the beautiful in nature abode within these silent cells, when the wildest deserts were transformed into "vales of light," "vales of bliss," "gates of heaven."

So, too, did Thomas of Aquin acknowledge the high importance of a thoughtful study of Nature. The study of creatures, he says, is especially useful, to teach faith and uproot error; for the more we study the works of God, the more clearly will we perceive His wisdom and His power, and the more ardently will we be inflamed with love towards Him at sight of the beauty of created things, since all that beauty which we admire in creatures has come forth from God as the original source of all beauty. For the more we know of created things, the more like to Him will we become who knows Himself and all things outside Himself. So, also, will a right knowledge of Nature serve as a safeguard against Paganism and all Pagan delusion, against astrology, fatalism, magic and superstition; by a knowledge of Nature will man be enabled to understand his true position in the universe. (C. Gent. II. 2, 3.)

The love with which St. Francis of Assisi called upon the sun, the moon, the stars, air, wind, clouds, and all creatures to praise God, which, according to the legend, led Antonius to preach to the fishes, and Egidio to embrace the trees and the rocks, because they are creatures of God, was also a vital power as well among the mystics of the other orders, Bernard, Hugo and Richard of St. Victor, Tauler, Sufo and others, as among the preaching friars. Seeking to find in Nature the symbol of their ideas, and elevate the sensual to the type of the supersensual, they may be said to have, in a certain sense, transfigured Nature itself. The fine feeling for beautiful scenery of the monks of the Middle Ages, as displayed in the selection of sites for their monasteries, is too well known to need extended reference; nor should we forget that it was these monks, who, by their tireless industry transformed into their present condition the once marshy valleys and forest-clad mountains, and thereby imparted beauty to the scene. St. Bonaventure greets the nightingale as "the herald of the coming spring, and as soothing the soul with the sweetness of its song":

> "Philomena, prævia temporis amœni,
> Quæ recessum nuntias imbris atque cœni,
> Dum mulcescis animos tuo cantu leni,
> Ave prudentissima, ad me, quæso, veni!"

St. Bernard will learn "from the earth and from trees, from the corn, the flowers, and the grasses, will find more in the forests than in books, and learn from trees and stones what no master can teach." (Ep. 106.)

Hugo of St. Victor "compares the whole visible world to a book, written by the finger of God; divine omnipotence hath created it, and all created things are the figures which, according to the designs of God show forth His invisible wisdom; the sensual man sees but the outside, he does not understand their meaning." (De sacram. fid. 1, 7.) In like manner Ivo of Chartres, Gerhoch of Reichensperg express themselves. Berthold of Regensburg sees in the turtle-dove the image of the pious Christian; in the noble eagle, Christ himself; Mary, in the radiant sun; Magdalen, in the cloud-bedimmed moon. In rich-

est profusion, and with masterly touch, Dante employs the creatures of the animal and vegetable world as symbols of our spiritual state. Who does not know his glorious image of the immortal soul:

"Non v'accorgete voi, che noi siam vermi
Nati a formar l'angelica farfalla,
Che vola alla giustizia senza schermi."

"Do ye not comprehend that we are worms,
Born to bring forth the angelic butterfly
That flieth unto judgment without screen?"

Purgatorio x. 126.

But what need to have recourse to the example of the great Fathers and theologians, seeing that the Church herself has chosen and consecrated, as symbols of the higher spiritual life, the natural occurrences of day and night and even the elements themselves. Let it suffice to refer to the blessing of water, oil, tapers, etc. The crowing of the cock which proclaims the approach of morning,* the morning star which goes before the rising of the sun,† the sun's radiance,‡ the fervor of mid-day,‖ the evening sun,¶ the midnight darkness,** the morning's dawn†† are images of the spiritual state; in the hymn for Vespers the thought follows the work of the six days; the creation of plants, of the light, of the beasts, awakens in the reader thoughts of God as the mighty Creator, and dispenser of life and light.‡‡

The dome of heaven, the radiant sun, the glittering stars, the loud-resounding sea, become images of greater, holier, thoughts. But especially in the circle of feasts, in the ecclesiastical year, does the succession of the seasons in the life of Nature, with their ever-varying changes and appearances, furnish a profound symbolism of the spiritual life. The four great festal periods, Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, All Saints', with All Souls', comprise the four divisions of the year (Quatuor tempora), and the onward march of the life of Nature imparts a direction and a significance to our religious festivities. Thus is Nature the fellow-traveller of man, his all-supporting mother, a book written by the finger of God, a work showing in its every part the traces of Him who wrought it. Does Nature, too, with man, lie under the curse of original sin, so does she patiently wait and sigh for the time, when, with the redeemed children of God, she also will find salvation. (Ep. Rom. 8, 20.) The Church year begins with the days when the sun stands low on the horizon, when its rays are without warmth, the nights long, the days dark and dreary. Then does Nature lie motionless, as if in death. She is the image of humanity; dead,

* Præco diei jam sonat
Ales diei jam nuntiat.

† Hoc excitatus lucifer
Solvit polum caligine
Ortus refulget lucifer
Præitque solem nuntius.

‡ Jurbarque solis evocat.

‖ Splendore mane illuminans
Et ignibus meridiem.

¶ Largire lumen vespere.

** Aufer tenebras mentium
Nox et tenebræ et nubila
Confusa mundi et turbida.

†† Lux ecce surgit aurea
Pallens facessat cæcitas,
Quæ nosmet in præceps diu
Errore traxit devio.

Aurora jam spargit polum
Terris dies illabitur
Lucis resultat spiculum
Discedat omne lubricum.

‡‡ Cœli Deus sanctissime
Qui lucidas mundi plagas
Candore pingis igneo,
Augens decoro lumine.
. . . . . .
Expelle noctem cordium,
Absterge sordes mentium,
Resolve culpæ vinculum,
Everte moles criminum.

without light, in misery, she awaits the rising of the Sun of the new life. Christmas is come: —

En clara vox redarguit, etc.

"Hark, a joyful voice is thrilling
And each dim and winding way
Of the ancient Temple filling;
Dreams depart! for it is day.
Christ is coming! from thy bed,
Earth-bound soul, awake and spring
With the sun new-risen to shed
Health on human suffering." (Newman.)
Hymn ad Laud. Advent.

The resurrection of Nature in spring becomes an image of conversion in the Lenten season: —

Dies venit, dies tua, etc.

"The day is near when all reblooms
Thine own blest day, O Lord!
We too would joy, by thy right hand
To life's true path restored." (Caswell.)
Hymn Laud. Dom. Quad.

After sorrow and mourning, we then rejoice, with the newly-risen, in the Easter time: —

Aurora cœlum purpurat, etc.

"The dawn was reddening in the sky,
With 'Alleluias' rang the air;
Earth held a glorious jubilee,
Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce despair;

"When our most valiant, mighty King
From death's abyss in dread array
Led the long-prisoned fathers forth
Into the beam of light and day." (Caswell.)
Dom. ad Laud.

The rays of the sun are now become more ardent, its golden, life-giving light lies, all the long hours, over the face of creation, summons forth the flowers to bloom, and ripens the sweet fruit on tree and shrub — a symbol of the operation of the Holy Spirit whose gifts we implore in the season of Pentecost: —

Beata nobis gaudia, etc.

"Round roll the weeks our hearts to greet
With blissful joy returning;
For lo! the Holy Paraclete
On twelve bright brows sits burning;
With quivering flame he lights on each,
In fashion like a tongue to teach
That eloquent they are of speech,
Their hearts with true love yearning.

. . . . . .

"O God most holy, thee we pray
With reverent brow low bending,
Grant us the Spirit's gifts to-day,—
The gifts from heaven descending." (Rev. M. Blew.)

And now comes the harvest time. The flowers are long since faded; leaf after leaf the foliage has fallen from the trees; a chill frost lies over forest and field; lowering clouds clothe the sky; a breath of change touches the heart of Nature. Then the Church celebrates the festivals of All Saints' and All Souls'. Then does she pray to all the saints that those of her children, who still wander over the earth, may also, as good fruit, be gathered into the garner-house of the Heavenly Father: —

"Auferte gentem perfidam
Credentium de finibus,
Ut unus omnes unicum
Ovile nos Pastor regat."

Hymn. Vesp. Fest. Om. Sanct.

But the way to life leads through death and judgment. Then does the Church recall to mind all the departed. She accompanies them before the judgment seat of God and prays in their behalf: —

"Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæcla in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla.

. . . . .

"Quid sum miser tunc dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus.
Rex tremenda majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sim causa tuæ viæ
Ne me perdas illa die.

"Querens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus."

Thus is the circling round of festivals in the ecclesiastical year the calendar of the new supernatural world.

As in language, so also in painting, the life of Nature with its typical, symbolical significance is utilized in the Church. In the oldest paintings of the catacombs we find lambs and doves employed as types of Christ and the Holy Spirit, as also of Christian souls; so, too, the fabled phœnix as the symbol of immortality. Dating back to primitive times is the picture of the fish, as representing Christ and the faithful who have been born again in baptism (Tertullian, de baptism, c. 1.) The lion typifies Christ; the peacock expresses the idea of the resurrection; the hart that slakes its thirst at the flowing fountains represents the water of salvation; the palm is universally used as the sign of victory, as also the olive-branch in the mouth of the dove as the symbol of everlasting peace. Trees and blooming meadows image forth the heavenly paradise. A later period, which decorated the apse of the basilicas with mosaics, retained these symbols; how wonderfully effective those splendid pictures in St. Cosmas and Damian in Rome, where the Apostles under the form of lambs

look up, full of yearning, to Christ as the "Lamb of God;" with what overmastering power the mosaics in St. John of Lateran lay hold of us which represent the Jordan, into which flow the four rivers of Paradise! Children play among the flowers, and the birds on its banks, lambs and harts drink from its waters.

May these remarks suffice to make clear to your mind the thought of the Church who perceives throughout a grand harmony between Nature and grace, between the fleeting and the permanent. Everything mutable should be unto us an image of the immutable, everything visible a reflection of the invisible. The world-child, Gœthe, in his "Elective Affinities," has drawn from chemistry images to represent sinful relations; to the child of God, Nature, which the Church consecrates and sanctifies, and all created things, are as a ladder by which he ascends to the Uncreated and the Eternal.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

Ireland in London.

THE perusal of a volume under the above title has set us thinking of the enormous increase of the Irish in this island, during the latter times, and the important and progressive stake they hold in the community. Irish may be accepted in a sense as synonymous with Catholic; and, if we consult the statistics, we find there were but 27,696 Catholics in England and Wales, in 1699. Taking half of these as Irish, they formed but one-fourth per cent. of the entire population, or one in every four hundred. In 1845, the Catholics were 284,300, or 1.70 per cent. In 1881, according to the census papers, the Irish-born had risen to 562,734, or one in forty-six of the population, and if to this be added the children of Irish parents, it is estimated that there must be a *quarter of a million* of Irish — not in the island, but in London alone.

As a sad necessity of the circumstances under which they were driven here, the vast majority of these immigrants are poor. In the metropolis, as we learn from the able compilation to which we allude, the occupations they chiefly follow are those of the unskilled branches of the building trades, tailoring, shoemaking, domestic service, the laundry, and unloading at the docks, — the work requiring strength, exposure, and perseverance. Many of the market gardeners in the west of the town are Irish; but there are very few Irish bakers, cabmen, or barbers.

The districts the humbler Irish effect — for they are gregarious and like to meet their own people — are St. Olave's, in Southwark; Whitechapel, St. Giles's, Holborn, St. George's-in-the-East, Stepney, Greenwich, Lambeth, Westminster, Marylebone, Poplar, St. Saviour's (Southwark), Bermondsey, and Rotherhithe. At St. Olave's, in 1861, they were one in six of the population, they being there in densest proportion; at St. Giles's, one in nine; at Holborn, one in eleven; and at Greenwich, one in sixteen.

At one period, the Irish who came across were accounted mostly as military or literary adventurers. Now they belong to the great army of labor; not that there are not eminent soldiers and brilliant writers among our compatriots by the Thames. Too many of these we have no reason to be proud of, for they are something else or anything else often before they are "kindly Irish of the Irish." Not many of the ancient race house themselves in Park Lane, or canter their cobs on the tan of Rotten Row.

The pictorial artists are not to the fore as in previous years — the epoch of the giants, we may call it — for Irish names are not conspicuous in the Royal Academy. The painters seem to be losing the cunning of their touch, and the sculptors, where once we asserted a glorious pre-eminence, are few. But in the sister art of music we can point to some distinguished composers, — Sir Arthur Sullivan, Irish by both parents; Sir R. P. Stewart, Professors Stanford, O'Leary, and Glover, Messrs. Levey and Robinson, Hamilton Clarke, and, though last, not least, James Lyman Molloy.

In the Civil Service departments, especially the Customs and Excise, there are very many Irish, and generally they are sound, manful, clever men. This preponderance is owing to the substitution of the system of competitive examination for the old rotten rule of appointment by patronage. Some amongst them, alas! are weak members, belonging as they do, to the haw-haw order of human architecture which despises the musical brogue; affects — at what a distance! — the ease and accent of the Piccadilly lounger, and are more interested in betting and billiard playing than in the history and literature of their native soil.

There are numerous Irish medical men in London, and brave, skilful, humane, they are; ever ready for a call, and bringing big hearts and smiling faces to the bedside of the sick; all honor to them! The lawyers are not very numerous; but among those who hail from the verdant sod are some of the lights of the Bar: acute, learned, and eloquent. The priests we do not attempt to panegyrize; they do not need it; we all know them; but this we may say, without offence to their colleagues of other nationalities, if the pleasant, charitable, indefatigable Milesian soggarths were removed from our midst it would be a bitter, black day for Catholicity.

Here, as in America, the exile from the home of the ruined abbeys and holy wells is the stanch prop and stay of religion. Look at the green-and-gold-scarved cohorts of the League of the Cross, five-and-thirty thousand strong, what a moral force they are with their thrift, piety, and temperance! Ninety-five per cent of them are Irish, and the most inspiriting melody to our ears, although at times it may be too boisterous for nice connoisseurs, is that of their eighteen brass and twenty-three drum and fife bands. We have a partiality for the Irish mechanics and day-toilers, and why should we not? They are of our blood, and the Universe was their earliest exponent at the press, and continues to be their trusted champion. They are civil and generous, sparkle with native humor, and reveal a gleam of intelligence

such as never lightens up the animal countenance of the guzzling, stupid Chawbacon. When it is recollected how they came here, — despondent, penniless, beaten down in the battle of life, what adverse opinions they have had to overcome, what trials and privations they have had to undergo, how pure of morals, how joyous of spirit, and how nobly independent they are, — it is a marvel approaching the miraculous.

They lazy; they ignorant!

It maddens us when we hear such charges made by the flippant.

They ignorant! By the unavoidable circumstances of their training — there were no School Boards in their youth, and they have had to earn their bread almost from the hour they could toddle — they may be deficient in book-learning; but they know the tenets of their faith and their duties to their neighbor. They are honest as the sun, chaste, and gentle behaved, when they are not cursed by the too prevalent fondness of strong liquor, and even for that weakness they have the excuses to plead of open handedness and a love of society, of a *shanahus* and a merry dance.

The people who save and send back regular remittances to relatives in Ireland, the people who come harvesting under the hot sun here, and tie the bulk of their wages in the corner of a pocket-handkerchief, that they may take it to pay the exorbitant rent of the do-nothing landlord, are not open to the accusation of indolence.

They lazy! Give them constant employment and fair wages, and who can work better, aye, and laugh and sing as they stitch or dig, pile up bricks, or carry heavy burdens, or drudge willingly from dawn to dark.

We are proud of them, and we maintain, in the face of all-comers, that they are vigorous, industrious, pious, patriotic, and bountiful, anxious to have their children well schooled, ever ready to lend a hand to a fellow-countryman in distress, and with purses freely unloosed to help any movement which they believe to be for the good of dear old Ireland.

Glory, then, to the Irish exiles in London, and not only there, but elsewhere throughout the foreign land, and shame on their detractors.

London Universe.

Our French Canadian Brethren. — The importance and activity of the Catholic French Canadians in the United States is shown by the fact that they are about to issue a second edition of The French Guide for New England and New York, published at Lowell, Mass. This work gives the names of Canadian merchants, manufacturers, professional men, newspapers, societies, as well as of Canadian priests, convents, and schools, with statistics of trade, population, etc. It is intended for business men, especially, and is in itself something remarkable. That the French Canadians can support edition after edition of such a Directory, shows numbers, intelligence, and energy. It will be a book worth examination and study by all, even our legislators and politicians. A body so alive to its interests is one destined to exercise a great influence, and as its press is increasing, every public act and question is discussed ably among them, for they have energetic leaders.

Thought, Criticism and Opinion.

ENGLAND is uneasy and restless to a degree never before witnessed in this generation. She is troubled and disturbed by a premonition of invasion and disaster from some unknown source. Hence, the Lion's roar increases in volume, and the great fleet is paraded as a warning to other nations to look out for the engine. But the merest trifle will frequently disable the mightiest engine, and the lightning, wind, and wave can cast away the proudest armada. England's crimes will yet come home to roost. She knows this, and, knowing it, trembles.

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I was crossing the Middle campus at Brown University, a few days since, when I met an old gentleman of kindly demeanor and vigorous stride. He was Professor Harkness, the widely known author of Latin and other text-books. Harkness' Latin grammar is valued wherever instruction in the language is imparted. Thousands of students in the past, and many more thousands in the present, have made the book their battle ground, and have there had desperate conflicts with the declensions, or tried to keep the dative from fighting with the ablative. Professor Harkness is now approaching his seventieth year, and has occupied the chair of Greek at Brown for a long period.

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Col. James Moran is one of the most popular military officers in Rhode Island. He commands the Second Regiment, and is unsurpassed as a disciplinarian. The Second is a finely drilled body, and comprises some of the choicest young men in the state. Its complexion is sufficiently indicated by the names borne by the various companies. Here are a few: Wolfe Tone Guards, Emmet Guards, Meagher Guards, Kearney Guards, etc. The Second has the right of the line in parades and encampments, and is a credit to the brigade. The chaplain of the regiment is Rev. Father Doran, chancellor of the Providence diocese. He is a great favorite with officers and men, and never fails to report for duty on regimental occasions. He ranks as a lieutenant.

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Edgar L. Wakeman continues his exquisite sketches relating to Ireland. Gifted with an inexhaustible fund of historical lore, and a pen of marvellous descriptive power, he depicts Irish traits, customs, and localities in a manner never before approached. At his hands, Irish antiquities, castellated remains, and heroic patriotism are clothed with new attractiveness. He throws over them a drapery interwoven with the rarest intellectual grace. His word-pictures, founded on fact, of rugged coast scenery, precipitous cliffs, and dark mountain defiles, are vividly realistic. Whether describing the aged, whose race of life is nearly run, or the generation just standing on the initiative threshold of life, his eloquent language is always delightfully enter-

taining. Edgar L. Wakeman is doing a vast service for the cause of Irish nationality.

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If an international copyright law will have a tendency to create and foster a superior class of American novelists, it deserves to succeed. We want more Coopers and Irvings. This generation is weary of the sickly English and French trash reprinted for American readers. We want American scenes and localities depicted, American ideas and institutions described. It is high time that "the stately towers" should fall upon "the lord of the manor," and that "the countess who struggles to live on a pittance of ten thousand pounds a year," should be forwarded to the nearest alms-house. Such "rot" is an insult to American intelligence. It serves to degrade tastes that should be supplied with healthy literary food. The projected copyright law may, by shutting out to some extent this flood of worthless foreign fiction, develop a school of native writers who will locate their plots amid native scenes.

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I met a Scotchman — a native of Glasgow — not long since. He had served in a Highland regiment and had a military bearing. At first, I presumed I would find him a warm admirer of the Crown and all the royal accessories. I was disappointed — agreeably so. We conversed for some time, during which his republican sentiments — I speak in no partisan sense — quite astounded me. He spoke deprecatingly of the present order of things in Scotland, from which he had but recently arrived, and recited many disadvantages under which that country suffers. Thousands of good Scotchmen, he declared, desire the abrogation of the present system of government in Great Britain and the substitution of a republic. He was especially severe on the Prince of Wales, with whom he had frequently come in contact, and expressed his belief that England would have no more kings. His sentiments gave additional evidence of the fact that bonnie old Scotland is turning toward the sunrise.

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Unlike some states in the union, Rhode Island has never forgotten the aid rendered by our French allies in the Revolution. In Providence, a certain locality where French troops encamped is still proudly pointed out. Camp street has been named to perpetuate that event. In the old North burial ground are interred the remains of many French soldiers who died on Rhode Island soil. A monument has been erected on the spot. One of the panels bears the inscription, "The Gratitude of Rhode Island," and another, "Tribute of the People." An additional incident, showing Rhode Island's friendliness for the French, was the reception given by Governor Ladd a few months ago to Admiral D'Coulston of the French navy. The party also included Lieutenant Hesper, and Colonel and Madame Du Villard. Both at Newport and Providence the distinguished visitors were

treated to the most cordial welcome. Little Rhody may be small so far as area is concerned; but she is big hearted enough to remember the valuable services rendered in the past by a friendly nation.

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The Housatonic river, in its course through Connecticut, separates the boroughs of Birmingham and Shelton. Above the great dam, near the latter place, the river widens into a beautiful lake, bordered by wooded hills and steep declivities. On one side is a deep, rocky glen, almost hidden from view by the heavy, overhanging foliage. Penetrating into the shade thus formed, and proceeding along a narrow footpath, the visitor is greeted with a laughing cascade. It comes tumbling down from far above. The subdued light, the deep forest, and the falling, splashing waters, all form a scene of grandeur such as only Nature can furnish. It was toward evening as I left this romantic spot, on one occasion. Walking out into the open glade, and down to the river, I embarked in my boat. As I rowed leisurely down the stream, the Angelus bell from the church in Birmingham pealed forth. The sound waves rose and fell with soothing rhythm, and seemed to float off toward the distant hills. I saw no field laborers with bowed heads, as in Millet's "L' Angelus;" but, no doubt, in the boroughs below, and on the hillsides and hilltops far away, many were faithfully complying with the call to prayer.

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Among the battle flags treasured in the *Hotel Des Invalides*, Paris, is the brigade standard, carried by the Irish troops at Fontenoy. It is a venerable flag, perforated by bullets, torn by bayonet thrusts, and dyed in human blood. It has been preserved and honored, in the institution mentioned, for many years. Generation after generation has come on life's stage, matured and passed away, but still the old standard has ever been displayed in the French capital. There it remains, bearing tribute to the Irish prowess so disasterous to England in the fierce fight that day. The brave men who fought under it, for Liberty and France, have long since returned to dust; but the memory of their valiant deeds remains undimned. A movement has just been inaugurated, by an Irish military body in New York, to obtain possession of this precious heirloom. To this end, a petition to the French authorities has been drawn up. To me the movement seems ill advised. New York is, undoubtedly, the greatest American and Irish city in the world. That the flag would be warmly received and lovingly guarded here, goes without saying; but it should be left in France. There it possesses a significance it would not have on this side of the water. There it emblemizes a union of the shamrock and the lilies, and is typical of Ireland's contribution to the glory of France.

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I am a great admirer of Chauncey Depew. I like his sterling Americanism and his fearlessness in expressing his convictions. On three distinct occasions when surrounded by ranting Britishers, he has

promptly rebuked the latter. It required nerve; but Mr. Depew, being a typical American, possessed it in abundance. No living American has more manfully and promptly repelled insinuations and innuendoes against the republic, than Chauncey Depew. He deserves well of his countrymen. Speaking of Mr. Depew's Americanism, reminds me of an incident concerning Gen. Israel Putnam of the Revolution. It seems that the gallant old soldier had captured Edmund Palmer, a British spy. The infamous Tyron, without delay, wrote an insolent demand for the spy's release and sent it by a messenger. Tyron also threatened vengeance on the Americans if the prisoner should be executed. This was Putnam's reply:

"HEAD QUARTERS, 7th August, 1777."

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

ISRAEL PUTNAM."

"P. S. He has, accordingly, been executed."

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For a city so sunk in the slough of Evangelical mediocrity, Springfield, Mass., has many commendable features. These features exist, however, not as a result of the canting quagmire which weighs heavily on the place, but in spite of it. Romanism and the Pope's toe cause many a horrid nightmare in that section of the Connecticut valley. Just at present, a lot of venerable fogies in Springfield are preparing to repel a French-Canadian invasion. The invaders are supposed to be hovering somewhere around New England watching for an opportunity to capture Springfield and annex it to Canada. These Canadians being Catholics, are, of course, dangerous to "our institutions," as some of the preachers would patronizingly declare. The fact that several companies of French Canadians fought at Bunker Hill to establish the republic, seems to be unknown to these doughty alarmists. Your true bigot is seldom very strong in historical acquirements. It is well for Springfield, however, that such combative monomaniacs are in the minority. Large-hearted, well-read, liberal Protestants condemn their utterances as reprehensible and destructive of social order. It should be stated here that many of the most generous contributions to Catholic undertakings in Springfield have been made by Protestants, and that among the warmest friends and admirers of Bishop O'Reilly are men who worship at other altars.

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The wisdom of Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland's plea for independence in politics, becomes more manifest day by day. After all, the idea involved means but the exercise of true manhood. The steady growth of this sturdy independence brings dismay to the vulgar bosses whose alpha and omega is self and pelf. To none does the principle of independence in politics appeal with greater force than Catholics. For instance, in Boston, at present, most of the anti-Catholic spirit is found in the Republican party. It is there that the school animus thrives. It

is there the dark-lantern conspirators find a congenial atmosphere. There you discover the committees of One Hundred and other tribes of linguistic brigands. The Republican cloak in Boston covers as noxious a nest of pernicious spirits as ever attempted to make Rome howl. In other cities and in other states the Republican party is innocent of all this. Why? Because thousands of its strongest adherents are Catholics. Now, if Catholics formed a third, or other large portion, of the Republican party in Boston or Massachusetts, anti-Catholic legislation would be tabooed, and the noisy crowd of religious fanatics would be petrified by honest contempt. For this and other reasons— patriotic, social and political—independence in politics would be a blessing. It is cheering to note that a beginning has already been made in this direction. The movement is destined to grow, because dictated by patriotism, political wisdom, and common sense.

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One of the most delightful spots on the Connecticut coast is Black Rock. This is a fashionable summer resort, near Fairfield, on Long Island Sound. The location is a picturesque one, and the place has attained well-deserved popularity. Inland, a charming panorama of forest, hill, and dell greets the eye. Many pleasing vistas present themselves, while glimpses of distant church spires, pretty towns, and cosey villages, enhance the view. On the south, the broad waters of the Sound, eighteen miles wide at that point, impress the mind with a sense of sublimity. Penfield reef and Stratford shoal, Middleground light and Bridgeport breakwater, are also among the objects seen from this pleasant retreat. Black Rock possesses a spacious harbor which is generally crowded with vessels during a storm outside. It is likewise a favorite rendezvous for the New York, Larchmont, and Corinthian yacht clubs. One of the pleasantest trips imaginable, in favorable weather, is across the Sound to the quaint settlements and lofty headlands of Long Island. I've made the trip many times on the fleet steamer Nonowantuc. The captain is as jolly a son of Neptune as ever boxed the compass. Year in, year out, he has safely taken his boat across, in sunshine and in storm.

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Some of the most striking incidents are frequently allowed to pass unrecorded. I have in mind a certain event in Providence, R. I., which has hardly been mentioned outside the state. That event was a sermon at SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, last year, in honor of Memorial Day. The incident forms, indeed, quite an epoch in the history of Catholicity in Rhode Island. The sermon was by Rev. Father Simmons, and was delivered on the afternoon of the Sunday preceding Memorial Day. It was commemorative of the day, and of the Nation's dead. All the Grand Army Posts in the city were invited to attend; also state, county, and city officials. The acceptances were very general. Six Grand Army Posts were present. They consisted of Prescott Post, No. 1; Arnold, No. 4; Slocum, No. 10;

Rodman, No. 12; Ives, No. 13; and Bucklin, No. 30. There were also in attendance, two Camps of the Sons of Veterans, to wit: General A. E. Burnside Camp, No. 5, and James A. Garfield Camp, No. 11. I also noticed present, in addition to the foregoing, the governor of the commonwealth, the adjutant general, the mayor of the city, the collector of the port, the city clerk, the city sergeant, the city paymaster, the aldermen, and the common council. Another notable occasion was the recent consecration of the same cathedral. This was witnessed by the governor, the lieutenant-governor; the chief justice of the supreme court, the associate justices; the president of Brown University; two members of congress; and by many other prominent citizens. Catholicity is making rapid progress in Rhode Island, and nowhere is the Church treated with greater respect by non-Catholics. May such scenes as the above be multiplied.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

The Race Troubles at the South.

THE position of the Southern people towards the negro is incomprehensible to the Northern mind. Anything which may aid towards unravelling the mystery will likely prove an acceptable offering, though coming from Arkansas, and from the pen of one who bore a musket in the lost cause.

There are misconceptions as to the real status of the question, both at the North and at the South, springing from a reluctance to accept the facts of the case as they are, and not as it is desired they should be. The North considers that the South should allow the free and untrammelled exercise of the ballot to all to whom the law of the land accords it. As a general principle the South gives assent to the proposition; but insists that all general principles have exceptions, and that the North should be sure there are none in the present instance before condemning the dilatory action of the South. Perhaps the North would institute a similar mode of obstruction policy under similar circumstances. Numerical minorities have, in all countries and under many diverse grievances, pursued the course of tacit opposition until a better remedy was at hand. The way for the North to prepare a method for the placing of an unrestricted ballot, with all that it implies, in the hands of the negro population of the South, is to investigate, with thoughtful care and kindly sympathy, the reasons which have brought about the strange anomaly of an intelligent and powerful people refusing to facilitate the extension of one of the greatest boons of civilized and republican life — the ballot.

The South may be doing nothing more than the North would do under like conditions; nothing more at least than the North did do years ago when gerrymandering was introduced under the ægis of Gov. Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts. This is not asserting that the South is doing the right thing by her people, nor that the North acted

in a statesman-like way several generations ago; but it helps to explain the situation of affairs by the aid of a phase of human nature which frequently has something to do with the shaping of the destinies of nations. No people have ever allowed, if they could help it, a majority of mere numbers to rule them, irrespective of morality, intelligence, and wealth. Whenever the attempt has been made, a policy of obstruction more or less legal was employed. Taken as a whole, the colored people of the South are not equal in numbers to the whites, though in several localities they predominate. But $91.50 of every $100 of taxes in the South are paid by the whites. Would the people of Boston allow a numerical majority of that kind to rule them? The right to vote practically includes the privilege of holding office, and thus the administration of public affairs, including the wealth and development of the country, as well as the honor and welfare of families, would be placed in the hands of the least responsible and most thriftless element. When morality, education, and business aptitude are weighed, the balance against the measure is many times increased.

If the Northern people who came to the South to aid in reconstruction had been actuated by exalted motives of patriotism, the colored people would not have become a classified body, or their vote limited to one party, and the consequent troubles would not likely have arisen. As it was, the negro was offered in sacrifice on the altar of political ambition. And now in the lapse of years, when those who offered him on the sacrificial altar, as well as those who unconcernedly heaped the pyre with inflammatory fuel, have discovered that the sins and errors of the past are falling upon their own heads, they are beginning to talk seriously of meeting midway in a concilatory manner, and effecting now what might have been done very much easier a quarter of a century ago.

Nothing need be said, beyond a mere mention, of the idea behind the throne in each case — of the different view entertained North and South of the character of the union which held the states together, whether the ultimate power of judging the constitutional extent of its own powers was lodged exclusively in the general government, or in the sovereignties of the several states. The war settled the question in favor of the federal government; but the feeling of a century could not be eradicated in a moment by an act of congress, though enforced by a process of arms in a four years' conflict.

If the North has not sufficiently grasped the situation on account of distance of view, the South has no less become confused from being plunged into *medias res*. The fear of negro supremacy has loomed up as a nightmare to trouble their rest. This fear has stimulated many illogical ideas and actions.

The South has a feeling, partly traditional, that this is exclusively a Southern question and nobody's business but her own. In one respect it is a matter for the South to adjust, as those directly concerned dwell in the Southern states, and the business interests at stake are largely of Southern outgrowth. Besides, it is the Democratic party, predominant in the South, that must give the word

which is to destroy forever the last remaining vestige of slavery. Had Cleveland been re-elected a year ago, the party would have been in good humor, and, carried onward by the buoyancy of their new lease of power, would, most probably, graciously and completely have removed the race question from partisan politics.

In another respect, this is not exclusively a Southern question. North and South, East and West, are all one country — one body politic. Whatever becomes a prominent factor in national development in one part of the country will be felt influentially in every other part. The Western people, who dwell upon the Pacific Slope, will not be permitted to settle the Chinese question; nor will those who inhabit the Northwest be given *carte blanche* in dealing with the Indians. In a similar manner, the South cannot well claim exclusive jurisdiction over the race question. The North, by sending their negroes South, no more forfeited their right to have a voice in their future welfare, than North and South, in driving the Indians into the Western wilderness, lost by so doing the privilege to legislate them into civilization. This is a common country, and North and South are so intertwined commercially, socially, and politically, that neither side can ignore the honest judgment of the other.

It is also an error, at least against good taste, to say that the white race shall dominate the South. The term domination is not a wholesome expression in a republic. It should not find an abiding-place in American literature in the sense of race domination. There should never be in this country a white domination, or a red domination, or a black domination. Intelligence, honesty, morality, and force of character, should, as exponents of the laws of the land, dominate. As a matter of fact, all the evidence is in favor of the Caucasian race wielding the wand of supremacy over our republic; but not so much because their blood is the blood of a white race as because they are, as a body, the chief representatives of the intelligence, honesty, morality, and character, of the country. To speak otherwise would be to justify the effete monarchical systems of Europe, rob the white people of the United States of their highest title to fame and glory, and to disgust those who are now laboring to elevate themselves from the fate of a fallen race.

This false philosophy springs from a groundless fear that the colored people may, in course of time, outnumber the whites in the South, and grasp the seat of power. It is a groundless fear. The South has nothing like the population which it should have in virtue of extraordinary fertility of soil, vast mineral resources, and inviting areas of manufacturing wealth. Twenty-five years from now there will be forty millions, if not more, of white people in the South; and, allowing for immigration and breaking up of the solid masses, the number of the colored cannot safely be placed at over ten millions. After that, the disparity will grow rapidly greater. Good authorities now claim that the death rate of the colored is greater, and their birth rate less than that of the whites. The struggle of the colored people of the South is a struggle not for supremacy, but for existence.

With all due respect for the judgment of the eminent men who advise an immigration of the colored people of the South to Africa, their ancient home, as a solution of the race question, I would maintain that such a course is not a natural or a practical termination of the trouble. The world moves forward and not backward. As well for the child grown to a man return his native heath and find everybody and everything as he left them, as that the old home in Africa would prove congenial to those who are removed so many generations from its people. Besides the future of Africa is now being carved out, and the honors and emoluments of its new life will not be readily given away by those who have undertaken the work.

The best reason of all against the colored people leaving their present home for Africa, or anywhere else is, that they have a right to remain where they are; and the second best reason is, that the South needs them.

The seven or eight millions, at highest estimation, of colored people scattered ever the immense area of the South, from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific, is a very small fractional part of the whole population present and prospective, though forming an element of the highest importance to our material prosperity for generations to come. None of the Southern states have farm help enough, and it is well to note that the farm, and not the city, is the goal of the ambition of the colored. They are perfectly acclimated. They are skilled in the production of the two staple products of the South — cotton and corn. In spite of the recollections of slavery, race sentiment holds them to the South, and both song and story enshrine their traditions of the past. The time may come when they will be as much a matter of concern to the American people at large, and the Southern people in particular, as — Lo! the poor Indian.

The mutual mistakes of North and South upon the race question must be removed, as all mutual troubles are removed generally, by mutual discussion and concession. The state central committees of the Democratic and Republican parties in the South, could, in a moment of exalted patriotism, settle this question by taking the negro, as a race, out of politics, and putting him in as a man. They could do this by meeting together in friendly converse, and by virtue of their vested authority, or through fresh powers from special conventions, appoint a joint state central committee, with local county committees in all places where the race question is an issue. These local committees would then have power to adjust the conflicting interests as to the share of each party, and of the colored man in the offices and administration of public affairs. There would be a right of appeal to the central joint committee; but when a decision by it had been given, the case was settled, and the combined authority of both parties should be ready to enforce obedience. This is the principle of compromise and arbitration. It is a temporary measure, but would be more likely to afford relief until the times should be changed, than any other method that has been suggested.

J. M. LUCEY.

New Year's Day.

PUT off all signs of care and sadness;
Chase all gloomy thoughts away;
For naught but joy, and mirth, and gladness,
Fitting is on New Year's Day.

For 'tis a joy to live to see it,
A mile-stone on the road of life,
Then, fellow-trav'lers, welcome be it
E'en if it come with changes rife.

Changes must come: all things are changing:
We ourselves are changing too:
This law is of God's own arranging,
And must be best, since He is true.

Then welcome, welcome, glad New Year!
Prosperity attend thy way!
Right heartily, and with good cheer,
We hail thee on thy natal day!

May joy to all thy coming be;
With balm the griefs thou bring'st assuage;
And may we all live yet to see
Thy ripe decline in good old age.

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

Beverly, N. J.

Mr. Gladstone on the Bye-Elections.

MR. GLADSTONE contributes to the December number of The Nineteenth Century an article, entitled "Electoral Facts of To-Day," in which he deals at some length with the bye-elections. The Home Rule minority, he points out, has been reduced, by a net gain of eleven seats, from one hundred and fourteen to eighty-six. "This," he observes, "is a remarkable decline. The question arises whether it has a political meaning — whether it constitutes a political omen. The statesmen enthroned in Downing Street and Dublin Castle reply that it has none whatever. It would be so bad a compliment to view this answer as a product of their understandings, that good manners compel me to take it simply as an expression of their wish." Dealing with Mr. T. W. Russell's argument that the bye-elections of 1874–80 gave no promise of the great Liberal victory of 1880, because the Liberals gained thirteen and the Conservatives twelve seats, Mr. Gladstone points out that in 1874 the Conservative government actually won four seats. In 1879 its gains and losses were equal; but, in 1876, the Eastern question began to burn, and before November, 1878, the Liberals had, on the balance, gained seven seats, a change, which, as he then argued, clearly foreshadowed the Tory catastrophe of 1880. Of the thirteen seats gained by

the Liberals in that Parliament, only one was won before, and twelve in or after the year in which the Bulgarian horrors began the work of stirring up the country. Mr. Gladstone divides the time, with which he deals, into two periods, from August, 1886, to June, 1887, and from 1st July, 1887, down to the present time. The first period, in its later months, disclosed to the public the disagreeable truth that the refusal of Home Rule meant the infliction of Coercion; but the Coercion Act had not yet attained its place on the statute book. It had, however, exhibited its ugly face to the country, and it began slowly to prompt that change in the national sentiment which it has been one of the main agents in bringing on towards maturity. During the period the Liberals gained Burnley, and improved their roll in Derbyshire; but the adverse polls were improved in other places, and, on the whole, the ten months, though not without promise, might, perhaps, be said to represent little more than the arrest and repose of the pendulum before it began visibly to swing the other way. The second period, however, gave the principal operations in Parliament of the Tory government, and of the anti-Irish majority, with the result that since the 1st July, 1887, the electoral tide has been flowing, continuously and steadily, towards a higher water-mark on which is inscribed the glad fulfilment of Irish hopes and aspirations.

Those Lazy Monks.

THERE is a splendid chance for some one to declaim against the monks. Six years ago the Sulpicians of Montreal gave a few Trappist monks a thousand acres, on the mountain-side, at Oka. It was such an uninviting spot that no one had courage to do anything with it, and only ten acres of the tract had ever felt a plough. They managed to put up a little house, and a stable for two cows that some charitable person gave them. They cleared the ground of wood and stones; they seeded it down, and went to work to make butter. These lazy monks have now two hundred acres under cultivation, have three hundred head of good milch cows, have a fine large creamery run by steam, and are putting up a fine monastery. Their action has stimulated despondent farmers near them, so that all around the Trappist farm, land has been turned to grazing, and the milk is sold to the creamery. They have introduced silos, and have three large ones full of fodder. The monastery is the centre of a prosperous population, and a school shows that their work is not all agricultural. This is a splendid opportunity for some one to lecture, from a cosey reading desk, in a well-warmed and finely decorated room, against the "lazy monks." Their monastery is at a place called Oka, and they are evidently O.K.

MOST REVEREND PETER RICHARD KENRICK, Archbishop of St. Louis, was forty-eight years a bishop on the 30th of November. He was consecrated Bishop of Drasa, and coadjutor to the Bishop of St. Louis, Nov. 30th, 1841.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

By J. Bowles Daly, LL. D., Author of "Radical Pioneers," "Ireland in the Days of Dean Swift," "Ireland in '98," etc.

INTRODUCTION.*

One is tired of listening to the oft-repeated statement that the Irishman will work hard in every country but his own. We are told that in America he will clear the forest, construct the railway, build the jail, and obligingly inhabit it. The imbecile retailer of such illogical verbiage is here invited to press his inquiries a step further by asking why is this the case. The answer is that the Irishman would be as diligent and active at home under the same conditions. Industry and art would be as zealously pursued in Ireland as in other countries, if the same opportunities were provided; the following pages are intended as a refutation of this calumny recklessly flung at Ireland and the Irish. Italy, Switzerland, and even Japan would be in a worse condition than Ireland were it not for "the leaven of art" which exists there. Hod-carrying, distilling, brewing, and political scheming are supposed to be the only arts successfully practised by the Irish people. No greater mistake could be made by an observer of even the meanest capacity. It is generally admitted that no member of the great Aryan family ever lost a single power which it possessed. The Irish were a clever race in prehistoric times, and there is no indication of inferiority where their gifts had fair play and culture. It is true that a dislike to manual labor is universal; this is mainly owing to two reasons: first, the system of Irish national education which encourages a literary rather than an industrial development; secondly, the fact that there are really no lower classes in Ireland, — successive famines have entirely swept them out. The peasant farmers and peasantry are the descendants of the old gentry, retaining many of the traditions and instincts of their class. In this respect no country in Europe offers a parallel. It is well known that industrial prosperity depends largely on industrial training and the traditions connected with this department. Ireland is entirely wanting in this respect; but experience has shown that the people are quick to appreciate, and willing to imitate the best designs placed before them, when technical instruction is imparted. The remarkable success of the Christian Brothers and the Ladies of Religious Orders, in training youths for handicrafts in industrial schools, is strong evidence of how much may be done in this direction. The young people in Ireland, of the laboring class, possess great manual dexterity and aptitude which only requires to be developed in order to be useful to themselves, and to those among whom they live. Instruction of this kind, as we shall presently show, has been given on the Continent to the inhabitants of remote and mountainous districts who would otherwise be idle. This training in large industrial concerns was effected at a small expenditure of public money and has amply justified the cost.

In the mediæval epoch of Irish history, her gold and bronze

weapons, implements, and ornaments, indicate a state of culture which is not to be found in other countries. None of the relics of a distant past, preserved in the museums of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Berlin, can compare with those in the Dublin Museum for skill, design, and beauty of workmanship. The whole depositaries of Europe cannot present specimens superior to the Cross of Cong, the Tara Brooch, and the Ardagh Cup. The oldest MSS. in the Royal Library of Stockholm are Irish; and no early Scandanavian MSS. show such finished illumination as those wrought by the hands of Irish artists. During the Middle Ages, Ireland was considerably ahead of the Northern countries of Europe in all technical art. What must the connoisseur of the Renaissance and Greek statue life think when he is informed that the hod-carrying, whiskey-drinking Irish possess relics of decorative art, not resembling the eccentric barbarism of Central Africa, or the industrious idleness of the Chinese, but illuminated MSS., chaste in design, and more ingenious in representation than ever the world has seen. The soul of all fanciful tracery and wild ornament — delicate, mystic, and suggestive — was derived from those illuminated designs. One of the rarest and most beautiful monuments of pictorial and artistic skill is the Book of Kells. This MS. is a copy of the Gospels which received its name from the Columbian monastery of Kenlis or Kells, in the county Meath. The cover of this relic was gold, studded with precious stones; it was sacrilegiously stolen in the night out of the great church, but afterwards restored, bereft of its valuable cover and several leaves. Owing to the dismemberment of the volume, the record of the time and circumstances, under which this remarkable book was produced, is altogether effaced. It may, however, from internal evidence, be assigned to a period between the sixth and ninth centuries. It is one of the most elaborately executed MSS. now in existence, excelling in the minuteness of its ornamental details, the peculiarity of its decorations, the fineness of its writing, and the endless variety of its initial capital letters. It contains pictorial representations of different scenes in the life of our Saviour, together with pictures of animals, dogs, birds, and foliage. The intricate intertwining of branches is characteristic of the Celtic spirit, which compelled even the human figure to submit to the most impossible contortions. Specimens of interlaced spiral ornamentation are done in a variety of colors, — blue, violet, yellow, and green. The illustrations of this volume form a complete store-house of artistic interest. The Book of Kells, the Lindisfarne Gospels, the Durrow Bible, the Bell Shrine of St. Patrick, and the Tara Brooch may be examined critically without a false line or an irregular interlacement being detected. Gerald Plunket, the last abbot of Cong, left a marginal comment on the Book of Kells, declaring that, "This work doth passe al men's conyng that now doth live in any place."

The Tara Brooch is of white bronze; in 1850 it was found on the sea-shore near Drogheda. It presents various patterns of filigree work; no less than twenty-six varieties of design appear on it, so minute that they can only be fully understood by examination with a

magnifying-glass. The best workers in filigree of to-day cannot account for the manufacture. Irish metal work is almost miraculous; at first sight it appears Gothic in design. Gothic art is, however, invariably given to repetition, while the Celtic possesses incredible variety, but never repeats itself. Intricacy with elegance is the feature which fills the mind with astonishment while surveying the old handiwork. The more closely it is examined the more difficult the solution; some of the designs seem to consist of only a few circles or spirals, with interlacing lines, but they blend and change so as to make the hardest pattern in the world to copy. It is evident that the men who made those designs had minds to master everything in the decorative art.

Architecture also flourished at the same time in Ireland, and existed long before the advent of the Norman school. There were better stone edifices in Ireland than were ever erected by the Saxons. True, the old Irish architecture was wild and barbarous, and suited to warlike times; but it was vigorous and showed marked signs of originality and strength. Don Ængus, with its twenty-two feet thick wall, might have been standing when the first Jew visited Egypt with his wife. Irish architecture abounded in symbols: mysterious echoes of an early cult, representative of unknown decrees of Fate. The serpent plays a strong part in all this work, hinting at an Oriental origin. When the Norman style came in, it did not disdain to borrow from this mystic representation. The old stone crosses of Ireland, with their rich engravings, attest a high culture at some remote period. Neither Vallencey nor Petrie has done justice to those products of antiquity. More modern research suggests that the peculiar ornamental art of Northern Europe had its origin in Ireland, and that it was based on an early culture still enveloped in mystery. This art can be traced back to the sculptured stories of prehistoric ages; the monuments of a savage era are found developing into beauty, in church doors, crosses, illuminated MSS., gold and bronze ornaments found in bogs and exhumed from tumuli.

When the Roman art died out, there sprang up in an obscure part of Europe a system of æsthetic culture which largely colored the decorative art of the Middle Ages. This art was Irish; its first representation was made in basket work, woven and colored with many hues, and forming such curiosities of construction, that they were imported even to Rome. From those baskets we get the first notion of Irish and Runic knot work. This was common to Ireland and Scandinavia; but Ireland excelled by manifesting with it the purest form of theology, poetry, and legend. Bright sparks of this hidden treasure were scattered through Europe by Irish monks who visited the court of Charlemagne, where the new style of illuminating MSS. was appreciated. In this way fresh fires were kindled in Europe. The pure Celtic art received fresh combinations from the heavy Romanesque school which ultimately gave birth to the Gothic; but all that was original was pure Irish. Long before the introduction of letters in England, the Irish used a form of writing given them by Prince Ogma, who belonged to the most mythic of the earliest colonists — the

Teutha de Danaans. Hence, we have the Ogham characters used as a veil to conceal the details of their creed and mysteries, and suggesting a remote civilization running back into prehistoric times. The English invasion, with its wars, plunder, and intrigues, checked the development of Irish genius.

When Ireland lost her liberty she lost her best prerogatives; from that time her influence in Europe ceased; her advanced civilization disappeared, stamped out by an atrocious warfare, which dyed her soil with blood. During later periods, thousands of her best people were driven from their country, manufactures were suppressed, and all kinds of culture abolished; but the Irish people have not lost their ability for technical art: their capacities are dormant, not dead. The Irish of the present day cannot do what they did of old; but they are of the same blood as those men who, a thousand years ago, taught decorative art to all Europe and gave its very life even to the court of Charlemagne. These great qualities do not die in a race. An old legend states that the rudiments of decorative art were brought to Ireland by seven monks, from Egypt. Whether this be true does not matter; but the fact reminds us that, for five thousand years or more, the Egyptians did not change or lose their art culture. The Irish to-day, after massacres, penalties, and endless degradation, are much the same as they were a thousand years ago. The Celtic temperament is distinct and utterly unlike the Saxon in various respects. The modern Irishman has distinguished himself in the army, on the bench, in medicine or in merchandise. There have been successful artists, but they have been merged with their English contemporaries. The Irish peasant has a capacity for industrial art, which existed in his ancestors to a preeminent degree and has not died out. No one who has seen the lace made by Irish peasant women can doubt that the workers are possessed with an innate sense of beauty. About a generation ago, the old art of carving Irish bog-wood was revived in Dublin, creditable specimens of which are to be found still. In the art schools of the Continent, Irish students are not found inferior to others. Their volatile, impressionable, and emotional nature is more artistic than either the English or American. The kingdom of art is more thickly populated with this emotional class than with that possessing more solid qualities. It is, then, impossible, with such evidence before us, to conclude that the Irish people are devoid of artistic qualities, and equally absurd to suppose that such delicate and beautiful designs, displayed on MSS., or carved on crosses, were the work of barbarians. England, having knowingly destroyed the best industries of the past, owes something to the half-starved peasantry. Their modest demands have hitherto been unheeded; their clamor, not for charity, but work. "Give us something to do: teach us to learn. Why should we starve when we are willing to work?" This is the demand of a hardy race, and not the cry of a sickly, under-sized people. When millions of money are squandered in party purposes, something might be forthcoming to resuscitate a country drained by an impoverished landlord class — driven to extremes by insurance offices and Jew money-lenders.

If the Fisheries, the Railways, and Banking interests of Ireland be taken in hand promptly and efficiently, a dawn of promise will open for Ireland, and its advent will strengthen and consolidate the Empire and preserve the unity of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

* Chapter I., giving an account of the Provision Trade, in our next.

Care for the People: Duty of the Hour.

THE strength of the Church to-day, in all countries, particularly America, is the people. This is essentially the age of Democracy. The days of the princes and of feudal lords are gone; monarchs hold their thrones to execute the will of the people. Woe to religion where this fact is not understood! He who holds the masses, reigns. The masses are held by their intellect and their heart. No power controls them save that which touches their own free souls. We have a dreadful lesson to learn from certain European countries, in which, from weight of tradition, the Church clings to thrones and classes, and loses her grasp upon the people. Let us not make this mistake. We have here no princes, no hereditary classes. Still there is the danger that there be in religion a favored aristocracy, upon whom we lavish so much care that none remains for others. Do we incline to fence ourselves within the sanctuary, and see only the little throng of devout persons who weekly or monthly kneel around the altar rail, or those whose title to nobility is that they are pew-holders, and respond to the pastor's call for generous subscriptions? What, I ask, of the multitude who peep at us from gallery and vestibule? What, of the thousands and tens of thousands, nominal Catholics, or non-Catholics, who seldom or never open church-door? What of the uncouth and the unkempt; the tenant of the cellar and alley-way; the mendicant and the outcast? It is time to bring back the primitive Gospel spirit; to go out into the highways and by-ways, to preach on house-tops and in market-places. Erect stately churches if you will; they are grand monuments to religion; but be they filled with people. If all are not there, press the absentees to hear you beneath humble roof. If some remain yet outside, speak to them in the streets or the public road. The time has come for "salvation armies" to penetrate the wildest thicket of thorns and briars, and bring God's word to the ear of the most vile, the most ignorant, and the most godless. Saving those who insist on being saved, as we are satisfied with doing, is not the mission of the Church. "Compel them to come in," is the command of the Master. This is not the religion we need to-day — to sing lovely anthems in cathedral stalls, and wear copes of broidered gold, while no multitude throng nave or aisle, and the world outside is dying of spiritual and moral starvation. Seek out men; speak to them, not in stilted phrase, or in seventeenth century style; but in burning words that go to their hearts as well as their minds. Popularize religion, so far as principles permit; make the people chant, in holy exultation, canticles of praise and adoration; draw them to God by all the chords of Adam. Save the masses. Cease not planning and working for their salvation.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, at Baltimore.

The New Era of Good Fellowship.

We hail with pleasure every indication of a softening of the old hereditary prejudice against the Catholic church. The change of attitude in that once violently anti-Catholic organization, the Evangelical Alliance, as indicated by the recent meeting held in Boston, is full of significance of a cheering character. That somewhat notorious Alliance was the offspring partly of the fears, and partly of the desire of our Protestant friends, for Christian union. It was felt that the divisions among them were a great source of weakness. The tocsin of alarm at the unprecedented progress of "Romanism" had been sounded. They saw clearly that to make any headway against the "embattled hosts of Rome," they must be more united. A call was made upon all the orthodox denominations to send delegates to the convention. An Alliance was formed. They agreed for the time to sink their differences, and to unite, as one body, in defence of "Evangelical" Christianity, against the "aggressions of Rome."

As might be expected, under such circumstances, the first meetings of the Alliance were characterized by vigorous assaults on the "Man of Sin;" the old, worn-out charges were renewed, and all sorts of hard things said. Indeed, nothing seemed too bad to be repeated before willing audiences, ready to swallow stories at which Münchausen himself might boggle. What a contrast to all this was presented at the recent meeting in Boston. President Dodge, who, by the way, seems to have a level head, as well as some Christian charity in his heart, actually reproved a member for some unkind anti-Catholic remarks. We take great pleasure in reproducing here, and putting on record as a worthy example for many of his Protestant brethren, his timely and admirable remarks: —

> "As American citizens we must remember that a large and valuable portion of our population are connected with the Catholic church; that among its members there are representative men of the highest value to the country; that the basis of their faith is the same creed as our own, and that they number among their membership many of simple faith and earnest piety. If we would win them to what we think to be a simpler and better form of belief, it can only be by the power of love, and by showing that our faith leads us to larger self-sacrifice, to a better understanding of social conditions, and to a sweeter and truer life. Any words that seem to our Catholic brethren harsh, uncharitable, or unkind, or savoring of the old persecuting spirit, will only compact them more thoroughly in their belief, and enlist popular sympathy in their favor."

Another speaker dwelt at considerable length on the obligation of American citizens to the emigrant population, and on the benefits which that population had conferred upon the country. There was none of the popular slang about the "ignorant and superstitious Irish," "the dangerous classes," etc. In fact, there was a manifest determination on the part of the more conservative portion of the speakers and managers, to avoid harsh and uncharitable language, which was as delightful as it was encouraging for the future conduct of the Alliance.

Now, in view of these admirably sensible, and truly Christian

sentiments, we have one word of advice to add to that portion of the brethren who do not sympathize with President Dodge. Is it not a little strange that it never occurred to them that manifestations of anxiety and alarm on their part, in view of the progress of the Catholic church in this country, are indications rather of conscious weakness, than of strength? Be calm, dear friends. If you have faith in your cause, meet Catholics on their own ground, and calmly and candidly convince them of their errors. Truth is mighty and will prevail. Don't appeal to the prejudices of the people; don't try to stir up strife between brethren; but show the superiority of your own principles by hard logic, by close reasoning, and by charitable persuasion. Perhaps such an effort may lead you to look more carefully into the true principles of the Catholic church, and thus be convinced, that, if it is not the true church, it is, at least, not the absurd, superstitious, and dangerous body that the Protestant tradition had taught you.

Catholics are neither fools nor knaves. Doubtless they are not all saints. We do not expect perfection in all the members even of the true church. But we insist, that making allowance for difference of circumstances, they are as intelligent, as moral, as loyal and as useful a class of citizens as any other nationality. They have no evil designs upon their neighbors; they are not plotting the ruin of the country; they are not in league with the devil, nor with wicked men, for the destruction of our free institutions; but they are a loyal, liberty-loving people, ready to lay down their lives for their country, when duty or patriotism calls, and desiring, above all things, to live in peace and good neighborhood with their fellow-citizens, and contribute their full share in promoting the interests and adding to the glory of our beloved country. H. L. R.

The Tallest Police Force in the World.

THE Winnipeg, Canada, police force is not very large numerically, but in the matter of height and weight it can probably eclipse any other police force. There are sixteen men in the force, with a combined height of ninety-nine feet seven and three-quarter inches, and a combined weight of nearly a ton and a half, making an average height six feet two and three-fourth inches, and an average weight of about two hundred and nine pounds per man. The tallest man stands six feet and a half in his stocking feet, and the shortest is six feet. The heaviest man weighs two hundred and sixty-five pounds, and the lightest, one hundred and eighty pounds. Thus it will be seen that they are all stalwarts. They are well-proportioned, athletic, good-looking men, and make an ideal force. But they have other traits than their forms and muscles to recommend them to the respect and admiration of the citizens. They are intelligent, polite, and perform their duties without being unnecessarily obtrusive or overbearing; firmness and dignity characterize all their official actions.

CAKE is baked when a fine splinter of wood will pass through without any of the cake adhering, and not until then.

Don't Box the Ears.

Dr. Samuel Sexton, in an article published in the Medical Record, has a few wise remarks on the subject of boxing the ears. He has upon his records fifty-one cases in which the ear has been injured by blows of the open hand or fist. Of these, thirty-one were males and twenty females. Of the males thirteen had been boxed upon the right ear, thirteen upon the left, and three upon both ears. One was kicked by a companion on the left ear while bathing, and the right ear of another was injured by having the head violently squeezed between the hands of another person. Of the females, fourteen were struck upon the left ear and six upon the right. Five of the women were assaulted by their husbands. Of the entire number, eight were boxed in play, four by school-teachers, two by parents, and one, a fervent lover, by his sweetheart. Several cases occurred among pugilists, and others were due to assaults and brawls. The nature of the injuries varied to a considerable degree. One had inflammation of the ear, with suspicion of brain trouble. He had had running of the ear for twelve years following a blow upon that organ. This patient subsequently died of brain disease. In another case, the ear became inflamed, and the hearing was very much impaired. In still another, the patient was slapped by his father upon the left ear. Immediate pain and deafness followed, with a bloody discharge from the ear. It was three months before this patient recovered. The dangers to which Dr. Sexton calls attention are so grave that parents, teachers, and others should never punish those committed to their charge by boxing the ears.

Claimed for Roscommon.

A correspondent of the New York Sun writes that paper as follows: "Researches, when properly directed, will probably show that Washington's ancestors came originally from county Roscommon, Ire., where the name has been indigenous for over nine hundred years, and is one of the most numerous patronymics in that section of country at the present day. 'George' and 'Lawrence' are the common Christian names in the Roscommon Washington families at the present time, and that without any reference to the popularity and celebrity that at least one of these has attained in American history. And who ever heard of a 'Lawrence' hailing from any other country but Ireland? Mr. Waters will probably be able to upset both his own and Sir Isaac Heard's theories of the ancestry of Washington, if he will make careful inquiries among the numerous Washington families in the parish of Kilglass, near Roscrea, county Roscommon, Ire. All the Washingtons in the world to-day came from that locality, not one of them from England, unless coming that way to take shipping."

Country Boarder. — "How is it, Mrs. Hayseed, that with all the cucumbers on your farm, you never have them on the table?" Mrs. Hayseed. — "The horse is lame." — "The horse lame! What has that to do with it?" — "Well, you see, we live way off in the country, and it's 'most ten miles to a doctor."

The Cronin Verdict: His Ancestry.

"We, the jury, find the defendant, John F. Beggs, not guilty."

"We, the jury, find the defendant, John Kunze, guilty of manslaughter, as charged in the indictment, and fix his punishment at imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of three years."

"We, the jury, find the defendants, Dan Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan, and Martin Burke, guilty of murder in the manner and form charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for the term of their natural lives."

After a deliberation lasting seventy hours, the above is the official declaration of the Cronin jury.

WHAT LONDON PAPERS SAY.

The Morning Post, commenting on the Cronin verdict, says: "If the case shall result in a thorough awakening of public opinion in the United States to the real character of the Clan-na-Gael, then Cronin's life was not sacrificed wholly in vain."

The Daily News: "The men sentenced for life are three of the vilest wretches ever left unhung. The jury has done substantial justice, and it is to be hoped that nothing will be allowed to disturb the righteous verdict."

The Daily Telegraph characterizes the verdict as "surprising;" but reflects that it must be thankful for small mercies.

The Times says: "When the difficulty of impanelling a jury is considered the verdict may be regarded as satisfactory. The murder was plainly the consequence of a squabble over corrupt financing, and was one of the most atrocious crimes perpetrated outside of Russia in modern days."

The Standard says: "It is a strange, illogical verdict, and it speaks little for the criminal jurisprudence of America, that a court should have taken so long to arrive at such an abortive result."

DR. CRONIN'S ANCESTRY.

Patrick Henry Cronin was born in Buttevant, county Cork, Ireland, on Easter Sunday, 1846. He came to New York with his mother in 1848, where they met the father and eldest brother, who had come to this country a year before. After a residence of seven years in New York, during which his father had become a citizen of the United States, the family removed to St. Catherine's, Upper Canada, where young Cronin attended school and passed the next eleven years of his life. Cronin came again to the United States in 1865, where, before he had obtained his majority, he was struggling to win his way to a position in the medical profession in a Pennsylvania town, having graduated from a Canadian medical college prior to leaving that country. Cronin afterward removed to St. Louis, where he took the degree of M. D. from an American College, and also the degree of M. A. Cronin moved to Chicago about eight years ago. Monsignor Kirby, of the Irish College of Rome, is a first cousin of Dr. Cronin's mother, and Nano Nagle, the founder of the Sisters of Mercy, was a near relative of the Cronin family. Father Kippel, a noted Irish cleric, was a member of the family. A niece of the late doctor is now superior of the convent of the Sisters of Charity, in Fort William, West Manitoba. Another is a Sister of Charity, in Paris, Ontario. Undoubtedly the Cronin family has, at different times, been connected with some of the most prominent names in the history of Ireland, Edmund Burke, the great law-giver, having been a blood connection of the family.

Rest at Last.

By Charles Warren Currier, C. SS. R.

On a beautiful evening in August, as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the western sky, and a gentle breeze wafted the perfume of flowers from an adjacent garden, filling the air with their sweet fragrance, Harry Lytton, surrounded by his two young children, and their youthful friends, related the following incidents of his eventful life:

During many months I had suffered an agony of mind and soul, too great for expression. The thirst that had tormented me for years, had increased to such an extent that I could no longer find rest. My thirst was not of the material order; it was an invisible yearning of the heart for truth, more painful in proportion as it was more spiritual. Truth, the very goal of my existence, the only object of my affections, seemed to recede further, the more I advanced. How often had it not happened, that, at the very moment I thought to grasp it, phantom-like, it had vanished before my eyes!

One day, tired and completely worn out by my long-continued musings, I carelessly slung my mantle across my shoulders, and, grasping my staff, hastened out of my hut, knowing not whither. I was then sojourning in one of the beautiful and romantic Alpine valleys of Switzerland, that spring had just clothed in fresh garments of verdure. Around me towered the venerable snow-capped peaks of the Alps, and far out in the distance my eyes alighted on Mount Blanc. Onward I walked, musing, reflecting, and suffering, yet trying to dispel the host of thoughts that constantly came rushing in upon me. Hours passed, but I heeded not; o'er steep, rocky, and uneven roads I almost instinctively pursued my way, when suddenly my attention was arrested by a rumbling sound in the distance. I halted, and looked in the direction whence the sound came, but could perceive nothing. Could it be an avalanche, or, perhaps, the sound of some distant mountain cataract? Gradually returning to my senses from the distant realms of thought, in which I had been wandering, I perceived, in dismay, that I was far from home, and had strayed from the beaten path. I was now in an unknown region; above me frowned the mountain wilds, and beneath my feet yawned a gloomy abyss, along the edge of which the pathway on which I stood winded serpent-like along. While reflecting on my dangerous position, and the best means to retrace my steps and recover the lost road, I was again startled by a distant peal of what this time seemed to be like thunder. And, verily! the storm was brewing, the clouds that hitherto unseen by me had been gathering were now above my head. Angrily the black volumes of the skies rolled on to meet their foes; cloud sped past cloud; the äerial battle had begun. The electric batteries of the heavens belched forth their flashes, while the artillery from on high in its deafening roar made the ground tremble, and the neighboring

mountains send forth a thousand echoes. The world seemed at an end. Pressing against the rocks, I crept along on the narrow path, until I fortunately had reached a cleft in the mountain-side, where I might hope to find shelter from the raging storm. I gladly seized this welcome place of refuge that nature seemed to have prepared for me. By this time the rain had begun to fall in torrents, so that I had just reached my cave, for cave it was, in time to escape a thorough drenching. As I sat down upon a block of stone that lay a little past the entrance of the cavern, I felt a hand gently laid upon my shoulder. Surprised and frightened, I quickly turned, and lo! there beamed upon me a countenance I never shall forget. Its image has remained indelibly impressed upon my memory, and will last until that memory itself shall have been extinguished in death. It was the countenance of a man, venerable by age, and bore the unmistakable traces of past suffering that had gone over into a sweet calm and undisturbed serenity. It was lit up by a most benignant smile, and out of the brilliant but dark and piercing eyes, the very soul of its owner seemed to burst forth. I was so thoroughly taken by surprise, that the words faltered on my lips, and, for some moments, I remained in silence, that was finally broken by the old man who thus began: "Stranger, whom seekest thou, in this dismal solitude?"—"I seek refuge from the fury of the storm."—"Ah!" he replied, "and well mayest thou; here, too, did I seek refuge from a storm, a wilder storm than the one now raging, and I found it. Twenty years have passed over my head, and my hair and beard have whitened since first I came hither." My curiosity was aroused; with whom was I speaking? I would fain have asked: but the awe I felt in the presence of this singular individual restrained me. I knew not what to say. My embarrassment was again relieved by my interlocutor, who, taking a seat beside me, thus began: "Young man, very few find their way hither; I have seen but two since I dwelt here; how did you succeed in reaching this place?" I explained to him the reason that brought me out, and my absent-minded wandering. "And is there," he asked, "a burden on thy heart?" Feeling my confidence awakened by his benignant look, and the tone of sympathy in which he spoke, I unburdened my heart to him. When I had finished my discourse, to which he listened with marked attention, heaving a deep sigh he spoke: "Your sorrows have found an echo in my heart; you seek the true religion, the one I sought for so many weary years of travel, the one I found at length, the one I now possess. God grant you, too, may find it!"

My heart beat heavily within my breast; have I perhaps reached the end? Am I in the presence of one who knows the truth? Shall I too possess it? "Speak, venerable father, speak," I exclaimed; "tell me all, and ease my burdened heart."—"My young friend," he replied, "listen to my tale: it is one of sorrow, and yet of joy. Athens, venerable Athens, with its ages of experience, and its monuments of former days. Athens, the queen of knowledge, gave me birth. My parents were strict adherents of the Orthodox Greek Church, over which the Sacred Synod of Athens presides. I was

educated for the ministry; but my restless, romantic nature could not brook the idea of the monotonous life of a priest, and my ardent soul burst in its flights of fancy beyond the narrow limits of Greece, the country of my birth. In a moment of impulse, without communicating my intention to any one, I left my home, and enlisted on board a Russian war-ship that then lay in the harbor. Now began my trials. When we had weighed anchor, and the beautiful shores of the classic land were fading from my eyes, oh! who will express the bitterness of my heart, in that most lonely hour of my existence! I repented of my folly, but it was too late. How I wished myself back among my friends and kindred! That night, after some miserable hours of seasickness, I lay in my hammock and cried myself to sleep. I dreamt that I was again in Greece, playing with my friends among the flowers in our garden; I heard my mother call me; I replied; the dream had vanished. I awoke; I realized not where I was; the feeble glimmer of a lamp shone over me; I felt that I was moving; I heard a dull, monotonous creaking, and, gradually, but with a shudder, I awoke to the terrible reality. I was on board a Russian man-o'-war. The painful night passed, and the morning dawned to find me far away from home. I was expected to work; no sympathy was shown me, and but few on board spoke my language. The old chaplain of the ship, a priest of the orthodox Russian Church, had some acquaintance with Greek, and to him I would go when off duty, and the kind-hearted old man did all he could to comfort me. He was a monk, and often spoke to me of religion; but my faith had suffered a severe shock by the reading of certain anti-religious periodicals, and although I listened to him with respect, I could not believe, though I was ashamed to avow it to him. In this, and in other ships of the Russian navy, I travelled over a considerable portion of the globe. I made the acquaintance of men and the world, and I learned to reason and to judge for myself. My faith lost daily more and more, until I became a perfect deist, believing merely in the existence of God and nothing more. I gradually became disgusted with all forms of religion. The Greek Church, as I found it in Russia, and as I had known it in my own country, appeared to me but a conglomeration of signs and ceremonies, a body without a soul. Protestantism, in its various forms, with which I made acquaintance in Germany, America, and Australia, seemed to be a most incoherent, inconsequent, and illogical system, devoid of any principle of authority, and having nothing to force my conviction. Hence I concluded that Christianity was a failure; for of Catholicity there could be no question. I did not even deem it worthy of my notice. I had in early life been taught to hate it, and had only seen it at a distance, and in its exterior form alone. It is true that in Italy, Spain, and South America, I had occasionally strayed into a Catholic church; but what I there beheld only filled me with contempt for it. I saw ceremonies of which I understood nothing: it was a sealed book to me, and I looked upon it as a plaything. Moreover, Catholic countries, with which I was imperfectly acquainted, seemed backward in civilization. These reasonings brought me to the conclu-

sion that there was no such thing as supernatural revelation. But withal I could not find rest. I wanted certainty, but it appeared impossible to discover it. I could not, like some, shake off my reflections for they haunted me in my very dreams.

"Years passed, but my restless soul found no rest; there was a void in my heart that could not be filled. Weary of roaming, I determined to return home. I embarked at Liverpool, and after a stormy passage on the Atlantic, and a pleasant sail on the Mediterranean, I entered the port of my dear Athens once more. What conflicting emotions disputed at that moment for the mastery of my soul! Joy, expectation, hope, fear, succeeded each other in my heart. With agitated nerves and a palpitating heart, I trod the soil of my native land again. With trembling steps I approached the home of my childhood, that childhood so happy, but so short. It stood there as of yore: there was the well-known veranda, and the garden with its flowerets still; but all around the house was silent. I ascended the front steps. I rapped at the door and waited. Waited, but those moments seemed as hours. Presently the door opened. I almost fainted. I beheld — ah! it was not one of the old familiar faces, it was not one I longed to see. Alas! it was a stranger. And my parents, brothers, and sisters! Where are they? Oh, the cruel and bitter disappointment! dead! gone! Mother lies beyond the little church where she had hoped to see me at the altar, and the flowers creep silently over her grave. Father, and the others! all gone! And I — I, the prodigal, the wayward son, alone in my desolation! It was too much for me; my heart was well-nigh broken. I left Athens, and I left it forever. And again I wandered, silent and cheerless, over the face of creation. I sought for rest, and found it not, until a merciful Providence led the wanderer's steps to these rugged mountains. Not very far from here, there lies a rustic chapel where the shepherds of the mountains gather to perform their devotions. As I wandered on one day, I was overtaken by one of those gigantic storms that so suddenly burst over our mountains. I sought refuge in the chapel. Before the altar knelt a man whose hair had been whitened by age. I stood and looked at him wonderingly, when suddenly, arising and turning towards me, he approached, and extending both his hands, exclaimed: 'Welcome, stranger, to my solitude.' His voice and bearing deeply impressed me. I accepted his invitation to enjoy his hospitality. He saw that I was heart-sore and weary, and he, the old priest of the mountain chapel, for such he was, became my friend, the only friend I had had for years. I remained with him not only days, but weeks and months. Gradually I learned to love him, and to him I unbosomed my heart. He spoke not to me of his faith, he contented himself with answering my questions. But I saw, I beheld, I wondered. I admired the serenity of the old man and his happiness. I beheld in his rustic chapel none of the gorgeous splendor of the cathedrals of Southern Europe. Here there was naught but the plainest and most childlike devotion of the simple peasantry. One day I said to my friend, 'Father,' for thus I had begun to call him, 'Father, you belong to the Roman Catholic Church; but your

Catholic Church is not the same as that of South America, for instance.'

"'My son,' he answered, 'men may change and men may differ. Customs and manners may vary, exterior appearances may be different; but the soul of the Catholic Church, that is, its faith and belief, is the same in all climes and among all nations. Had you gone beneath the surface and not merely seen the exterior, you could not fail to have been persuaded of this.'

"'But,' I answered, 'how many bad Catholics are there not? Can I believe that their religion is true?'

"'You must always distinguish,' he replied, 'between the faith and those that profess it. Men are naturally prone to evil, and hence may fall; but, at the same time, my son, we dwell too easily on the evil, and we often fail to see the fruits of sanctity that the Catholic Church has produced. Read but the history of that Church with an unprejudiced mind, and you will be struck by the eminent sanctity of so many millions of the Church's children, and that in every age.'

"'Be it so,' I said; 'but it seems to me, that Christianity rests upon a very uncertain basis. After all, you cannot prove that Jesus of Nazareth ever existed, and that he was not a myth. There are reasons that would indicate that he really was no historical person at all."

"'A myth, my son!' the priest exclaimed; 'a myth! You are just as well justified in doubting the existence of Napoleon I. Let us see: methinks I can find many reasons to cast a doubt upon the existence of the first emperor of the French. Europe was, towards the close of the last century, in a state of feverish excitement, and people were ready to accept almost anything as a remedy for the ills of society. Now there appeared a man, it is true, who went by the name of Napoleon Bonaparte; a man of obscure origin, who is said, but falsely, to have been emperor of the French. The obscurity attached to the origin of this supposed emperor of the French is one of the proofs that he never existed; for had Napoleon Bonaparte been a real historical person undoubtedly his birthplace and the circumstances of his early life would have been known. Joseph Bonaparte stated that his brother was born at Ajaccio in Corsica, on August 15, 1769, while, on the other hand, original documents show that his mother, Letizia, gave birth to a son at Corte, who was baptized as Nabulione. Is there not evidence of fiction in the very birth of the French hero? Napoleon was an officer, but never became emperor; for the French were then, so soon after the death of Louis XVI., so adverse to despotism or monarchy, that they never would have bestowed the crown upon any human being. However, in order to awe surrounding nations, a rumor was spread that Napoleon had been crowned emperor; this was done on account of the celebrity of the name of the young Corsican. This is the only reasonable explanation of this Napoleonic myth, considering the antipathy of the French for royalty. Bonaparte, however, on whose life several attempts had been made, and who was reported to have lost an arm in Russia, as I can show you by a document of the

times, disappeared altogether from the scene of action. The last, or fictitious Bonaparte, who in features very much resembled the first one, and who died at St. Helena, was a man of a different character altogether, as the history of the Napoleonic wars clearly indicates. It was not the real Napoleon, who lost at Leipsic, and returned defeated from Moscow, and fled from the battle field of Waterloo, and surrendered to the British. There is a world-wide difference between the fiery Italian, speaking the French language imperfectly, and the cool, determined Bonaparte, as the supposed emperor is reported to have been. Moreover, the young Bonaparte disliked the French nation, and had several times turned aside from a French career, so great was his antipathy to French ways and habits. There is also a marked difference between the moralist, influenced by the writings of Rousseau, and the later French monarch. There are facts recorded in his life that appear fabulous. Who can possibly be brought to believe in the unheard-of influence he exercised over his troops, and the unrestrained liberty that was allowed him by the French government, before he was proclaimed emperor?

"'The so-called autobiography of Napoleon was composed by Gen. Gourgaud, and Count Montholon, and contains elaborate falsifications, and is to some extent drawn from apocryphal documents. Even serious writers speak of the Napoleonic *legend* that has grown up in the midst of the nineteenth century.

"'Considering the works that have been written on Napoleon Bonaparte, and the manifest contradictions they contain, we may call Napoleon the legendary hero of modern times.

"'You smile, and well you may. But is not the same plan of reasoning followed when the existence of Jesus of Nazareth is denied? No! my son, it is rather late to discover that generations for eighteen centuries have all been fools in admitting that existence. You may as well doubt whether Cicero, Cæsar, or any other historical person ever existed.

"'If we look at this question with a calm, deliberate, and unprejudiced mind, we find an overwhelmning amount of evidence to convince us that Jesus really existed. In a question like this it is important that we should first discover when and where the event we are interested in investigating is said to have taken place. As regards Jesus Christ, had he lived in a country that possessed no history, or in one of the fabulous ages of the world, there might be stronger reason for doubt; but the country of his birth was, on account of its geographical position, and of its peculiar circumstances at this precise epoch of the world's history in relation with the entire civilized world, so that there was no possibility of any fictitious personage of Judea becoming historical. Moreover, when Jesus appeared in Palestine, the fabulous age of the world had long since ceased to exist. Rome was then at the height of its splendor, and arts and sciences flourished within its walls.

"'Taking all the circumstances of time and place into consideration, it was impossible for the belief in Jesus to arise, had his existence not

been a reality. Many a voice, as well from the ranks of Judaism as of Pagandom, would have been raised in protest against any false history. But what do we behold? that those who lived nearest to the days of Christ all agree in admitting his existence. This is true of pagans, Jews and Christians.

"'Among the pagan authors who have made mention of Christ, Tacitus* says, that the author of the name of Christians was Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius was brought to punishment by Pontius Pilate, the procurator. It is evident from the writings of Celsus and Origen, that in the second century, the facts of the gospels, as we now know them, were current. In fine, in the early centuries of the Christian era, no doubt at all concerning the existence of Christ is expressed, not even by his enemies.

"'As regards the Jews, their historian Josephus, several times makes mention of Jesus as a real person; the Jewish *Talmud* also admits his existence, and in a Jewish tract, the *Toldoth Jeshu*, not only is it acknowledged that he existed, but many of the circumstances of his life as found in the Gospels, are confirmed.

"'The principal Christian sources of information concerning the life of Jesus, are the epistles of St. Paul, and the Gospels. The former are admitted to be authentic by the best of critics. They were written shortly after the death of Christ, and by one who had been his enemy, and a persecutor of his disciples. The authenticity of the Gospels has ever been admitted, and against it nothing can be proved. In fact it would have been impossible to palm off these histories on the world in the face of such deadly opposition from Jews and Pagans, had they really not been genuine. Moreover, their authenticity is admitted by Christians and Pagans alike, and by the best of modern critics; and even if some unbelievers deny that St. John was the author of the fourth Gospel, they at least admit that it is a very ancient and valuable document.

"'Add to this the history of the world since the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, the spread of Christianity, the enormous change effected amongst civilized nations, and we must admit the existence of Christ, if we do not wish to behold ourselves forced to consider history as an inexplicable enigma.'

"'Here the priest stopped. Making use of the opportunity I again objected: 'It is stated that many circumstances related of Christ are also found in the life of Buddha Gautama, who lived six hundred years before the Christian era. Would not this prove that both the Christian and Buddhist doctrines originated at the foot of the Himalaya?'

"'To a mind not well equipped,' the priest replied, 'this argument would at first sight seem strong indeed; but it vanishes on closer examination.'

"'First let me remark, that also the Brahmans in India relate certain legends agreeing with circumstances of the life of Christ, of Krishna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnou. Hence, in the two great religions of India, Brahmanism and Buddhism, we find certain

*Annales. lib. XV., Cap. 44.

facts or legends agreeing with facts of Christianity. Now the question naturally presents itself: did these narratives originate in India or in Judea? If we compare the Christian and Indian traditions, we find that the origin of the former is known, but not that of the latter. Moreover, we know that Christianity was, at an early period, introduced into India, and that, consequently, many of its traditions which then existed might have been incorporated into the Buddhistic and Brahmanic systems. If you feel inclined to remark the great analogy there is between the Catholic Church and the northern Buddhistic religion or Lamaism, I will simply answer that there are convincing proofs that Lamaism, that probably does not date further back than the thirteenth century of our era, borrowed very much from Christianity, as the very traditions of the Lamas seem to prove. It is beyond doubt that the Tartars and Mongols were brought into relation with Christianity, especially during the reign of Genghis Khan. My dear friend, we must adhere to history and not to fables; but I have sufficiently proved that Christianity rests upon an historical basis. As regards the Divinity of Christ, to prove it, we must convince those with whom we argue of the following facts: first, that Christ really believed and taught that he was God; secondly, that the Jews and Apostles understood him thus; and, thirdly, that he gave proofs of his divinity.

"'As regards the first point, Christ attributes qualities to Himself that indicate clearly his belief in His Divinity. In Matt. xii. he says, that he is greater than the temple, and that he is Lord of the Sabbath. When Peter confessed that he was Christ, the Son of the living God, Jesus showed his highest approbation. (Matt. xvi. 17.) He gives his apostles power to bind and to loose. (Matt. xviii. 18.) He exercises a power that belongs to God alone, by forgiving sins. (Luke vii. 48.) In a word it was for declaring himself to be the Son of God, that he suffered death, as is evident from Matt. xxvii. 65: Mark, xiv.

"'Did the Jews and Apostles understand him in this sense? We have not far to seek to find the answer. In John xix. 7, we read that the reason the Jews gave to Pilate why Jesus should be condemned to death, was that he had made himself the son of God. The Gospels, especially that of St. John, and the Epistles of St. Paul, prove sufficiently the faith of the Apostles in the Divinity of Christ.

"'But, you ask whether Christ gave proof of his divinity. Read the Gospels attentively, and with a mind free to admit the truth, compare the sacred narratives with themselves, and with the writings of the Jews, and with profane history. Is it not recorded of Christ that he worked miracles, that he raised the dead to life? Even the Jews of former times admitted these miracles, as is evident from their Talmudic writings. But, sane philosophy teaches us that the power to restore life to a dead man belongs to God alone; draw from this the conclusion, the only logical consequence, that Christ was God, for he could not have taught that he was such, and confirmed his doctrine with a miracle, had his teaching been false.

"'But the miracle of all miracles was His Resurrection. To deny

it, you must upset the very basis of the philosophy of history. You must admit a vast conspiracy among the Apostles and early Christians; a conspiracy to propagate falsehood without any earthly benefit to themselves, or rather in the very face of most appalling dangers. You must also admit an inexplicable carelessness on the part of the Roman soldiery, a carelessness that was left unpunished, — an absurdity to those acquainted with the discipline of the Roman army. You will be forced to admit an incomparable amount of stupidity on the part of Pilate and the Jews. But, above all, if you deny the fact of Christ's Resurrection, how can the propagation of Christianity be explained, how can you explain the conversion of St. Paul and of so many enemies of the Christian name? Does not history itself become an enigma? Weigh in the scales of judgment the reasons for and against the Resurrection of Christ. For it, you find the testimony of the Apostles, who were unprepared for the fact and even incredulous of it; the testimony of the early Christians, and their intense conviction; the marvellous spread of Christianity without any natural means, in spite of innumerable obstacles, and, finally, the firm adherence of all that was noblest, most enlightened, and best in society during eighteen centuries. Against the fact of the Resurrection, you find only suppositions. First, we are told, that the Resurrection is impossible; but to this I only reply by demanding proof. I defy any one to prove this impossibility, either physically or metaphysically. The statement of the Jews, that Christ's body was stolen away, is too ridiculous to deserve notice, when we reflect upon the circumstances of time and place; it was nothing more nor less than an absurd supposition. Equally groundless is the hypothesis of modern spiritists that Christ's apparitions to His Apostles was a so-called materialization. Hence, I conclude, my dear friend, that if I admit the existence of Christ at all, as historical evidence forces me to, I must necessarily admit His Resurrection.

"'And if you ask me further, whether the Resurrection of Christ proves the truth of the Catholic Church, I answer, unhesitatingly: yes! Certainly Christ founded a church that was to last until the end of time, as is evident from his words. Moreover his words also plainly indicate, that his Church was to be essentially incorruptible. The church then that he founded exists to the present day, essentially the same as he founded it. But there is no other church, except the Catholic Church that can trace its history to Christ. Your fathers, and the fathers of so many that call themselves Christians to-day rebelled against, and left it. But the right of the Church remains the same; all nations are called to her fold, for she has been sent to teach all nations, and hence it is your duty, and the duty of all, to return to the mother that their fathers abandoned.'

"I had become more attentive as the old man spoke, and when he had finished I remained silent. Arising, he left me to my reflections. Days past and I thought over what I had heard. I too began to kneel at the altar in the little chapel, and began to pray, as I had not prayed for years. Gradually the clouds of doubt were dispersed, and finally

my heart found rest. I had the true faith. I had discovered what I so ardently longed for.

"The old priest, my benefactor has passed away, and a rough stone marks the place where his mortal remains rest in front of the rustic chapel. I have lived here ever since, and every morning I go to the mountain chapel, and after performing my devotions, I kneel at the grave of my friend, and I thank God for my faith, and long for the day that will unite me to him. This, young stranger, is the story of my eventful life."

By this time the storm had subsided, and in my soul calm had succeeded to the agitation that had been master of it only a short time before. I thanked the stranger for his kindness, and promised to reflect on his words. I now hastened to regain my home in the valley; but, to my misfortune, I had hardly gone half a mile, when stepping upon a little stone my foot slipped, and I fell over the edge of the precipice. I grasped a projecting rock; but, oh, horror! it gave way, and, with a shriek, and covering my eyes with my hands not to see the dark abyss beneath me, I fell. At that moment I lost consciousness. When I recovered I found myself surrounded by sympathizing strangers in a place I did not recognize. Gradually returning to my senses, as from a distant world, I began to observe my surroundings. The place where I lay was a bedroom, tastefully furnished, as I had seen others in the Swiss valleys. An aged man, with a benign countenance, bent over me, while a tender hand bathed my feverish brow. I noticed that I was among friends. I had been found, as I was afterwards told, by some hunters of the valley, who brought me to the hospitable mansion, whose inmates proved so kind to me. During the happy months I spent at their house, while convalescent from the effects of my fall, that might have cost me my life, my mind often rested upon the conversation I had had with the old man of the mountain; an unknown feeling of mental repose had begun to take possession of me. To while away the tedious hours, and to supplement the instruction I had acquired from the hermit, I read many Catholic books, from which I derived ever increasing information, until gradually the mists of doubt cleared away, and I saw clearly the truth of the Catholic Faith. One victory was gained,— the victory over my intellect; but another and more arduous battle remained still to be fought, that against my heart. In my moments of reflection, and they were many, as I brooded over my past doubts and my present feeling of certainty, I could not help experiencing a sense of relief, as if a burden had been lifted off my mind. But when I thought of the duties that the Catholic Faith imposes upon its members, and of the sacrifice I would be called upon to make, poor weak nature shrank back, and I halted on the threshold of the Church. Could I break with the past, and rush on towards an unknown future? Would it be possible to relinquish my old ideas, to uproot my prejudices, to leave the love of my friends, to do violence to my heart? These were the questions I repeatedly asked myself.

But time wore on, I grew strong and vigorous, and my health

was completely regained. Finally the day arrived, that I was to bid farewell to the hospitable roof that had harbored me, and to the kind friends who had treated me as one of their own. With a heavy heart I took leave of those whom I felt I would meet no more on earth, and in a short time was once more alone. I returned to my country. I remained fully convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, but I could not summon courage to enter within its fold. Grace was wanting, and for grace I prayed not. I thought, I reflected, but I did not pray. Years passed on, and I was still the same. But the day of the final victory was not far off. One day, a never-to-be-forgotten day, the call to arms went forth. I heard my country's voice that summoned me. I girded the sword around me and marched to meet the foe. In the service of my country I fought well and bravely. Many a battle I witnessed, and many a time I was in imminent danger, but always escaped unhurt.

Finally I stood upon the bloody field of Gettysburg. I see them still, the hosts of the enemy, as they swept down upon us. I hear still the cannon's awful roar; its smoke seems still to encircle me, and I behold my fallen comrades, as, with upturned eyes, glazed in death, they lay upon one of the most bloody battle-fields of modern times.

It was the morning of July 3, 1863. I was nearly worn out by exhaustion, but still the battle raged. I felt myself grow weak, and experienced a strange sensation in my right side. I put my hand to the place, and lo! there was blood. I was wounded, I felt weak; this is the last I recollect of the terrible battle of Gettysburg. The first moment of my awakening to consciousness found me in an hospital, where I slowly regained my strength.

A frequent visitor to the hospital, and one whom I often saw, was a priest. Of the nurse, a Catholic, I inquired his name. "That is Father Lytton," he replied, "and a more zealous man than he is does not walk the earth." From that moment I conceived in my heart an ardent desire of making his acquaintance. The opportunity soon presented itself; for one day the priest addressed me. We entered into conversation that soon drifted upon religion. The name of the priest had struck me, as being identical with my own. But what impressed me still more deeply was the information he gave me that he was a convert, and that his father's name was Thomas Lytton, and his mother's Mary Grant. My heart palpitated: what could it mean? Those were also the names of my father and mother. The priest inquired my name. "Harry Lytton," was the answer. A sad expression over-clouded his countenance; he seemed to recall some past event of his life. After a few moments' pause, he began: "I left home at the age of sixteen, and shipped on board a merchant-man. Many, many indeed, have been the events of my life since then. My time and the condition of your health would not permit me to relate them now; but suffice it to say, that when I returned to my native country, my family had broken up. The old cottage in the quiet New England village, that had been the home of my childhood, stood there still; but it had passed into the hands of strangers,

and the old faces of loved ones had been succeeded by others unknown to me. In the little graveyard opposite the cottage, two white marble tombstones attracted my attention, and as I entered through the rustic gate, I read upon the monuments names that were familiar to me, and a pearly drop glistened in my eye, as my thoughts returned to the days when my tiny feet trod the soil upon which I now walked. I had arrived before the little tombstones. I gazed upon them, and oh! how my heart fluttered as I read the inscriptions upon one: "*Charles Lytton, infant son of Captain T. Lytton and Mary his wife*" and upon the other: "*Jane, infant daughter of Captain T. and Mary Lytton.*" The priest paused. Here I could stand it no longer: "Speak, I exclaimed, tell me are you," — and my voice faltered, — "are you the long-sought-for one, are you Thomas Lytton, my father's eldest son, my brother?" The priest stood before me as immovable as a statue; several moments elapsed before he could utter a syllable. Finally he broke the painful silence: "Tell me," he said, "the place of your birth, name it, name it!" "The village of W.," I replied. He sank upon his knees, he buried his head upon my breast, and the strong man literally sobbed. "Oh, my brother," he exclaimed, "oh, my brother whom I beheld in his cradle, oh, long-lost remnant of happy days! Eternal praise to the Almighty who has brought thee back to me!" I need not dwell upon the happy scenes that followed. As soon as was possible, my brother had me removed to his own house, where all attention was shown me. Days and weeks flew rapidly away as we related to each other our adventures. We were the only surviving members of a once large family. I learnt from my brother the story of his conversion to the Catholic faith, and of his vocation to the priesthood.

It is needless to state that grace gained the victory over my own heart. My brother himself received me into the true Church, and my weary soul has found rest.

Here the narrative of Harry Lytton ends. Years have passed away, and Harry Lytton and his brother have both gone to their eternal homes. In a little country churchyard stands a simple cross, the emblem of our Faith. It marks the spot where the mortal remains of Harry Lytton repose, and upon it stands the inscription, so expressive of his life: "*Rest at Last.*"

A Tribute to Irish Genius.

WE find the following interesting statement in the last number of the London Spectator: "The Secretary of State for India has restored the old age for admission to the Civil Service. From 1892 a candidate must be above twenty-one and under twenty-three on April 1 of the year in which the competition takes place. This is a step in the right direction. The early age, recently adopted in order to prevent the excessive competition of Bengalees, sent out men too immature, gave an unfair 'pull' to Irishmen, who develop quicker than Englishmen or Scotchmen, and seriously injured the lads who competed, and who were forced to enter themselves too early."

Daniel Dougherty in Boston.

PROBABLY the largest audience that has assembled for many a month at the Boston Theatre on a Sunday evening, assembled there to hear the far-famed "silver-tongued orator," Daniel Dougherty. The audience was a most enthusiastic one, and by repeated and continued applause showed its approval of the remarks of the speaker.

Some fifty clergymen from various parishes occupied seats on the stage. Among them were Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J.; Rev. William Byrne, V. G.; Rev. J. A. Buckley, S. J.; Rev. J. H. Sandael, S. J. Mr. Dennis Mahoney, the chairman of the committee having the lecture in charge, introduced Hon. P. A. Collins to preside. Mr. Collins was enthusiastically received, and said: "I do not think I shall have any difficulty in presiding over this audience. (Laughter.) The wet night, together with the malady imported from a foreign shore with a French name, do not seem to deter the friends of Boston College from being present in great numbers. It is a great many years ago, more than I care to advertise in the presence of the younger people, since I first heard the distinguished person who is to address us to-night, and, while I did not agree with him at the time, he has since come around to my opinion. (Laughter.) As a further introduction would be considered an interruption, I now yield the floor to Hon. Daniel Dougherty."

Mr. Dougherty was greeted with heartiest applause, and it was nearly five minutes before he could be heard. He fully maintained the reputation he has hitherto enjoyed, and certainly was appreciated, as was demonstrated by the applause he received. After referring by way of illustration to ante-bellum days, when those in favor of the abolition of slavery were proscribed men, while now the feeling has so changed that any one attempting the return to the old order of things would be driven from the country, Mr. Dougherty said:

In defiance of the ethics of Christianity, a similar prejudice exists against the Catholic Church and Catholic people. We are dogged incessantly, yet point this fact out to the polished Protestant, and he will tell you he was unaware of it. But from the platform, and editorially and otherwise, insults are heaped upon us, and, in the newspapers, often when refutations are asked for, they are flatly refused or conveniently forgotten. This feeling crops out in thousands of shapes. Scorning to make themselves familiar with the doctrines of the Catholic Church, many Protestants pretend to know more of our affairs than we know ourselves. If some unprincipled adventurer should gather a crowd to pitch into Catholicism, he would be protected on the strength of free speech; but if the same individual pitched into Protestantism, he would be driven out of town. If a Protestant minister talks politics, he is lauded by the press; but let a Catholic priest do so, and he will be denounced by the papers; and let the latter do such a thing as to advocate the election of a United States senator, and he will be charged with trying to usurp the government. A Protestant may say the progenitors of a man were monkeys, and it is all right; but if a Catholic advances the theory of the immaculate conception, he is pronounced a priest-ridden bigot, while Catholics who venerate the saints are priest-ridden papists.

Mr. Dougherty cited a few experiences he had while travelling. One young lady, whom he met on an ocean steamer, thought Catholics were made of

the lower strata, but when Mr. Dougherty informed her he was of that faith, she exclaimed: "Why, I never before saw a Roman Catholic, except in the kitchen." Another person said to him: "I look upon Roman Catholics with distrust, but I cannot look upon you that way," thus refuting by his own words his first statement. These prejudices, continued the lecturer, strike deep, and move the heart. We old fellows don't mind it, but it pains the young. Politically, in some places, we are proscribed as much as though there was a clause in the constitution against us. Few Catholics have ever been honored with high offices in the country. When, in 1880, Mr. Grace was nominated for mayor of New York, despite the dire prophecies of Beecher, Ingersoll, and other well-known men, he was elected and re-elected, and all the prophecies were found to be nonsensical, and although a great deal of noise was made about the Pope, he never left Rome for a single day.

Catholics believe their redemption is to be obtained and accomplished with fear and trembling, and Mass must be heard on Sundays and holydays, and no one should be troubled or interfered with in the discharge of their religious duties and the obtaining of their religious instructions. We have suffered grievous wrongs in the past, and there are grave apprehensions of evil in the future. We have submitted uncomplainingly, yet we have never thought of doing what you, my Protestant friends, would do. Suppose things were reversed and we were in the majority, and the storm raised against you that is now against us, would you submit to the oppression long? No! the spirit of '76 would come out again, and you would petition and do everything but supplicate, and, as a last resort, fight, to die, if necessary, as your forefathers did in the days of the revolution. I would be pleased if I could see the seeds of strife uprooted and the people, one and all, united. I am a thorough American myself, having been born in Philadelphia, as was my father, and my grandfather fought in one of wars of the country. I have never sought political honors and never desired them. Some of my best friends are Protestants, and I have the highest regard for them. I am glad to say that in all sections this prejudice against the Catholics is not increasing, and, in fact, in some states it does not exist at all. Some journalists do not see any difference, but take men at their true value.

This prejudice violates the theory of the constitution, and is, in addition, against policy. Everybody must know that it is policy for the whole people to live at peace. The history of other countries teaches us this. We have eight million American Catholics, and the growth of the Church in this country has been one of the most marvellous features of its history. If we annex Canada on the north, Mexico, San Domingo or Cuba on the south, or if, as has been suggested, the South American republics, the Catholic population will be increased greatly. Therefore, should Catholics be proscribed, it might entail injury on future generations. Are Roman Catholics an inferior or an alien race? No! Among our employers and employes are members of that Church. Protestant men have Catholic wives, Protestant women have Catholic husbands, and some of the most eminent men of history have been believers. Our Protestant friends have been led to look upon us as priest-ridden and tied to the Pope; but we would resent with scorn any attempt on the part of a Catholic priest to influence political work. Catholics can boast of devotion to liberty and a hatred of oppression long before Protestantism was born. Trial by jury, all our laws, magna charta, were founded by Catholics, while parliament literally sprang from the Church.

The Pilgrim fathers fled from Protestants, not from Catholics. Protestants exiled Roger Williams, and human liberty in this country was proclaimed in America, not by Protestants, but by Catholics. This country was discovered by Catholic Columbus and his Catholic crew, who were sent by a Catholic king and a Catholic queen.

The Church is not opposed to education. Most of the seats of learning were founded by members of the faith, among the seats being Heidelberg, Cambridge, and Oxford, while in this country of America a college in Quebec stands, which was founded by Catholics previous to the founding of Harvard.

In this country we have six hundred and fifty colleges and three thousand

one hundred and fifty parish schools. Many of the leading poets are Catholics, and even Shakespeare, I maintain, was a Catholic. It was the Roman Catholic Church that received the Holy Scriptures from the hands of the evangelists, and has built Christianity, advanced music and painting, sanctified marriage and elevated women.

There are five hundred and twenty hospitals in the United States under the care of the Sisters, and these unknown Florence Nightingales can be found at every big fire and flood, or wherever famine or pestilence rages.

New England, if not becoming new Ireland, is fast becoming new Rome. At Plymouth, not far from the famous rock, is a church once used by Protestants, but in which a Roman Catholic congregation now worships, so that not far from Plymouth Rock is the rock of Peter. You might as well try to stop the ebb and flow of the tide, as to stop the march of Catholicism. It is here to stay, and let us never cease to pour out our gratitude that God has placed us upon this grandest part of his footstool. Our holy Church is unfettered, and it will be true to the republic. We Catholics here, living and dying, will be faithful to our republic.

The King and Sir T. Esmonde.

THE London Star says: "Sir T. Esmonde has been telling a good story of a comical incident that occurred during his tour in the 'back-blocks' in New South Wales. He was speaking one night in a remote bush township to an audience mainly composed of young enterprising Irish settlers, who had travelled on horseback from distances of fifty miles and upwards to be present at the meeting. At the close of the address the usual collection for the Tenants' Defence Fund was made, and after the young fellows had deposited their notes and gold, who should advance, with stately stride, from the rear of the hall, but a tall black fellow — the king of the aborigines in that part of the country. His sable majesty gravely ascended the platform, placed a modest two-shilling piece in the plate, cordially shook hands with Sir Thomas, wished success to Mr. Gladstone in the best broken English that he could command, and expressed his sentiments towards Mr. Balfour by means of a big, big D. The young Irishmen made the rafters ring when they witnessed the demonstration of sympathy from such an unexpected quarter."

MR. DANIEL BROPHY, of Ballarat, who is at once an Australian millionnaire, a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and an Irish patriot, is at present visiting his birth-place, Castlecomer, county Kilkenny, which he left when a boy of fourteen years, in the "Black" famine period of 1847. Mr. Brophy came first to the United States, whence he emigrated to Australia on the discovery of the gold fields there, and fixed his residence at Ballarat, where he made a fortune. Mr. Brophy was chairman at one of Mr. John Dillon's most successful Australian meetings; and he is able to give personal testimony not only of the success of Mr. Dillon's Australian tour, but also of his improved health, — intelligence that will gratify his countrymen everywhere.

AT an examination in a certain primary school, the scholars were asked to name five bipeds. An answer, written by a little six-year-old, read as follows: A man, a woman, a child, a baby, and a rooster."

To J. P. Q.*

I HAVE lived, I have wrought, I have passed by the noon,
In the wonderful land of the west;
But the land of all lands, where my heart is in tune,
Is the land where my forefathers rest.

I love its blue skies which soft seem to say,
Looking down upon hill, vale, and lea,
While the sun, moon, and stars shall light the broad way,
O Erin in heart thou'lt be free.

But the love of all loves is the love that I bear
To the sons of its soil that are true;
This is why, honored friend, your remembrance to share,
I offer this tribute to you.

JAMES RILEY.

*One of Ireland's trusted patriots.

Parnell Heard From: Meetings in England.

MR. PARNELL addressed a large meeting at Nottingham, on the 17th of December. He declared that there never had been a movement of such magnitude to the country which was so comparatively free from crime as the Land League movement.

The object of the Home Rule movement, he said, was to regenerate Ireland, especially with regard to her industrial condition. Continuing, Mr. Parnell said the manufactures might be developed to such an extent as to take the strain off the land, and enable the people to look to other means than farming for gaining a living: but the idea was not tenable that Ireland could be governed by England's promoting the industries. Irishmen themselves must promote Irish industries by building harbors, clearing out the channels of rivers, and reclaiming waste lands, not at the expense of the English exchequer, but of the Irish exchequer, or, best of all, the efforts of local and individual enterprise and with private capital.

Mr. Balfour's plan of making railways through impoverished districts was a vain expenditure of money. Home Rule aimed at national regeneration, and this implied the regeneration of the industries and the industrial and commercial spirit of the people. If Home Rule were granted it would not discourage the rich people of England from promoting industrial developments; but the money would be judiciously and advantageously employed instead of being wasted, as now, to maintain in power a government of fraud and trickery. Expenditure of that sort would enable Ireland to get and to keep her head above water, and so exercise and develop the qualities of her people that she would be no longer an exhibition for the wonder and scorn of the nations of the world. (Cheers.) Briefly referring to the Parnell commission, the speaker said that he believed the judges' report would not discredit the national movement.

Mr. Parnell devoted the speech he made at night to the Tenants' League. He said this was by far the greatest and most peaceable movement ever organized in Ireland or any other country. Although Ireland was tranquil, she was not appeased. She did not submit. On the contrary, the people's dislike of the government was tenfold more intense for the experiences of three years of coercion. But the country, though it did not yield, was tranquil because of the faith it had in the assurances of Mr. Gladstone that a triumphant Liberal party would soon give it its legitimate freedom. Mr. Parnell would not say that it would be impossible to govern Ireland by mere coercion; but Mr. Balfour's mixture of coercion and constitutionalism would never succeed. Mr. Balfour had made several mistakes; among these was that he had neglected to provide for arrears of rent and for the restitution of evicted tenants. This had led to the formation of a new agrarian movement which would sweep Balfour and his props away as chaff is swept before the whirlwind. If the government had nothing to be ashamed of in its connection with the Times, doubtless it would gratify curiosity by making known the truth about that matter. The country wanted to know how far the government had gone in a course so mean and so thoroughly contrary to the English spirit as to attack men from ambush, and by the use of such disreputable instruments. He knew the letters were forgeries; but he would rather have died than have accepted the vindication the government offered him. The Parnell commission, instead of trying the personal indictment, had tried the Irish nation and the movements of the Irish party.

Mr. Parnell, upon conclusion of his engagement at Nottingham, will visit Mr. Gladstone at Harwarden.

Mr. Parnell declares that all the talk about a Protestant minority being animated by a sprit of hostility to an Irish parliament and opposing it, or Catholics oppressing Protestants, is fallacious. He further declared, that the modified Home Rule, as proposed by Mr. Gladstone, is preferable to Grattan's scheme, which contains several elements of friction.

MR. PARNELL IN LIVERPOOL.

LONDON, Dec. 19. Mr. Parnell was received with a public demonstration at Liverpool, on the 19th of December. In his address he exhorted Lancashire to rally in the next election to the assistance of the grand leader of the Liberal party. At the banquet at which the Irish leader was entertained at night, a check for $17,500, the sum of the proceeds of the Liverpool tenants' defence fund, was presented to him. In thanking the donors he said he thought he was fairly entitled to boast that he was the first Irishman, who had been so trusted by Englishmen, who had started this subscription before Russell had won the victory for him. He again declared that the object of the Home Rule party was to secure the industrial development of Ireland. Why should the promoters of a plan of campaign that kept agitation free from crime be treated as criminals? Earl Spencer's coercion was directed at real crime; but Balfour's was only against shopkeepers

for refusing to sell. Irishmen had had in times past some justification for hostility to England; but now they entered joyfully and hand-in-hand with English Liberals into a battle which, he trusted, was very near.

Jefferson Davis.

A FEW weeks ago, the news of the death of the ex-president of the Southern Confederacy sent a thrill of emotion throughout the land. Born in Kentucky in the June of 1808, he had already passed beyond the allotted fourscore years of man. Of delicate yet elastic physique, of dauntless courage and unswerving determination, he had stood for years like the sturdy oak of his own Southern forest, erect and vigorous long after the snows of wintry age had fallen upon his head and left their silvery imprint upon his brow.

His character was not like Napoleon's, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," but his lot in life certainly was; for he was at once the object of the most intense hatred and of the most devoted love. By birth, education, and natural endowments, he became in early life a leader of men; and for forty years his name was linked with all the great events in the history of his country. He was appointed to West Point by President Monroe, in 1824, and his first active service, after graduating, was in the Black Hawk war, where he won promotion and renown as a brave and successful officer.

In 1835, he married the daughter of Zachary Taylor. This marriage has been described as surrounded by the romance of an elopement, hairbreadth escapes from fiery rivals, an unrelenting father, and all the concomitants of a most sensational affair; but the sober truth of the story is, that the young couple, being members of the Church of England, were unwilling to be married by the chaplain at the military post, Fort Crawford, near Prairie du Chien, and crossed the river in order to be united by a minister of their own faith. The father-in-law was at first inclined to regard coolly the young officer who had won his lovely daughter; but years afterwards, when Davis lay wounded in his tent, after the famous charge at Buena Vista, the old General is said to have declared: "God bless you, Colonel. You have saved the day. When Dolly would have you, she was a better judge of a man than I was."

After his marriage, Col. Davis resigned his commission, and became a planter. In 1843, he engaged in politics, and, in 1845, was elected to Congress from the state of Mississippi. The following year he served in the Mexican war as Colonel of the First Mississippi Volunteer Rifles; and in that war he was especially distinguished for bravery at the famous charges of Monterey and Buena Vista.

After his return home from the Mexican War, he was offered the position of brigadier-general by the President, but refused the honor upon a plea that an appointment in the militia by the President was unconstitutional; and in this little incident we find the keynote of

the after life of the man, a devotion to the doctrine of States' Rights, as opposed to centralized government, so sincere, earnest, and unwavering as to demand from him the sacrifice of the dearest interests and ambitions of a lifetime; a conviction which never wavered in defeat or difficulty, for he went down to his grave believing as firmly in his old cherished creed as he did on the day he bade adieu to the United States senate, and bound his fate, for weal or woe, to that of his adopted state.

He entered the Senate in 1847, and left it in 1851 to become a member of Pierce's Cabinet. As Secretary of War he made for himself the reputation of an able, vigorous, and conscientious officer. It was owing to his influence that the Pacific railway became a certainty, and the plans for enlarging and beautifying the Capitol were adopted. The statue of liberty which crowns the dome was selected by him.

He returned to the Senate in 1857, and left it Jan. 24, 1861, upon receiving the news of the secession of Mississippi. Before he reached home he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Southern forces; but on Feb. 9, he was elected president of the Confederate States by the famous Alabama Convention which met in Montgomery. The Confederate Congress met in Richmond, Feb. 18, 1862, and the President was inaugurated on the 22d. Alexander Stephens was the Vice-president, and the members of the cabinet were Robert Tombs, Leroy P. Walker, Charles G. Memminger, Stephen R. Mallory, Judah P. Benjamin, and John H. Reagan. It was with reluctance that Col. Davis accepted the office of president, preferring to hold a military commission; but the vote for him was unanimous, and it was considered as the expression of the sentiment of the entire confederacy.

It would be impossible to follow his career without giving a full history of the great struggle in which he played so conspicuous a part. No one could have held such a position without being subjected to the most venomous shafts of envy, malice, and falsehood. He was held responsible for all the reverses which finally crushed the hopes of the Southern Confederacy, hopes whose realization no human agency could have accomplished; but throughout these terrible years, whatever faults of judgment he may have committed, he was ever strong, courageous, and undaunted, and the heroism with which he bore the galling imprisonment following his capture in May, 1865, endeared him to his own people and disarmed, to a great extent, the vengeance of his enemies.

He was captured near Irwinsville, Ga., by Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard's Cavalry. The many foolish and exaggerated stories afloat at the time, with regard to his being disguised as a woman, arose from the fact that he wore a very long raglan overcoat and had a shawl on his shoulders. At the time of his capture the most intense excitement prevaded the country on account of the assassination of President Lincoln, and Davis was accused of instigating the crime; but the absurdity of this was so evident, that the charge was soon dropped, and he was indicted for treason against the United States Government. After two years of cruel imprisonment he was admitted to bail, May 13, 1867, the first name on the list of his bondsmen

being that of Horace Greeley. In December, 1868, a *nolle prosequi* was entered, and the case of "The United States vs. Jefferson Davis" was ended before it began.

But the bitterness of partisan hatred pursued him and broke out against him at intervals, stirring into angry waves the placid current of his life. In 1876 he was, through the influence of Senator Blaine, excepted from the general amnesty granted to ex-confederates; again, in 1879, through the influence of Senator Chandler, he was excepted from the pension granted to veterans of the Mexican war. In 1884, there was a disagreeable controversy in the senate regarding accusations made against Davis by Gen. Sherman. This little affair is too recent to be forgotten; but the result of it was not in the least injurious to the character of the leader of the "Lost Cause."

In 1879, the same year in which he was debarred from the list of pensioned veterans, of the Mexican war, the handsome estate of Beauvoir, Miss., was bequeathed to him by Mrs. Dorsey, and in this beautiful old home the last few years of his life were spent. Occasionally he appeared in public, and his utterances have always been the signal for fierce and fiery invectives on the part of certain newspapers and politicians; but, in general, his latter years were passed in retirement. Visitors who found their way to Beauvoir were treated with the unfailing hospitality of the Southern homestead, and went away charmed with the courtesy and affability of their host. He is invariably spoken of by old friends and acquaintances as the gentlest and most generous of men. The unfailing courtesy of his manner was beautifully shown in his last words, "Pray excuse me," said to his wife, when in his last sickness she urged him to take the whole of a dose of medicine prescribed by the physician.

His second wife, who survives him, was Miss Varina Howell, of New Jersey, a lady of the highest culture and refinement, who shared his honors in the United States Senate, his perils in the dark days of the Civil War, his captivity at Fortress Monroe, and the quiet, peaceful days of his old age at Beauvoir. Two daughters also survive him, the younger of whom, Miss Winnie Davis, is known as the "child of the Confederacy." She is very brilliant, and has already given evidence of great literary talent.

It would be interesting, but well-nigh impossible, to compare the careers and characters of Davis and Lincoln. Natives of the same state, born within a year of each other, they were destined to be the most distinguished men of their day, and to expiate in part the faults and follies of the greatest war of modern times. While Lincoln burst upon the vision of his countrymen with the power, brilliancy, and erratic movements of a meteor, and went down to his tomb enshrined by the halo of a martyr's death, Davis was distinguished from early life, and during the past quarter of a century has been known to the world as the vicarious sufferer for the faults or the mistakes of a nation. From whatever standpoint we view his life, we must acknowledge and admire the consistency of his principles, the brilliancy of his talents, and the many virtues of his private life. AGNES HAMPTON.

Jan. 1, 1890.

A New Ireland.

THE BRITISH AND IRISH DEMOCRACY.

To restore nationhood to a subject country, to rehabilitate that country, in fact, to make a new nation from the materials of the old by infusing into the people the vigor of a new social and political life that will arouse them from the lethargy of subjection, and inspire them with the pride and spirit of freemen,— is a work necessarily requiring the concurrent action of many forces. But when the country to be so acted upon has only awakened, as it were, from a sleep of centuries, and is utterly bereft of any physical power within itself save the strong arms and warm hearts of its people, the task of rebuilding the nation becomes relatively harder and more difficult of accomplishment.

This is precisely the state of Ireland now and for the past century. The yoke that country had to bear was a double burden,— the yoke of religious persecution and that of political slavery. These two embraced the whole order of man's life, and rendered that life one of continuous, unbroken agony from the cradle to the grave.

A life of extreme poverty, when that poverty arises from no fault on the part of those who have to endure it, is ill calculated to beget a feeling even of passive loyalty, much less one of love towards the power that crushes the weaker and subject nation. Therefore Ireland is righteously disloyal, and this disloyalty is one of the very best signs of that country. The passion of a big and sturdy hatred became inbred in the hearts and lives of the Irish people on account of their religious, social, and political suffering and degradation, and while this passionate hatred was impotent to effect a change in the people's condition, it begot national aspirations that nothing could subdue until their purpose had been effected, and national independence secured for Ireland forever.

When the sun of liberty was steadily rising to shine over this country, Ireland, like a suddenly awakened giant, sprang to her feet, and her sons were called to arms. The short-lived freedom of the Irish volunteers gave to Ireland, at least, a breathing spell. The spectacle of a hundred thousand armed men on Irish soil was disturbing to England in those days, particularly when she had just lost an empire, and the broken sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown became the emblem of her shattered power in America, hence the liberty of Grattan's parliament.

When the darkness of the French Revolution wrapped Europe as in a pall, another appeal to the sword was made in some parts of Ireland. But the Rebellion of '98, as it was called, and the subsequent but equally abortive armed attempt under the gallant-hearted and immortal Emmet, were the last appeals to arms, correctly speaking, that Ireland made to secure her independence. With the close of the last century Ireland's hopes to enter the lists successfully against England on the battlefield also closed; the exceptions of '48 and '67 only showed that the fever still burned in the veins of the patient.

O'Connell's successful battle for religious freedom which culminated in the emancipation of the Catholics not only of Ireland but of Great Britain, laid the foundation of the Repeal agitation, which, in turn, gave way after the death of O'Connell to the Young Ireland movement of '48. Fenianism followed soon afterward, and then came the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland, a result, as Gladstone himself declared of the blowing up of Clerkenwell prison in London.

The Home Rule agitation under Isaac Butt, the passage of the Irish Land Bill, the establishment of the Land League, and other matters incidental to the Irish agitation, are too fresh in the minds of the readers of this MAGAZINE to require further notice.

What now chiefly concerns Irishmen and Irish-Americans is the accomplishment of Home Rule. That the day is relatively near at hand when Ireland shall once again assume the power and position of an independent nation, no one conscious of the exact nature of political affairs in Ireland and Great Britain can reasonably doubt. Two mighty factors in the working out of this problem appear to some people as of doubtful continuance: these are the life of William Ewart Gladstone, and the health of Charles Stewart Parnell. At the present writing, Mr. Parnell's health is all right, as was recently seen at Liverpool: and Gladstone, thanks to his moderate and well-regulated life, bids fair to see the triumph and accomplishment of his grand designs.

That Home Rule is not now an accomplished fact is scarcely so great a wonder as that Irishmen of the present day should behold an English premier become, not only an advocate of Irish independence, but that he should become the author of the bill that is to secure that blessing for Ireland! This is, indeed, a change, and it guarantees the passage of that bill whether Gladstone dies with only the vision of the Promised Land before his eyes, or whether Parnell be also called away from the scene of his labors and his triumphs.

Many years ago, O'Connell used to say that the question of national independence for Ireland would affect the masses of Great Britain, politically, in a manner that those people could barely imagine. The light of that prescience is only beginning to dawn upon the minds of most people.

Gladstone's life in his early years was directed towards the immovable phalanx of English Toryism. He saw the nature and result of that political system to be the conservation of bounties, riches, titles, lands, positions, and emoluments to the very few, while the millions should plough the earth and the seas, delve in the mines, outstrip the power of steam in the factories, create a wealth they never could enjoy, and remain a foundation of shattered bones and flesh for the few to live and build upon. The statesman staggered at the sight, and he turned in his path, with his eyes directed towards the people. Retrospectively, he saw the bent backs of the French peasantry as they toiled in the fields while living on black bread, and water; he beheld the Lancashire operative sweat his life away for a rich and idle master;

he looked upon the Newcastle miner of forty years who had never seen the sunlight for a quarter of a century; he saw the millions of London writhing, seething in corruption and crime, and fighting to the death for space to stand upon; he saw Ireland maddened, burning with the fierce passion of bitterness and hatred of England, starved, and ready to aid in the downfall and destruction of his country, irrespective of the means to be employed to that end; and he turned his eyes to the great West, and beheld a new world where caste nor blood of aristocrat had befouled its virgin soil, and Gladstone, the statesman, and true friend of Ireland, with clear brain and steady hand, unfurled the banner of democracy! So powerful in strength are the numbers that have gathered under that standard — the result of the great Reform Bill — that if the English Parliament were dissolved to-morrow, Gladstone would be returned to power in spite of all the Salisburys, Liberal Unionists, and dissatisfied Chamberlains to be found in England.

The Primrose League and Dissidents know these things well, and so they aim to continue their unpopular power to the last moment of the legal term of the present Parliament. Even that hour will strike, and then woe to those who stand before the power of the British democracy.

Until recent years the popular prejudice entertained both by Englishmen and Scotchmen towards the Irish people was something beyond the pale of reason to understand. The social condition of Ireland was as little known in Great Britain as the social condition of the people of Terra Del Fuego. For fifty years the newspaper press of England and Scotland literally teemed with insult and jeers concerning the Irish people and their religion. The whole thing became a stock in trade; and while the Irish press struck back with tenfold force, their friends across the channel saw not the return blows, and, in fact, were ignorant that such things as newspapers were printed in Ireland. Twenty years ago when an Englishman was assured that the oldest newspaper in the British empire was to be found in Ireland, the Belfast News-Letter, he replied that he would not believe it even on the testimony of his own eyes! But the English and Scotch newspapers were not as ignorant as the people they represented. From the Times down to Punch all felt the power of the Irish press, and to that faithful guardian, with its learning, keen, burnished wit and patriotic perseverance much of the triumph of to-day is due.

For many a long year the press of the United States was treated in similar fashion to the Irish press by England. But now—well, things and times are changed all over. When we behold members of the English House of Commons going to Ireland to investigate and examine for themselves the social condition of the people there, and permitting themselves to be committed to jail for violating the oppressive laws of Balfour, we need not be surprised at the friendship of the English democracy for their long-suffering neighbors, the Irish.

Just twenty-five years ago the writer of this article was one of a number engaged in a public discussion on the right of the Southern

States to secede from the Union. Arguments and partisan feeling ran pretty high at that time in consequence of the state of affairs in America. The writer took the side of the Union, and an opponent said he failed to see the consistency of such a course in view of the fact that the advocates of the Union was just then hotly engaged in trying to disrupt the United Kingdom.

Then came this reply: "Give us the United States of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales on the basis of the American Union of States, and we'll fight to the death for their preservation."

The advocacy of such a question was not fashionable in those days; but it was perseveringly advocated nevertheless, and with good results. America at that time was as bitterly hated in Great Britain as Ireland was hated by the same country, and anything fashioned after an American pattern was distasteful to the majority of people in England and Scotland.

From the firing of the first gun at Lexington until now, this country owes much to Ireland. But Ireland also owes much to America, and the future will make Ireland a greater debtor still. The example of American democracy has permeated the world, and our national progress, gigantic for its years, has stamped that democracy with the mark of true imperial power, and nowhere has our influence been felt with more marked effect than within the shores of Great Britain and Ireland. Republican ideas are fructifying in those countries, and the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland will, undoubtedly, be followed by a like measure for Scotland.

This for a beginning. Then England will fall into line. The debates in the English parliament on the awarding of a life pension to a member of the Prince of Wales' family, proved how strongly democracy was being rooted in Great Britain, so that the English monarchy, although but a figurehead in matters of state, is destined soon to be a thing of the past. The Queen of England is doing much, although inadvertently, to lower in public estimation reverence for the crown. Recently that old lady had been exhibiting her fat pigs and short horns at Birmingham and Smithfield cattle shows in order to catch the money prizes, and find an opportunity for disposing of the pigs and short horns to the best advantage by public sale.

The liberal and democratic press were bitterly keen in their sneers at the poor Queen for following such a course, although it was not unusual for that lady to earn an honest penny this way. Even the old Tory Standard of London joined in the howl of the press at this descent of Royalty into the muck and ruck of the shambles for sake of a little money. But the Queen was always a thrifty body, and she and her consort, Albert, who prophesied that his wife would, in all probability, be the last sovereign to reign in England, were dabblers in cattle shows for many a year without calling forth the adverse comments of the press as at present. "By all means," says a disgusted correspondent of the Standard, "let her Majesty show as many animals as she pleases; but let her leave the prizes alone, for how can we poor devils compete against the Queen?" But the advice of the corres-

pondent to "leave the prizes alone," will sound like treason on the tympanum of the royal ear, and while the advice may make the Queen mad and angry it certainly will not be accepted.

"What are we here for anyhow?" said the immortal Flannigan, at a convention, "if not for the offices?" What are people going to fatten pigs and short-horns for, and send them to a cattle show, if not to fight for prizes, and loyal cattle judges, you know, are sure to have a warm leaning toward the side of royalty. Majesty is majesty, and prizes are prizes, and in this very utilitarian age an English Queen does not consider it beneath her dignity to enter the lists with Hodge, and beat his fat pigs, and so carry off the purse offered as a prize. Hodge is loyal enough, but the opposing force of Majesty is too stiff for him to contend successfully against, and so he mutters about himself and other "poor devils," and somehow his muttering wears all the edge off his loyalty. He has lassies of his own just as good as the daughters of 'is Royal 'Ighness, and next time there's mouch gab about pensions to royalty, he'll 'ave his say, or know the reason w'y." Hodge is a plentiful sort of fellow in England, and while it takes a good deal to arouse him, once stirred up he keeps going.

After gaining the prizes, her Majesty sold the short-horns at the advanced price of two shillings and four pence half-penny per pound. But, after all, fifty-eight cents a pound for beef raised by her Most Gracious Majesty, was not too high a price, — for those who could pay it. Some soft-headed sentimentalist might imagine that the Queen would graciously condescend to present her prize animals to some charitable institution, seeing that she carefully pocketed the money and other prizes. But the Queen is not a person of that kind.

The recent scandals among the English aristocracy as developed in the divorce courts, and particularly in the case of the Argyle family, some of the members of which are related to the queen by marriage; the horrible blackguardism of that same aristocracy as revealed by Mr. Stead of the Pall Mall Gazette, and more recently still, those nameless crimes alleged against leading members of the same body, have dealt furious blows at the blue blood of England, from which that caste will not soon recover.

The efforts of the dauntless and gallant-hearted William O'Brien, editor of United Ireland, in purging Dublin Castle of the viper nest of aristocrats that infested that unsavory stronghold, was another deathblow to the titled ruffians that polluted the very soil of Ireland by their presence and their unclean touch. These woeful revelations, added to the infamies of the London Times and the Parnell Commission, have given an impetus to the advance of the English democracy, that half a century of uneventful plodding work could not have given it.

The British landed aristocracy were, and are, the bitterest and most unrelenting enemies that justice had to contend against, so far as Ireland was concerned. That class knew nothing of mercy to Irishmen. They were men of different religious beliefs, but chiefly Episcopalians, for the Episcopal, or Protestant Church, was the church established by law. Among those men were Catholics, and their hands

were as heavily weighted in their oppression of the poor, as were the hands of their Protestant brethren. The aristocratic Catholics seemed ignorant of the fact that oppression of the poor was one of the four sins crying to heaven for vengeance! They forgot that the Catholic Church, which is the mother of the poor and their defender, has classed this sin which calls down the vengeance of heaven, with that of wilful murder! There is no mistaking the thunder tones of the Catholic Church, and this classification of oppression of the poor with the crime of wilful murder is no exceptional or temporary teaching, but is the irrevocable doctrine of the Church from which there is no appeal.

Once awakened to a correct knowledge of the state of Ireland, and the justice of her claims, not by reading such panderings to the aristocracy as the false statements of Trench, the agent of Lord Landsdowne, and others of his romancing type, but by seeing and judging for themselves, the democracy of England and Scotland, joined to the democracy of Ireland, will form a rising tide of political power irresistible in its force, that will carry all before it with Gladstone on the topmost wave, guiding and directing the DAMOS to victory after victory!

Ten years from now Gladstone, living or dead, will be declared and proved to have been the father of the English and Scottish democracy.

It is not improbable that Home Rule may yet upset the English House of Lords. After the battle has been won in the Commons, and won it will be probably before five years have passed, the next battle-field will be the House of Lords.

Should Gladstone be premier, as in all likelihood he will be, the members of the Second Estate will have two alternatives presented to them: Either to pass the bill or submit to see themselves outnumbered by a body of newly created peers sufficient to carry the liberal majority of that House to Gladstone's side; or, it may be that the first step towards a change of the House of Lords to a Senate on the plan of our national government shall have been taken.

To the democracy of Great Britain the democracy of Ireland must be joined hand in hand. The English democracy are, at present, fighting the Irish battle, and their success at the recent bye-elections brought comfort to the heart of Gladstone.

Michael Davitt and T. P. O'Connor are among the ablest judges on this subject, and they are heart and soul in favor of this union. They see and appreciate its advantages, and are doing their utmost to smooth down the asperities of the past. Their countrymen in America are ripe for such a union. Irishmen are ready the world over to forget and forgive the past, while Englishmen are giving, have given, proof of their devotion to Ireland on the lines prescribed by Gladstone and Parnell.

In view of these things it is just and right to congratulate the readers of this popular MAGAZINE on the excellent change for the better which our worthy and progressive veteran editor has seen fit to

make, especially in the outward dress of our favorite publication. That immortal "Bird of Freedom" necessarily perches on the topmost point, with his no less immortal scroll of "Liberty, Equality," beneath his feet; and, for the first time, we greet as the emblem of a true union the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle, the union of the Democracy of England, Ireland, and Scotland! That this step in the right direction may become an omen of bright days for dear old Ireland will be the hearty prayer of every true-hearted Irish-American throughout the land. PETER MCCORRY.

George Washington.

BORN Feb. 22, (Feb. 11, O. S.)	1732
Surveyor of lands, at sixteen years of age,	1748
Military Inspector and Major at nineteen	1751
Adjutant General of Virginia,	1752
Commissioner to the French,	1753
Colonel, and commanding the Virginia Militia,	1754
Aide-de-camp to Braddock, in his campaign,	1755
Again commands the Virginia troops,	1755
Resigns his commission,	1758
Married Jan. 6,	1759
Elected member of House of Burgesses,	1759
Commissioner to settle Military Accounts,	1765
In First Continental Congress,	1774
In Second Continental Congress,	1775
Elected Commander-in-Chief, June 15,	1775
In command at Cambridge, July 2,	1775
Expels the British from Boston, March 17,	1776
Battle of Long Island, Aug. 27,	1776
Masterly retreat to New York, Aug. 29,	1776
Gallant, at Kipp's Bay, Sept. 15,	1776
Battle of Harlem Heights, Oct. 27,	1776
Battle near White Plains, Oct. 29,	1776
Enters New Jersey, Nov. 15,	1776
Occupies right bank of the Delaware, Dec. 5,	1776
Clothed with "Full Power," Dec. 12,	1776
Plans an offensive campaign, Dec. 14,	1777
Battle at Trenton, Dec. 26,	1777
Battle of Princeton, Jan. 3,	1777
British driven from New Jersey during July,	1777
Marches for Philadelphia, July 13,	1777
Battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11,	1777
Offers battle at Westchester, Sept. 15,	1777
Battle of Germantown, Oct. 4,	1777
Winters at Valley Forge,	1778
Battle of Monmouth, June 28,	1778
British again retire from New Jersey,	1778
Again at White Plains,	1778
At Middlebrook, N. J., and New Windsor,	1779
Winters at Morristown, N. J.,	1780
Confers with Rochambeau as to plans,	1781
Threatens New York in June and July,	1781
Joins Lafayette before Yorktown,	1781
Surrender of Cornwallis, Oct. 19,	1781
Farewell to the army, Nov. 2,	1783
Occupies New York, Nov. 25,	1783
Parts with his officers, Dec. 4,	1783

Resigns his commission, Dec. 23,	1783
Presides at Constitutional Convention,	1787
Elected President of the United States, March 4,	1789
Inaugurated at New York, April 30,	1789
Re-elected for four years, March 4,	1793
Farewell to the people, Sept. 17,	1796
Retires to private life, March 4,	1797
Appointed Commander-in-chief, July 3,	1798
Died at Mount Vernon, Dec. 14,	1799

A NOBLE EPITAPH.

The author of this inscription is not known. It has been transcribed from a manuscript copy written on the back of a picture frame, in which is set a miniature likeness of Washington, and which hangs in one of the rooms of the mansion at Mt. Vernon, where it was left some time after Washington's death.

WASHINGTON,

The Defender of his Country, the Founder of Liberty, the Friend of Man.
History and Tradition are Explored in Vain for a Parallel to his Character.
In the Annals of Modern Greatness He Stands Alone.
And the Noblest Names of Antiquity Lose Their Lustre in his Presence.
Born the Benefactor of Mankind, He United all the Qualities Necessary To an Illustrious Career.
Nature Made Him Great;
He made Himself Virtuous.
Called by His Country to the Defence of Her Liberties, He Triumphantly Vindicated the Rights of Humanity, and on the Pillars of National Independence Laid the Foundations of a Great Republic.
Twice Invested With the Supreme Magistracy, by the Unanimous Voice of a Free People, He Surpassed in the Cabinet The Glories of the Field, and Voluntarily Resigning the Sceptre and the Sword, Retired to the Shades of Private Life.
A Spectacle so new and so Sublime
Was Contemplated With the Profoundest Admiration;
And the Name of WASHINGTON, adding New Lustre to Humanity, Resounded to the Remotest Regions of the Earth. Magnanimous in Youth, Glorious Through Life, Great in Death,
His Highest Ambition the Happiness of Mankind,
His Noblest Victory the Conquest of Himself,
Bequeathing to Posterity the Inheritance of his Fame,
And Building this Monument in the Hearts of his Countrymen.
He Lived the Ornament of the Eighteenth Century, and Died Regretted by a Mourning World.

ARCHBISHOP CARROLL'S PRAISE OF HIM.

In a circular address by Bishop Carroll to his clergy on the death of George Washington, he paid the following tribute to his memory:

"We are called upon by every consideration of respect to his memory, and gratitude for his services, to bear a public testimony of our high sense of his worth when living, and our sincere sorrow for being deprived of that protection which the United States derived from his wisdom, his experience, his reputation, and the authority of his name. The Executive of the State of Maryland having appointed the 22d of next February as a day of general mourning for the death of Gen. Washington, and for a solemn tribute of respect to his memory, I likewise recommend to and direct our Reverend Brethren to give notice to their respective congregations to observe that day with a reverence expressive of their veneration for the deceased Father of his Country and founder of its independence, — to beseech Almighty God to inspire into those who now are, or hereafter may be, invested with authority, to pursue his wise, firm, just, and peaceable maxims of government, and to preserve to us the enjoyment of those public blessings for which, next to the merciful dispensations of Providence, we are chiefly indebted to his unwearied perseverence, temperate valor, exemplary disinterestedness, and consummate prudence."

School Question: Text-Book Controversy.

SPEECH OF JUDGE FALLON.

THE war over the school question in Boston has raged so long and so hotly that its origin is lost to many of the reading public. That phase of the question which ended in the expulsion of a vicious text-book that falsified history has been so malignantly misrepresented by "Committees of One Hundred," by the British Americans, and by the host of shrieking fanatics in and out of the pulpit, that the true facts cannot be too often stated. A clear restatement of the case was made at a recent meeting of the school committee, by Judge Joseph D. Fallon, which we print in full, and to which we invite our readers' close attention. Judge Fallon's long service of nineteen years on the School Board, his previous experience as an educator, his high standing in the legal profession, his intense and active interest in public matters, and the respect in which he is held by the community, give his words on this subject a weight which must be felt within and without the city. To him and his associates — now in the minority in the School Board — the community owes a debt of gratitude which we feel sure will be repaid when the fever of fanaticism passes away.

BOSTON SCHOOL COMMITTEE: Regular meeting,
Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1889.

The Committee having under consideration the report of the committee on text-books, Mr. Fallon said: —

Mr. President: — After ten months of *quasi* harmony and quietness in the board, we are again brought face to face with the issue on which the School Board of the city of Boston was revolutionized at the last municipal election. That issue, in plain words, is whether the public schools of this city are to be conducted in a spirit of fairness and justice to all our children, as was determined by the board last year, or whether, at the dictation of the Miners, the Moxoms, the Dunns, the Townsends, the Hamiltons, and such propagators of falsehood, such fomenters of discord, our schools shall be conducted in the interests of sectarianism. That is the issue, the real issue, the only issue, now before this board; and no amount of fine talk or pretended liberality in this board, and no amount of hypocritical cant or falsification of facts outside of this board, can alter that issue. What are the facts?

On the eighth day of May, 1888, Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf, a Catholic clergyman of this city, a man distinguished alike for his learning, his piety, his mildness of manner and his gentleness of disposition; a man belonging to one of the oldest and most respected families in this city — his grandfather having for nearly twenty years adorned the bench of the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth — sent a respectful communication to the School Board complaining that Mr. Charles B. Travis, a master in the English High School, in his capacity as teacher of history, made statements which were an outrage to Catholics, in his endeavor to explain a question of Catholic doctrine. On one occasion, when asked by a pupil in his class, "What is an indulgence?" he replied, "A permission to commit sin;" adding, by way of illustration, "Should a murderer be brought before a judge, he would only have to put his hand in his pocket and produce indulgence papers to be pardoned." A Catholic pupil objected that such was not the teaching of the Catholic

Church, and had for reply, "You may hold your opinion, and I will hold mine. I have taught history for many years, and know what I am talking about." Again Mr. Travis was asked, "What is an indulgence?" and he replied, "A permission to commit sin." "You pay so much money in advance for leave to commit certain sins." A Catholic pupil again objected, giving the definition of indulgences as taught by his Church. Mr. Travis replied, "There are two opinions on that subject — the Protestant as well as the Catholic." "I have taught for thirty years, and don't talk of what I don't know." "Well, you would make a kind of penance out of an indulgence?" "I may be wrong, however. I was not there, and did not go to Mr. Tetzel and ask him how much I would have to give him to kill Mr. Jackson's cow, or to put an iron staple before a railway train, and throw a number of people into eternity."

These definitions and illustrations, if given by Mr. Travis, were a slander on the Catholic religion, a slander on the religion of half the people of Boston, a slander on the religion of more than half the pupils in our public schools, a slander on the religion of a body of Christians which alone outnumbers by far the members of all other denominations of Christians combined. The communication of Father Metcalf was referred to the Committee on High Schools. The Committee on High Schools sent a copy of the communication to Mr. Travis and asked for a reply. They received a reply, and further gave him a hearing, at which the head-master of the school and superintendent of schools were present. Mr. Travis did not deny, either in his written reply or at the hearing, that he used — and it was proved beyond question that he did use — the definitions and illustrations attributed to him. But, like Adam, who threw the blame of his transgression on the woman whom God had given him, Mr. Travis threw the blame of his transgression on the text-book put into his hands by the School Committee. These facts were reported by the High School Committee to the Committee on Text-books, Thereupon the Committee on Text-books made a thorough examination of the book in question, Swinton's Outlines of the World's History. They found that the book was misleading, to say the least, in the matter of indulgences; that it was false and slanderous in its account of Galileo; that it was false, slanderous, and indecent in its reference to Cardinal Mazarin and the queen of France; that a very large portion of the book was taken by a sort of wholesale literary theft from "Chambers's Information for the People," making its author, Swinton, the champion plagiarist of the age. The book seemed to have been prepared by an enemy rather than a friend to the United States — for of all the distinguished writers that America has produced during the nineteenth century, the only ones deemed worthy of mention by Swinton are Prescott, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella and the conquest of Mexico; Hawthorne, the author of The Scarlet Letter and Twice Told Tales, and Emerson, the author of some essays. There is no mention of Washington Irving, the most elegant and interesting prose writer since the days of Oliver Goldsmith; no mention of George Bancroft, who is, *par excellence*, the historian of the United States; no mention of the idol of all school children, and the delight of grown people, the most popular and interesting by far of all our distinguished writers, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The Committee on Text-books also learned that Swinton, the author of this history, during the dark days of the rebellion, had wormed himself into the good graces of General Grant, till that great and distinguished general found out what he was, an eavesdropper and a spy in the interests of the enemy; that he had wormed himself into the camp of General Burnside, till that general found out what he was, and ordered him to be shot; and they considered that a book, inaccurate and worthless as an historical record — compiled, in a great measure, out of pilfered material, and by such a man as Swinton proved himself to be — was a disgrace to our schools, and they reported an order May 22, 1888 — That Swinton's Outlines of the World's History be dropped from the list of authorized text-books in the high schools. This order was passed

June 12, 1888, without an audible dissenting voice. And this is the book that the Committee of One Hundred and the Evangelical Alliance petitioned to have restored; and this is the book that Dr. Miner to this day demands be restored to our schools.

In the meantime, the High School Committee were informed that Mr. Travis was continuing his offensive instruction, and by written questions to his scholars seemed determined that they should be thoroughly indoctrinated in his false and bigoted views on indulgences, in defiance of his committee. Thereupon, the High School Committee submitted, June 19, 1889, to the School Board, the following report, which was duly accepted: "We find that the charges made in the communication addressed to this board by Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf are all true; that Mr. Travis, in the course of his instruction in history, did use the definitions and illustrations attributed to him. We are all of the opinion that such definitions and illustrations, in any of our public schools, are to be deplored by all who have at heart the best interests of our public schools. Our schools are established for the education of all our children. Any language, therefore, by our school teachers, justly offensive to any class of our citizens, whether rich or poor, Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, white or colored, cannot be too severely censured. Boston is too enlightened and too just, to tolerate in our schools what every educated man — nay, what every tolerably well-informed person in the community — knows to be a vile slander against Catholics. We condemn, in the most unqualified manner, both Mr. Travis's definition of an indulgence, and his illustrations in explanation thereof. We are all convinced that immunity from instruction so objectionable in future will be sufficiently guaranteed by this declaration, by the removal of the text-book which we believe tended to mislead the teacher, and by the transfer of Mr. Travis to some field of duty in the English High School other than the one heretofore occupied by him as a teacher of history."

In thus dealing with the teacher and text-book in question, the Committee on High Schools and the Committee on text-books unanimously believed that the action they recommended was not only just, but generous; that the principle laid down in the report of the Committee on High Schools is the only principle on which our common schools can subsist and flourish; that any attempt to conduct them on any other principle would be a violation of our children's sacred, inalienable rights, as well as a violation of the statute law of this Commonwealth. Then followed, July 11, 1888, public meetings at Faneuil Hall and Tremont Temple denouncing the action of the School Committee. A committee of one hundred, organized in pursuance of the action taken at those meetings, sent, Sept. 11, 1888, a communication to the School Board, asking that the proceedings of the board in regard to Swinton's History and the removal of Mr. Travis be reconsidered, and that a public hearing on the subject be granted. A similar communication was presented from the Evangelical Alliance, asking the board to reverse its decision and restore Swinton's Outlines of the World's History to the list of text-books. The former communication was referred to the Committee on High Schools, and the later communication to the Committee on Text-books. A public hearing in both cases was given, and after careful and deliberate consideration both requests were denied. It became the duty, then, of the Text-book Committee to recommend a text-book to take the place of Swinton's Outlines of the World's History in the high schools. After a careful examination of several books, the Committee on Text-books, both Catholic and Protestant, actuated by a sincere desire to get the best book attainable, in view of all the interests involved, unanimously recommended, and the School Board adopted, Oct. 9, 1888, a text-book written by a stanch Protestant — a practical educator — a text-book which grew out of the necessities of the school-room itself — a text-book indorsed by the best Protestant educators in this country — the "New General History" of — to use the language of Dr. William A. Mowry, himself a life-long educator and present member of this board — the "New General History" of "Dr. John J. Anderson, the author of a popular

series of histories in extensive use among the best schools in this country." Dr. Mowry must feel complimented when told by a member of this board that a poorer or worse book than this same history might possibly have been, but never yet was written. Such is the force of prejudice. These are the plain, simple facts in this case, the now celebrated Boston School question.

And this is the only pretext which the clerical mountebanks of this city, the worthy successors of those who fifty-five years ago preached the Ursuline Convent into ashes, have had to traduce, to slander and to vilify the pope, the Jesuits, the Catholic clergy, and the Catholic community. Now, observe the conduct of the Jesuits and the Catholic clergy, in the midst of the storm which bigotry and fanaticism alone have aroused. They are putting in practice the lesson which they alone seem to have learned from their Holy Bible. They are following the example of their Divine Lord. When reviled, insulted, calumniated by the Pharisees of old, He bore all with patience, with humility with dignified silence. He said never a word in reply. And who are the Catholics who have been traduced, vilified, slandered? Half the people of Boston. Many of them — aye, more than enough to fill the largest church this city — the descendants of the Puritans. In our Church to-day you will find men and women belonging to nearly every old family in the city of Boston — men and women with historic blood coursing through their veins — the blood of the Warrens, the Winthrops, the Tudors, the Wymans, the Derbys, the Danas, the Wards, the Welches, the Whitneys, the Dwights, the Careys, the Homers, the Longfellows, the Lymans, the Metcalfs, the Robinsons, the Sullivans, the Storers, the Shaws, the Sharps, the Sohiers, the Shurtleffs, the Sturgesses, the Thayers, the Tryons, the Tuckermans, and countless others. And when we look around and see such men as Newman and Manning, and Faber and Brownson, and Kent Stone and Bishop Ives of North Carolina, and thousands of other men, of the highest intellectual attainments, coming voluntarily, day after day, to our Church, have we not reason to feel that of all that is intellectually great or morally good in Protestantism we are getting of the best of it?

I have stated that a majority of the public school children are Catholic; that at least half of the people of Boston are Catholics. I find that the Boston Globe made a canvass of the city some time ago, and it found the adult population of the city over ten years of age numbers 340,000; church members, 225,590; church-goers, 205,850. The number of church members of the Roman Catholic faith was 166,500 — 74 per cent. of the church members. The number of church-goers who were Roman Catholic was 164,000, or 63 per cent. The number of church-goers who were Congregationalists was 11,970; church-goers who were Baptists, 11,480; church-goers who were Unitarians, 8,950.

Now, Mr. President, it makes very little difference for a short time, perhaps, what the action of this board shall be in regard to this history, and yet, after a long service in this board, I do feel a certain pride in the good sense of this board. I do sincerely hope that this board will not do anything which will in future stultify itself. In a few years the people of Boston will settle questions of this kind. The people will settle them, and they will settle them in a fair and in a just way — fair and just to all. Perhaps I could better illustrate my meaning by a little anecdote. A year ago last summer, I took a somewhat prominent part in the discussion of the school question, and so did Rev. Dr. Miner. A friend of mine one day asked me why Dr. Miner and myself could not settle this question. I replied, "No, Dr. Miner and myself could never agree. I prefer that Dr. Miner's children and mine should settle this question. Between them there can be no possibility of disagreement, as I have four and he has none." (Laughter.)

Now, I will not detain the board by going into a lengthy examination of the objections that have been found to Anderson's History. Others, perhaps, are better prepared to consider that matter than I am. There is one objection, however, that I cannot overlook. It is objected that Anderson states, as grave historical facts, matters of no earthly importance, such as that Henry I. never smiled after the death

of his son and daughter, and the question was asked, Who cares whether he ever smiled or not? What importance as a historical fact has it, whether Henry the First ever smiled before or after he lost his son? If that be an objection to Anderson's History, it is a severe commentary on the School Board of this city, which retained in its schools, for at least eight years, Swinton's Outlines of the World's History, for we read on page 359 of that book, as an important historical fact, that Cromwell had a long red nose. Who cares whether Cromwell's nose was long or short, or whether it was like the nose of a distinguished student, a graduate of Cambridge, who, at a mock exhibition was given, as the subject of his discourse what was then considered very appropriate, "Follow your nose — *Sic itur ad astra.*" (Laughter.) One of the most interesting books I ever read is Boswell's Life of Johnson. Macaulay calls it a great work — the greatest work of its kind ever written. Now, in Boswell's Life of Johnson we are told of Johnson's wig and of his cat, Hodge, and I don't think the book is any less meritorious on that account. In fact, if we were to throw out of our libraries every book that states an unimportant fact, we would have empty shelves. So much for this objection to Anderson's History. But if the Catholics on the School Board do not object to Anderson's History, if it does not offend their religious belief as much as other books, while the vast majority of teachers in the public schools, and almost all the teachers in the high schools where this book is used, are Protestant, it seems to me to be only just and fair and magnanimous for this board to retain this book. If we had the teachers, you might select the book and we would assent to it. If you were to give me the appointment of the teachers in the high schools to-morrow, you might put in any book you wished, and I don't care how much it opposed Catholics, I would consent to it. While you have the appointment of teachers, while the teachers are all Protestant, then, in the name of fair play, in the name of justice, be magnanimous enough to give us a book that will not slander us.

Prize Fighting in England.

EARLY in the month of November last a brutal battle was fought between Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, of Australia, and Jem Smith, the heavy-weight champion of England. A London paper, in describing the fight, has this to say among other things:

"Never before in the history of modern London has such a sight been seen within the walls of a clubhouse. Every class of society may be said to have been represented. Here were leading lights of fashion, there popular actors; playwrights jostled stockbrokers, and guardsmen from Wellington Barracks and cavaliers from Canterbury elbowed solicitors and financial agents. Music hall proprietors, negro comedians, and theatrical managers were packed like sardines with foreign office clerks, racing men, and newspaper owners. Among the best-known faces were those of Sir John Astley, Lord Lonsdale, the Hon. M. Sandys, Colonel North, the Hon. R. Winn, Sir William Gordon Cumming, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Mr. Dudley Ward, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, General Hale-Wortham, Mr. Hwfa Williams, Sir R. Musgrave, Mr. George Howard, Sir Augustus Webster, and Lord Churston."

As will be seen by the list of names quoted from this foreign journal titled personages, men who rub up against royalty, and are considered great swells, and eminent gentlemen, were there. It is quite the thing for the lords, dukes, and other so-called gentlemen of that country, not only to take in such beastly exhibitions, but, as is

often the case, they are the prime movers in bringing such a disgraceful thing about. Among these names given we find that of Mr. Conings by Disraeli, a nephew of the famous Benjamin, and a young man who has conceit enough to think, if not indeed to believe, that he will some day occupy the great position once filled by Lord Beaconsfield. This young snob, for he cannot be looked upon as anything more, in an interview on Ireland not long ago, said the "name of patriot stunk when used in connection with Mr. Parnell." Of course, little stock can be taken in anything he could say on a weighty subject; but the course which this young man is pursuing preparatory to reaching the heights of greatness, are hardly the kind that would make victory or even success possible in this country. It may be that such things are the essential qualifications over there to attain high office. Judging from the characters of some of the alleged statesmen, we think this view of it is a fair one, and, therefore, young Disraeli is but endeavoring to imitate the example set him by his countrymen — men born with silver spoons in their mouths, and receiving titles because they are the sons of their fathers.

How different here! A banquet was given to John L. Sullivan at the Boston Theatre a couple of years ago, at which Mayor O'Brien attended. There was no fighting there, yet the good people of Boston were loud in their condemnation of the Mayor of Boston for attending such an exhibition. This act in itself cost him many votes. When this same Sullivan went to England, however, he was received by the Prince of Wales, and so long as the Prince received him, of course, it was no harm for all the other princes, lords, etc., to shake the hand of John L. too.

We will not be surprised at any time to hear that seats will be reserved at these fighting exhibitions for the wives of these distinguished men. In this fight referred to, the Australian licked the Englishman. Had it been otherwise, and the Englishman won, we have no doubt that the latter would have received a royal order from Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to appear before her at one of her many castles, and show the weapons he used to smash his opponents to submission, and the instruments with which he wielded the strength through his knuckles. Prize fighting is pretty well knocked out in this country. If England likes it she is welcome to it, and we will ship Sullivan and all the other man-fighters to her shores, not with a farewell, but with a good riddance. W. F. DONOVAN.

A Victory for Justice.

THE French Council of State has drawn up regulations partially exempting from military service under the new law clerical students. The Seminarist question is now placed on a more satisfactory basis than heretofore. At the age of twenty-six clerical students are to be called upon to show that they are in the service of the Church, failing which they will become liable to military service. The Radicals will certainly clamor against these provisions, but the Cabinet is determined to support them.

Remarkable Miracle at Lourdes.

THE Journal de Lourdes, of the 17th of November, contains the following:—

Miss Julia Nolan. This is the name of the Irish pilgrim the reward of whose devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes made the Grotto ring during the first days of October. Here, in a few words, is the cause, the history, and the effects of her pilgrimage.

About five years ago Miss Nolan, who generally resides in Dublin, commenced to suffer pain in the left side. Two years ago her sufferings increased in a marked degree, and it became evident that they resulted from a tumor. After a long period of treatment, the physicians attending the young lady abandoned their efforts. She therefore proceeded to London, where she successively consulted three distinguished practitioners. Two of these — the physician of the chief hospital and Sir William MacCormack — declared her illness incurable. The third whom she consulted refused to attempt any treatment. There was nothing for her but to return to Dublin. The poor Irish girl made the journey, and remained in that city until her good angel counselled her to visit Lourdes.

The commencement of her pilgrimage was painful; but between Calais and Paris, the malady manifested itself in an aggravated form. She vomited violently, the hemorrhage being considerable. At the same time the tumor remained in its original condition, and its effects became visible in increased swelling of the limbs.

In this state Miss Nolan arrived at the foot of the rock Massabieille. Here she was plunged in the waters of the Grotto, and at once the tumor and the sufferings disappeared simultaneously. This was on the 9th of October. Thenceforward the pious pilgrim remained in perfect health, her only grief being the approach of the hour of her departure.

The Journal de Lourdes adds to this narrative the certificate of Dr. Balencie, of that place, who testifies that every trace of the painful disease from which Miss Nolan suffered had, at the time of his examination, disappeared, with the exception of the marks left by the blistering and other severe treatment which she had undergone.

The Paulists in Washington.

THE theological school of the Paulists, which contains ten scholastics, and has hitherto been in New York, is to be transferred to Washington, and with it will go the Rev. Gilbert Simmons, who has had charge of the students, and the Rev. George M. Searle, who is an assistant teacher and lecturer. These two Fathers are to take their places on the faculty of the new Catholic university. The Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, superior of the order, is also to go temporarily to deliver a course of lectures on Church History to the students. He will return to New York within a year.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

The Boy and the World.

On boyhood's summit radiant he stands,
With heart on fire, and oh! the world he sees;
Queen-cities throned upon vast, pleasant leas,
The charm of quiet hamlets, and the sands
Of golden rivers, while far-off expands
The sea — its silences and mysteries;
And love's light roseate falling soft on these,
And irised hope arched high o'er all the lands.

O visions beauteous! O hopes sublime!
Well, well for us, that journey wearily
Through torrid wastes, towards you to turn sometime —
As toward some fairy isle in memory's sea —
Forgetting these in dreams of that bright clime
Where once we roved, heart high and fancy free.

I. D., In Irish Monthly.

A Real Child's Thought.

A little girl in her far northern home
Had ceased her merry play,
And mused with thoughtful brow and dreamy eyes
Of regions far away.

Her wistful gaze had sought the evening sky,
Where day's bright hues were dead,
And gathering stars their golden lamps had hung
To light the world to bed.

"My child," her mother asked, "what makes you thus
So very quiet and still?
What thoughts are these that, spite of toys and play,
Your little spirit fill?"

"I thought," she said, with look of wandering awe,
In childish accents free,
"If heaven's *wrong* side so fair and lovely is,
What must the *right* side be!"

G. B., In Irish Monthly.

Dr. Boyton, an American lecturer, recently related that, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when it has outgrown it, he said: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" — "Oh, no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed she had the advantage of him there.

The Stork and the Crane.

A STORK and a crane once frequented the same marsh. The stork was a quiet, dignified individual, with a philosophical countenance. One would never have thought, from his deeply reflective look, of the number of frogs and pollywogs, eels and small fish, that had disappeared in his meditative mouth. For the stork was like many another natural philosopher: in spite of his supernaturally wise external appearance, inside he was just as selfish, and just as voracious, as all the rest of his kind.

Although he never mentioned the subject, he was secretly very proud to recall the former grandeur of his ancestors, one of whom, in old Greek days, had been a famous king over the frogs, eels, and snakes, in a Spartan marsh.

The crane was a lively little fellow, and not at all philosophical. He ate his dinner without moralizing over it, and felt thankful when he had enough. He had not a particle of aristocratic blood in his veins, and, in consequence, rather ridiculed the possession of that indescribable material by the stork. Ridicule as he would, however, he was really secretly proud of his acquaintance with the other, and used to say to his friends and relatives sometimes:

"There is no one in the world that more despises pretentiousness than myself. One only too frequently hears an animal boast of its aristocratic acquaintance. I never do that. Now, there is John Stork, of one of our highest families; and, although I am not only on friendly but intimate terms with him, and even have been invited to call upon his estimable family, and make the acquaintance of Miss Stork (I have never had an opportunity to do so yet), one never hears me boast of his friendship and intimacy."

To tell the truth, the conversations he held with the philosophical stork were frequently so deep that he found himself floundering beyond his depth. For instance, "Do you always stand upon one leg?" said he one day.

The stork reflected so long over this question that the crane thought he had gone to sleep. Finally, however, the philosopher said:

"No, I do not. I always stand upon the other."

The crane meditated for a space over this; but as it was completely beyond his comprehension, he gave the matter up, and changed the subject. His respect for the stork's wisdom was vastly increased by such conversations, for one often takes for wisdom what one cannot understand.

These two friends, however, did not always dwell together in perfect amity. The stork was so proud that he frequently galled his humbler companion, and bitter disputes often arose. It was under the influence of such a feeling that the crane burst forth one day:

"And what are you that you should boast? You have blue blood in your veins, indeed! Perhaps it is that blue blood makes you so sluggish and stupid."

The stork meditated a long while over this speech; finally, he said:

"When you accuse me of sluggishness and stupidity, you judge by external appearances, and, consequently, by deductive logic. Beside, you do not take collateral matter into the case from which to draw your inference. You have never seen me when my physical energies have been aroused; consequently, your conclusion is both hollow and baseless, — Q. E. D."

The crane was rather taken aback by this speech, and, not comprehending it, he felt somewhat humbled. At length he said:

"I am no philosopher, but as they say 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it.' I am willing at any time to run a foot-race with you, and so prove who is the more agile."

"I do not know," answered the stork, meditatively, "whether my family would altogether approve of my entering into the lists with such a vulgar creature as yourself." Here he shut one eye, and looked reflectively with the other at a frog that stood on a tussock near by. "Still, I recollect that one of my ancestors proved his valor upon a turbulent duckling once, so I see no logical reason why I should not compete with you."

And so the matter was settled.

All was hubbub and excitement among the birds when the coming race was announced. The race-course was so constructed that the larger birds stood upon one side, and smaller birds and animals upon the other. This was so arranged, chiefly at the request of a deputy of frogs, because, at a mass meeting once, an albatross had eaten twenty-seven of these animals, in a fit of absent-mindedness, as he said. Still, the frogs desired to prevent the recurrence of so painful a scene.

The cassowary was chosen director of the race, chiefly because he was a famous traveller as well as a pedestrian himself, and so was a judge of such matters. He was the same of whom the Gander, the poet-laureate, had written the poem commencing: —

"It was a noble cassowary,
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
That gobbled up a missionary,
Body, bones, and hymn book too."

All were assembled. The champions stood neck to neck, while the spectators looked on, breathless with excitement.

"Go!" cried the cassowary, and they went.

For a long time they continued neck and neck, and the excitement rose to fever heat. At this juncture, a mouse attempted to cross the race course, and was instantly devoured by an owl who acted as police of the course. At length the two racers re-appeared coming toward the grand stand — that is, the place where the cassowary stood with the signal-gun, or, rather, pistol. The shouts and cries became more agitated and violent; there was no doubt about it, — the stork was ahead! It was in vain that the gallant little crane strained every sinew; the stork came into the stand a good three lengths ahead of his adversary. Bang! went the pistol, and the stork had won.

His adherents crowded around him, cheering vociferously, and raised him aloft upon their shoulders above the crowd. Even the cassowary came forward and shook hands with him.

"Recollect, hereafter," said the successful stork to the poor crane, who stood dejectedly to one side, "not to scorn and undervalue qualities in any one, because they are not flaunted in the eyes of the world."

The crane's adherents maintained that it was a foul start, while the stork's friend retorted that when two birds ran a race, it could not well be anything else.

The frogs, the mice, and most of the small birds, were divided among the successful betters; and, altogether, it was a day of rejoicing, except to the frogs, the mice, and most of the small birds.

A Legend.

A HUNDRED years ago Kitty's great-grandfather had planted two little saplings by his gate-post which had grown during that long period to be immense trees, shading the children of the fourth generation who played beneath them. And now Kitty's eldest sister was about to be married, and her father had given her the two great trees to be cut down and used as the heavy logs in the new house which his future son-in-law was to build for her.

The older children felt that it was almost wicked to put axe to the root of those giants which had stood since the time of Washington; but their father said that the trees already showed signs of age, and he thought it a good end to their honored life to make them the foundation of Tom's new home. As the children were very fond of Tom, their brother who was to be, and still more of their pretty eldest sister, they became reconciled to the plan, and the day on which the trees were hewn down was to them a day of most delightful excitement. It was a terrible crash when they fell. The great branches lay spreading over an immense space, and the children clambered eagerly over the fallen trunks, measuring and discussing the comparative merits of the two, chattering like the blackbirds which had often perched in the branches in days gone by.

When the logs were made fast to the sled, and the three horses which were to draw them to the spot where the new house was to stand were impatiently pawing the ground, Tom jumped up in the driver's seat, and then, as an afterthought, asked Kitty if she would not like to go too. It is safe to suppose that she needed no other invitation. In the twinkling of an eye she had on her warm hood and cloak, gaily clambered up beside Tom, and they were off. It was a beautiful drive, straight through the forest, the late snow, which lingered long in that region, sounding crisp beneath the horses' feet, and the fresh, sharp air making Kitty's cheeks glow like roses.

After a time she wearied of the monotony, however, and begged Tom for a story, for Tom's stories were famous. He obediently began.

"I was thinking of a legend I once heard, Kitty, when you spoke. Shall I tell it to you?"

"Oh, please!" she cried, snuggling down contentedly closer to his side.

"Very well," said Tom; "the story runs thus:—

"When the Holy Family had returned to Nazareth and St. Joseph was following his trade in peace, he received an order to make a certain cabinet for which he needed a straight and fine piece of wood. Such a piece he did not have; but a Roman soldier in the town owned a small estate upon which grew a tree which would be precisely what St. Joseph needed for his work. Accordingly, he sought the soldier, and, purchasing from him the tree he needed, obtained his permission to go to his house on the following day, and cut it down.

"Early in the morning, therefore, St. Joseph took his axe and started for the house of Caius, for such was the soldier's name, and the Child Jesus went with him and helped him to carry the cords with which the tree was to be bound. Arriving at Caius's house, St. Joseph found the soldier's wife very angry that her husband had sold the tree; but, the bargain having been made, she led St. Joseph to the spot and bade him cut quickly, while she herself stood by to watch the work. The Child Jesus, obedient to his foster-father's command, stood a little apart, safe from the flying bits of wood, and he, too, watched St. Joseph as his axe flew swiftly through the air.

"Now, as it happened, Caius' little daughter, a baby scarce three years' old, came trotting out in pursuit of her mother, whom she had missed, and in her tiny arms, which could barely hold it, she carried a little lamb. As she came upon the scene, St. Joseph was giving the last blows to the tree, which was just ready to fall, and as the little one hurried to her mother, she saw the Child Jesus standing apart regarding her with his deep, wonderful eyes, and opening her little arms towards him, she cried: 'See the Lamb!'

"Her mother thought she meant her little pet which she carried, and which, feeling himself released, ran nimbly off just in the direction of the falling tree, which snapped at that moment and fell heavily on the head of the little creature. St. Joseph lifted it tenderly, but the poor baby's lamb was quite dead, which, when the child discovered, she raised a wail of utter woe and refused to be comforted. The mother was very angry, and began to scold St. Joseph roundly, berating him as a 'worthless Jew, a careless, cruel man,' and declaring vigorously that not for a thousand such as he would she have had her baby's little lamb destroyed.

"Then the Child Jesus came forward and gently asked her to give him the lamb, and though the woman was inclined to refuse to allow him to touch it, she could not resist the eyes, already in childhood so beyond all others in force and mildness. She laid the dead lamb in his outstretched arms, and for a moment he stood, the figure of the future Good Shepherd. Then he laid his hands tenderly on the lamb's dead heart, and whispered softly words they could not hear. The creature opened its eyes with a feeble bleat, and the Child

Jesus, setting it on its feet, commanded it to go to its little mistress, which it straightway did. Then he and St. Joseph, who had stood watching the miracle of the Divine Child whom he was chosen to guard, departed before the awe-struck, wondering woman had found her tongue to thank him.

"Twenty-five years afterwards, the soldier Caius' legion being stationed in Jerusalem, the mother and child, then a woman grown, followed Jesus to Calvary amongst the few believers, and twenty years later than that, after the mother had died peacefully a Christian, the daughter sealed her faith with her blood at Rome, confessing in martyrdom the God whom she had known from her infancy in Judea."

"That is a beautiful story, Tom," whispered Kitty with a deep breath. "Is it true?"

"It is only a legend, my dear," said Tom. "But the spirit is true, at least, and we know even in his childhood the Child Jesus had power over life and death, for he was God, and his Sacred Heart was always tenderly compassionate for even childish woes."

Mlle. Nikita and the Dove.

A PARTICULARLY humane little body is Mlle. Nikita, the American prima donna, as is shown by an incident of her last visit to Prague. Opposite the hotel was a high tower — part of the old battlements of the town — with several statues at the summit. One day the young singer was standing on the piazza, when she fancied she saw a bird fluttering its wings among the statues. Fetching her opera-glass, Nikita descried a dove entangled in the stone-work, and could plainly see blood trickling from one of its limbs. Her pity aroused, Nikita sent word to the commissionaire at the hotel entrance, that she would give him fifteen florins if he would fetch the bird down. The man replied that he would gladly oblige mademoiselle, but he was afraid of injuring the statuary, which he dared not do. A message to the mayor brought a reply more ornate in form, but similar in effect. Nikita was in despair; the poor bird was bleeding to death, and she could do nothing. The next morning she induced the fire brigade, on promising to indemnify them for any damage done to the statues, to bring their escape to the spot. But it was too short to reach the summit of the tower, which was about two hundred and fifty feet high, and could only be gained by a perilous climb. A large crowd had gathered, having heard of the strange action of the young and famous foreign singer. Nitkita was sorrowful, thinking that the dove might be abandoned to its fate, when a young workman rushed up to her and offered to make the ascent. Almost before Nikita could accept his services, he was mounting the ladder and climbing to the summit. Having secured the wounded dove, he had to be let down by ropes. The descent was safely accomplished, and running to Nikita the young hero placed the bird gently in her hands. Nikita, full of gratitude, took off a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the delighted workman. Nikita tended the bird a fortnight, and then having to leave Prague, and the dove being well, she allowed it the liberty it had nearly lost with its life.

The Little Companion.

OR A CHILD'S TALKS WITH OTHER CHILDREN ABOUT RELIGION.

BY LILIAN MORTIMER.

CHAPTER I.

What are your faults?

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. — ST. JOHN i. 8.

I HAVE called this book a *Little Companion*, because I think it is so nice for a child to use a religious book like this as a little companion to help him to talk to Our Blessed Lord. I am a child myself, though older than some of you, so you will not mind my asking you what your faults are. We all have faults, and we all have a chief fault, and this chief fault causes most of the other little faults. For instance, if your chief fault is pride, it causes anger, disobedience, and sometimes envy. A proud child cannot bear to be found fault with. He cannot bear to be reproved for any sin he has committed, without getting angry. He thinks it is beneath him to obey. And if any little present is given to the proud child's companions he thinks to himself, "I am much better than they are, why could not that little present have been given to me?" And he begins to envy his companions. The proud child may have a little brother. The little brother is invited to stay with his uncle or aunt or grandmother. The proud child thinks, "Why should he have been asked to stay with auntie? I am much nicer than my cross little brother. I ought to have been asked." And then he begins to envy his brother. So pride causes anger, disobedience, and envy. Pride displeases God. Our Lord has said, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart."

Another very ugly fault is greediness. This is how it happens. A greedy child loves to eat, and the things he loves best to eat are cakes, jellies, and sweets, and all that sort of thing. He passes a shop with cakes in the window, and he thinks, "Oh, if I could only have everything in that shop, how happy I should be!" He is playing with his companions, and all the time he is playing he is thinking of his tea, and wondering whether he will have raspberry or greengage jam, and hoping there will be a lot of cake. Just as he is thinking of this, his mother calls him down stairs and gives him a plate of preserved fruit, telling him to divide it between himself and his companions. The greedy child picks the largest and the best for himself, and he eats them quicker than anybody else. He sees the others still eating their fruit, and he feels as if he can never be happy until he has some more. So he asks his mother, who says: "No, my child, you must not have any more, or else you will be ill!" So as soon as every one is out of the room he takes some. This is a sad fault. I hope it is not yours.

Another hateful fault is sloth. A very lazy child thinks it is too much bother to go to confession, and too much trouble to prepare for Communion. A lazy child is often too lazy to get up and go to Mass.

So he misses Mass, and by doing so commits a sin. A lazy child is often late for school, and when he is there he is so lazy over his lessons that he never wins a prize. Are any of these your faults? If so, do not be discouraged, but ask Our Blessed Lord to help you to fight against them bravely and to gain a victory over them.

Chapter II. next month.

A Generous School-Boy.

In the year 1487, a very clever boy, called Michael Verin, was born in Florence. He grew up so industrious and studious that he took all the prizes at school, and he was so truthful that his second name, Verin, was given him to signify truth-teller. When he was only thirteen he wrote a book called "Moral Distichs," which consisted of bits of Homer and Virgil, Plato and Horace, and many other authors, turned into poetry, and it was thought so much of that school masters used it as a class-book.

I am not going to give you a long account of this boy's talent, however; I shall only tell you one incident in his school-life, which will show you that a clever boy can also be kind and considerate. Michael had a school-fellow who worked very hard and longed sometimes to be first in his class; but Michael always kept ahead of him and occupied that place. At last, Belvicino, as the boy was called, fell sick with hopeless wishing and working, and Michael, who loved him very dearly, soon found out the reason. He was greatly distressed, and felt that if his school-fellow should die it would be his own fault. So, on the day when the Greek exercises for examination were sent up, he purposely made mistakes in his, and Belvicino's being next best, he was adjudged the first place, or, as it was called, the place of Emperor. It was great joy for the sick boy; his pale face glowed, his eyes brightened, and very soon he was all but well again. Meanwhile, Michael told no one what he had done, for he only wanted to restore Belvicino to health; and when that was accomplished, he was satisfied. But his master was not; and one day, after school-hours, he called him up and insisted on an explanation from him of the cause of his careless errors. Then the truth-teller was obliged to confess his generous purpose. Sad to relate, Michael, generous and clever as he was, died at a very early age.

Helen Keller.

In a town in Alabama, lives at the present time, a little girl of nine years of age named Helen Keller, who is blind, deaf and dumb. She has, nevertheless, been taught to write, to read books printed for the blind, and to talk in the finger language. So cute are her perceptive qualities that she can tell when her friends are frightened or excited simply by their movements. She is a happy and affectionate child whose misfortunes should make us thank God who has given us eyes, ears, and a tongue which we can use.

St. Anthony Saves His Father's Life.

WHILE Anthony of Padua was working wonders, and bringing peace and happiness to many a home in Italy, his own father was sentenced to death in Portugal, for a murder he never had committed, and for which he was about to be led from the tribunal to the place of execution.

All this was revealed to our Saint one day while he was preaching in the cathedral of Padua.

He covered his face with his hood, and, leaning on the side of the pulpit, began to weep and pray. Instantaneously he was transported by divine power, to Lisbon, and brought to the court where the judges who had passed sentence on his father, sat. Embracing his father, he advanced to the tribunal, and addressed the judges:

"My father has been sentenced to death as guilty of murder. He is innocent, but could not prove his innocence. Follow me and I will bring forth a witness to his innocence whose testimony no one will question."

There was authority in his look and voice that made refusal impossible. The judges arose in a body, and they, and all in court, followed him. He led the way to the cathedral, down in whose vaults the murdered nobleman lay buried. Ordering the vault to be opened, he called out in a loud voice:

"I command you, in the name of God, to come forth and bring witness to the truth."

The soul re-entered the body of the murdered nobleman, and he came forth from the vault, and stood face to face before the judges.

"Did my father, Ferdinand Bullones, either through his own hand or that of others, thus send you to an untimely grave?" asked Anthony.

"No. Your father is innocent," answered the other. "He neither committed the crime, nor knew of it till after the arrest."

The judges were so much awed by what they witnessed, that they dared not put any question, but begged Anthony to ask who the guilty person was.

"Not so," replied Anthony. "I came here to save the innocent, and not to bring the guilty to punishment."

The nobleman on hearing this begged Anthony to hear his confession, which he did. After confession the penitent immediately expired.

Anthony was then borne back to the cathedral of Padua as instantaneously as he had been taken from it. The audience were still there, awaiting the conclusion of the sermon; the body was still there in the same position, leaning on the side of the pulpit, with the face covered by the hood. But what a series of miracles had been crowded into that brief period of time, probably little more than a quarter of an hour, during which Anthony had passed instantaneously between Italy and Portugal, raised the dead, and saved his father from an unjust and ignominious death.

Negro Boys See the Pope.

AMONG the persons recently admitted to private audience of the Pope was Father Kauller, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, missionary at Landana, in the Apostolic Prefecture of Lower Congo, Africa. Father Kauller had with him two young neophytes, John and Louis, pupils of the Orphan House of that mission, baptized two years ago. These negro boys, who are a source of general edification, by reason of their truly Christian manners, speak fluently, besides their native tongue, French, German, and Portuguese, and answered with reverent respect and readiness the paternal questions of His Holiness, as to their well-being in the college, which numbers two hundred and twenty boys and sixty girls, under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny. The Holy Father further inquired as to their respective parents, who are all pagans as yet, and smiled benignantly when they said, artlessly, that they "had been brought to Europe as a reward of good conduct, and that their chief object had been to see the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ." The latter then placing his hands on the heads of the boys, said to the missionary: "Return to Africa; I bless you, your families, the Mission of Congo, and all those who labor together with you to win to Christ those infidel nations." After the audience, the boys declared to all whom they met, with their expressive pantomime — the hand on the heart and the eyes raised to heaven — that "the Pope was to them the noblest and most beautiful sight in Rome."

The Hawk and the Eagle.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight. *Longfellow.*

I HAD just left the dinner-table, to walk across the lawn with my children, when my attention was attracted by furious screams in the upper air. A dark shadow flitted across the grounds. Looking up, I saw a fish-hawk flying low in a straight line, and pursued at a hundred yards' distance, by a bald-headed eagle. The hawk was moving leisurely, so much so that I was struck by the little dread of capture which his flight exhibited, and the fear that his startling cries betokened.

The intentions of the eagle were soon seen. A few strokes of his powerful wings brought him in close neighborhood to the hawk. The screaming fisherman relinquished his prey, which quivered and gleamed in the sunlight like a disc of silver as it clove the air in its descent towards the earth. It was a small fish, apparently a perch. We were a little surprised that the rapacious bandit should have devoted his powers to the capture of such small game. The fish had not fallen fifty feet before the eagle, by a peculiar dip, rather than by the use of his wings, sank below it, and turning almost upon his back, clutched and bore it away. He flew in an opposite direction to that

the hawk was going. The hawk seemed satisfied to have escaped with the loss of his property, and kept the even tenor of his way.

But our attention was again arrested by renewed screams. Looking at the hawk we noticed that he was a changed bird as to conduct. Visibly agitated, he was urging his flight with surprising energy. A glance at the robber revealed the cause of the change. The eagle had turned, and again was in pursuit. The hawk seemed almost frantic in its struggles to escape. A torrent of cries, screams, maledictions, imprecations, poured from his throat. He vainly beat the air, flying now higher, now lower, now straight forward. The eagle came down upon him in swifter flight, causing us to wonder as to the cause of the pursuit.

In a few moments, he came almost in contact with his fleeing victim, with outstretched talons, and poising himself above the hawk, as if to tear him in pieces, he uttered a loud, shrill scream. Instantly we saw, leaving the claws of the hawk, a second fish, much larger than the first. The eagle did not see it until it had fallen a hundred feet. Desisting at once from his threatened attack, and half-closing his wings, he plunged swiftly downward below the fish, turned on his back, and clutching it, bore it off in triumph. The hawk, with a wail of vexation and resentment, sullenly continued its flight. The fact suggests a curious speculation. Did the hawk part designedly with the smaller fish? If so, it exhibited an intelligence which we have been accustomed to observe only in beings of a much higher order.

True Happiness.

MANY young persons are ever thinking over new ways to add to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy. Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of the wilderness. "Holy man," said the king, "I came to learn how I may be happy." Without making a reply the wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest. "Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?" — "Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger. "Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in Heaven, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."

"WHY did you set your cup of tea on the chair, Mr. James?" asked a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. "It's so very weak, ma'am," replied Mr. James. "I thought I would let it rest."

"DO you like the Greek poets?" asked Miss Theodosia Thuddington of Brown, who is not at all "literary." — "Yes; better than any of the modern poets." — "For what reason?" — "Principally because they are all dead."

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE trust that the new year will be fruitful in thorough Catholic schools, and that those which have been conducted on the hap-hazard plan will meet their doom. We want live and practical schools, where the people may send their children, and will have a just return for the money they give so generously to them.

THE Catholics want to be relieved from the support of schools which they in conscience cannot support, and they are trying, in a peaceful and intelligent manner, to convince those who are not of their faith that they have good reasons for refusing to submit to the tyranny of supporting schools of the kind described.

IT sounds very nicely to say that the children of the rich and poor sit side by side in the public schools, and that from doing that they will understand there is no inequality among them, and therefore they will become model and perfect citizens of the United States. If such a result could be accomplished, there should be some evidence of it before this, as the public schools are long enough in existence to give testimony of their works.

THOSE indifferent Catholics who send their children to schools where there is no education in religion, get some ease of conscience from the fact that they can have their children instructed in religion in the Sunday-school. But as experience has shown that the Sunday-school is a failure in giving a Christian education to children, the indifferent Catholics are consoling themselves only with a shadow.

IT is a great joy to the Catholic priest's heart to be sure that when the children of his parish are all under his own eyes in the parish school, he knows his flock and that his flock know him. And if some of his flock stray away from the fold, he can still rejoice; for he knows that they have the knowledge to come back again to him, if God gives them the grace to do so.

DESPITE the commands of the Church, that Catholic children must be educated in Catholic schools, there are still some Catholic parents who permit their children to attend state schools. It is hard to understand how such parents can be so lax in regard to their children's welfare. Did they hesitate to think, they would readily see that the commands of the Church are familiar to their children, and that the latter, when they see their parents so openly disobeying the Church will have no scruples in doing likewise.

Now is the time for our boys and girls to make good resolutions for the school year. Make up your minds to be studious and attentive, and success will attend all your efforts. A good resolution adhered to never fails to bring its reward.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Ordinations at St. John's Seminary.

AT St. John's Seminary, attached to the Archdiocese of Boston, Archbishop Williams conferred deaconship on Revs. John J. O'Keeffe, Charles F. Aiken and J. B. Kelliher of this diocese; P. J. Malone, Providence, and P. J. O'Leary, Hartford; sub-deaconship, on Revs. J. J. O'Keeffe, C. F. Aiken, J. B. Kelliher, P. H. Casey, A. J. Hamilton, and J. A. Walsh, Boston; P. J. Malone and A. A. Dowling, Providence; P. J. O'Leary and M. J. Traynor, Hartford, and F. Reilly, Springfield. Messrs. M. J. Sullivan and J. J. Ready were given minor orders, and J. A. Walsh was tonsured.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY, the silver-tongued, lectured at Worcester, Mass., to an audience that filled Mechanics Hall, Dec. 22d, and in Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, Dec. 29, to a large audience. We give elsewhere a synopsis of the lecture at the Theatre.

OUR MAGAZINE being published in the month which gave birth to the father of his country, we give a brief biographical sketch of his life.

THE Mayor of Croydon, Eng., this year is a Catholic. He celebrated his election by paying off the debt of the Catholic church. On a recent Sunday, he went in his official robes to hear Mass, and he was accompanied to the church by the corporation, most of whom are Dissenters.

PROTESTANTS all now celebrate Christmas, and Dr. Isaacs in the Jewish Messenger says: "We Hebrews, disguise it as we may, cannot but feel the genial influence of the Christmas time."

Rev. Father Byrne's Jubilee.

THE silver jubilee to the priesthood of Very Rev. William Byrne, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston, which occurred on Tuesday, Dec. 31, is an event interesting to Catholics of New England, on account of the high position he holds. Father Byrne never mentioned the date of his ordination, so that the celebration of the occasion was entirely private. He spent the evening with the family of his deceased sister, who was the wife of Mr. John Cashman of Boston. Many beautiful and useful presents were made him, among them being a large and magnificent cross of pure silver, the gift of the Cashman children. It was presented with the following lines, written by Miss Katherine E. Conway, and read by Miss Mary Cashman.

WITH A SILVER CROSS.

To the Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, V. G., on the Silver Jubilee of his priesthood, Dec. 31, 1889.

To other men Christ's word: "If ye would be
My own, take up your cross and follow Me;"
But unto thee, His priest, in thy young years,
His voice, solution of all doubts and fears,—
"Take up My cross, not thine; My work, My word,—
I need thee, claim thee, thy Redeemer-Lord."

The cross was dark and heavy, and the toil
Seemed oft seed-sowing on a barren soil;
But thou wert strong and steadfast—all for Him.
The harvest rose at last. Though skies were dim,
Thy cross in God's approving smile grew bright,
Gleaming like this, our gift to thee, to-night.

A silver cross to mark the silver years;
A pledge of hope time strengthens and endears;
A token of the love and loyalty
Of thy young kindred's grateful hearts to thee;
A promise of the Heaven the far years hold—
Thy cross of silver turned to crown of gold.

BONNIE DUNRAVEN, an Irish novel, which appeared in the early issues of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is being published in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal. It is sold in pamphlet form by T. B. Noonan & Co., for twenty-five cents; sent free by mail.

Sisters Run a Fire Engine.

THE new and splendid system of water-works introduced at St. Clara Academy, Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., the mother-house of the Dominican Sisters, was tested in the presence of a number of invited guests, and worked admirably. The exhibition was a most novel one. The plant and everything connected with its management and operation was in the hands of the Sisters, who performed their duties with the skill and promptness of a well-drilled corps of men. The hose was unreeled and attached to the hydrants, the nozzles were adjusted, and while two of the sisters grasped each of the nozzles and braced themselves for action, others opened the hydrants, causing the immense pressure to flood the vast buildings, and to force streams of water completely over and beyond the observatory. While some of the Sister were thus manipulating the hose, others were filling equally responsible positions. One was feeding the boilers and maintaining a steady pressure, and another had her eyes on the machinery, keeping up a steady pumping into the reservoir, which is cut out of the solid rock on top of Sinsinawa Mound, one hundred and twenty-five feet above the building. The system of water-works at St. Clara is one of the finest in the North-west, and certain it is that no other plant of the kind in the country is managed and operated entirely by women.

THE Owl, is the name of a college paper published in connection with the Ottawa (Canada) University. It is ably edited and reflects credit upon its managers. The last issue contains an interesting account commemorating the inauguration of Ottawa University and unveiling of the Tabaret statue. It is handsomely illustrated, the frontispiece being a fine portrait of the Archbishop of Ottawa, Most Rev. Dr. Duhamel. The Christmas issue of the Owl is an interesting one, giving up its space to Christmas, game of football, etc. It is very prettily illustrated, and well printed.

THE Catholic Columbian, Columbus, Ohio, beats all its contemporaries in the way of supplements.

Archbishop Walsh.

MONTREAL True Witness: His Grace Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, speaking the other day in that city, gave expression to sentiments that will find an echo in every loyal Catholic heart. He said he had all his life endeavored to create a Canadian priesthood, racial of this soil. He was a Canadian in heart, soul, and sympathy. He told his hearers they should inculcate in their boys sentiments of patriotism, for this is their country. On the same occasion he referred to what he styled the unprincipled, ignoble, and wicked crusade, now being preached against Catholic minority, in Ontario, and expressed his confidence in the sense of justice of the majority of the people of that province. Archbishop Walsh is now a power in the sister province, and under his paternal sway, there is no doubt, that, in a very short time, not only the difficulties that have existed amongst the Catholics of Toronto will be things of the past, but his conciliatory spirit will have a widespread effect amongst all classes in restoring friendliness of feeling between Catholics and Protestants.

A VERY interesting occasion was that of the assembling of some twenty-five gentlemen at the Parker House, to celebrate the sixty-fifth birthday of Mr. Michael H. Keenan, on which occasion a gold-headed cane was presented to him. Mr. Keenan, in his younger days, was employed by Mr. Patrick Donahoe, together with his father, both of whom were faithful to the trust imposed upon them. Mr. M. H. Keenan is deservedly popular with the Catholic community in making things happy with those who "trip it on the light fantastic toe." He has also raised a family that does credit not only to him, but to the woman that bore them.

ADDRESSING the College of Cardinals on New Year's eve, Pope Leo pointed out the comforting fact that "in these days when the Church is assailed and persecuted, because it is the great stronghold of faith and truth, it is a consolation to know that among the children of the Church there is perfect unity."

Dipsomania, or Thirst-madness.

THE periodical desire for strong drink which sometimes besets individuals, otherwise moral and exemplary, is a species of paroxysmal mania beyond the control of the patient. It is quite certain that there are thousands of cases of *remittent drunkenness*, which presents the specific symptoms of disease. The periodical drunkard is not an habitual dram drinker. But at particular times he appears to be attacked with a *thirst-madness* which deprives him of the power of volition, and hurries him into the most terrible excesses. During the interval between the paroxysms, he may be a perfectly sober man. For many weeks, or even months, he may have steadily refused to taste a drop of liquor; may, indeed, have felt no inclination for it, but, on the contrary regarded it with disgust. And yet, when the fit comes on, the raging thirst for alcohol utterly paralyzes his conscience and his will. A man in this condition is a monomanica, and should be treated as one. If put under proper restraint at the commencement of this *furor*, the dipsomaniac, in nine cases out of ten, might be tided over his difficulty in the course of a week, and a perseverance in the course at the recurrence of the hallucination would probably eventuate in a complete cure. It is not easy to persuade the world that all drunkenness is not voluntary. The law does not recognize dipsomania. It treats all inebriates alike. This seems to be unjust, though it is hard to say where the line should be drawn between free-will excess and that which proceeds from an uncontrollable mania.

Bishop Shanley's Car.

RT. REV. DR. SHANLEY, Bishop-elect of North Dakota, is having a car built in which to make his episcopal visitations. Spare beds and accommodation for strangers are so scarce in his district, that he finds it necessary thus to imitate the actors, and find himself a bed and shelter. The Bishop's travelling car is to be a chapel on wheels, as well as an itinerant house, and he expects not only to hold service in it, but to have it the social meeting-place of the more scattered members of his flock.

Boston Daily Herald.

THE big hearts of our Irish population are revealed in the 4,240 Christmas drafts, amounting to $53,800, that were remitted from this city in eleven days, to the folks in the old country by Mr. Patrick Donahoe. Santa Claus is evidently a citizen of the world.

A Valuable Business Calendar.

THE most convenient, valuable, and unique business calendar, for 1890, is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar and Stand, issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, Mass. It is in the form of a pad of 366 leaves, 5⅛ x 2¾ in., one for each day of the year, and one for the entire year. A good portion of each leaf is blank for memoranda. The leaves are fastened at the end, enabling one to turn to any leaf desired, and by an ingenious device the leaves tear off independently, leaving no stub. The portable stand, which holds the pad, contains pen rack and pencil holder, and is made of solid wood, brass mounted. Upon each slip appear quotations pertaining to cycling and typewriting, and although this is the fifth year of the calendar, the quotations are fresh and new, containing an amount of information, which, if placed in book type, would make a fair-sized volume.

A GENUINE CENTENARIAN. — At Wloclawek, in Poland, a man named Pawlikowski has just died, at the age of 115. He fought through Kosciuszko's wars, and through Napoleon I.'s Russian campaign. He was working in the fields up to last year. His father is said to have lived to the age of 126, and one of his brothers died at 116. He leaves three sisters aged 102, 99, and 93 respectively.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., speaking at Liverpool, made effective use of Lord Salisbury's admission that Home Rule is the great question of our time. Every piping Coercionist, who has spoken or written upon politics during the last two years, has proclaimed that it was no longer a matter with which practical men need concern themselves. If the Prime Minister ever entertained that fond foolish fancy, he has contrived to get rid of it.

Sad Death of Mr. Matthew D'Arcy.

On the 5th of December, Mr. Matthew D'Arcy, D. L., ex-M. P. for Wexford, Ire., and senior member of the firm of D'Arcy & Sons, the Anchor Brewery, Dublin, died by his own hand, at his country residence, Kilcrony, near Bray. The deceased gentleman was exceedingly popular in the district, and with all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and the news of his untimely end was everywhere received with unfeigned regret. For some time past he was in very low spirits, and latterly the despondency seemed to increase, and ultimately culminated in the deed which terminated his life. Mr. D'Arcy, who was in town on the previous day, returned home, and retired at the usual hour, and nothing more was heard of him until his body was found stiff and cold in his bedroom. It appears that in consequence of his not answering the breakfast bell, one of the servants knocked at the bedroom door, and receiving no reply, it was ultimately decided to force the door, when the fearful discovery was made that the master of one of the finest seats in the whole country side had shot himself. The sad intelligence cast a gloom over Bray during the entire day, and the greatest possible sympathy was manifested on every side for the sad bereavement which had overtaken the family.

Our Angels.

Our Lord reminded his persecutors that He could command twelve legions of angels for His defence, and they would obey Him. Archdeacon Boudon, in that beautiful book of his, The Glories of the Holy Angels, says: "The world is full of angels, and it seems that the sweetness of Divine Providence renders it necessary; for if, as some say, there be in the air so great a number of evil spirits, that if they were permitted to assume human bodies they would obscure the light of the sun, how could men be safe from their malignant arts, unless protected by the angels? It is not for nothing that these blessed spirits are sent on earth. As each star has its peculiar influence, so each of the angels produces some particular good. We must be obdurate, indeed, if we are not touched by their services."

The Catholic Church is prolific in heroes. Only a few months ago one of the saintliest of her sons — the French missionary, Father Damien — laid down his life (which was the very idealization of sublime, unselfish love) for his hapless, leper flock; now, another, brave Cardinal Lavigerie, stands forth as the friend and advocate of an oppressed race. Charles Martial A. Lavigerie is one of the grand characters of our day, and his name will yet be engraved in imperishable letters upon the records of "The Dark Continent." Cardinal Lavigerie is nearly sixty-four years old, having been born in Bajona, Oct. 31, 1825, but such is his zeal that he has thrown himself into this holy work with all the enthusiasm and hopefulness of youth. The African slave trade has found its deadliest foe in Cardinal Lavigerie, its victims their most pitying friend. The Cardinal resolves to fight the great curse of Africa to his life's end. The African slaves have no warmer advocate than the good Cardinal, who, in his Christ-like love, faces the hatred of the Dervishes, and the daggers of the Arab slave-dealers for their sakes, being willing even to die, if, by that means, he may accomplish their redemption. There is no need to despair of an age that can produce such noble heroes as Cardinal Lavigerie and Father Damien.

House of the Angel Guardian. On Sunday, 15th of December, in the chapel of the institution, Father Morris, the chaplain, gave first communion to forty-three pupils, and on Monday morning Archbishop Williams administered confirmation to one hundred and one of the inmates.

Boston Daily Herald: — The ex-Mollie Maguire who insists that the late Lawyer Gowen was really murdered by one of the members of that organization, doesn't seem to have heard that the Mollie Maguires are as dead as the late Julius Cæsar, and that Lawyer Gowen officiated at the obsequies. There's no particular occasion for resurrecting its remains in order to make a murder out of a suicide.

Should be Happy Christmas, not Merry.

Ireland's Generosity to America.

READ the following figures on Ireland's generosity to the Johnstown fund:

Ireland . . .	$14,578.50
Mexico . . .	130.40
Canada . . .	4,437.65
England . . .	2,000.00
Turkey . . .	886.57
Italy . . .	9.46
Australia . . .	369.70
Germany . . .	14,304.77

England stands fourth on the list. We confess we are not a little proud of Ireland's place on this list. We owe a great deal to America's practical sympathy with ourselves, and it is gratifying to find that we do not miss an opportunity to prove our deep sense of the debt, says the Freeman's Journal.

France and the Church.

IN its dealings with the Church, the new Republican majority in the French government is beginning badly. The elections of Sept. 22d gave that majority control of the Chamber, and assured them a lease of power for some time to come. They could afford to make their peace with all classes of Frenchmen, and to set themselves to win the general good-will of their countrymen. They had every inducement to aspire to the dignity and the functions of genuine statesmen, and to abandon the ways of petty spite and sectarian spleen, in which their predecessors had trodden. They have not chosen to do so. They have taken up the war against the Church at the point where the Republican majority of the last Parliament had left it, and they are pushing it on with a vigor which is of melancholy augury for the peace of France.

House for German Immigrants.

THE Leo House for the Reception of German Immigrants, at No. 6 State street, New York, was blessed on the 10th of December. Bishop Wigger, of Newark, officiated. Representatives of many German Catholic societies were present. The Rev. A. B. Schwenniger, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, on West Forty-ninth street, delivered an eloquent address. The religious ceremonies closed with Benediction.

Lord Mayor of Dublin.

THE unanimity with which the members of the Corporation of Dublin chose Mr. Edward Kennedy to be Lord Mayor, is the best proof that could be given of the high esteem in which he is held by his municipal colleagues. The High Sheriff proposed his election, and Mr. Robert Sexton, representing the Conservative party in the Council, warmly supported the motion, whilst Sir George Owens expressed his cordial approval of it. Dublin cannot often in a generation enjoy the good fortune of having a Chief Magistrate so exceptionally gifted, and so conspicuous amongst able men for rare abilities, as is the distinguished public man who, during the past two years, has presided over the municipality. This is not the time or the occasion for a review of Mr. Sexton's Mayoralty; the practical work that he has accomplished is the eloquent testimony of his talent, energy, and tact; but we feel that the Corporation is to be congratulated upon having chosen one universally respected citizen to succeed another. The public, we are convinced, will share the sentiment of unqualified approbation with which Mr. Kennedy's selection was received by the Council, says the Freeman's Journal.

Paper Horseshoes.

IT is a fact, that at this moment they are experimenting with paper horseshoes in Germany, or at least with shoes in the composition of which paper is a prime constituent. It is said to adhere better to the hoof than the metal shoe, to be unaffected by the action of water, and to be very durable — much more durable than the caoutchouc which it was once supposed might replace iron in horse-shoeing. The paper shoe becomes rough by wear, and is therefore a security against slipping, which is the chief defect of the metal shoe.

THE many friends of Mr. Denis B. Cashman, of Boston, will learn with sorrow of the bereavement which he and his family have suffered in the death of his oldest daughter, Mary Alice, a lovely and amiable girl of seventeen years. She died at her home in Allston, on the 11th of December, the funeral taking place on the following Saturday. May she rest in peace!

Don't Experiment With Your Eyes.

THE inconsistencies of mankind have often been made the theme of humorous and philosophical comment. A man will exercise the utmost care with a twenty-dollar watch, and if it gets in the slightest way out of repair, he will not dream of meddling with it himself, but will instantly take it to an experienced and reliable jeweller. But if this same man has trouble with his eyes, he will try all sorts of experiments with them, wearing any pair of glasses he may happen to get hold of, just to see what effect they may have; or, stepping into some jewelry store, he will buy any pair of glasses that the clerk may happen to give him. If he can see fairly well out of them he takes it for granted that they are all right, and goes off contentedly, not in the least concerned that he is trying a most hazardous experiment with the most delicate and sensitive, and, at the same time, the most necessary and valuable of all the human organs. Any one who has the slightest trouble with the eyes should immediately consult the best authority accessible on the subject, especially people under the age of twenty-five years, who, if not wearing spectacles that properly correct the errors of refraction, are liable to lose the power of accommodation, thereby necessitating always the aid of glasses. while, if properly fitted, they may be able to do without them after wearing them a short time. The eye is so delicate that no mistake can be made in its treatment without the most serious and lasting results. It often happens that one is not conscious that trouble exists in his eyes, when, as a matter of fact, they are seriously in need of attention. Headaches, nervous prostration, and, in fact, a score of other complaints, for which the patient can find no reasonable cause, are frequently traced directly to some derangement of the eye, which, in its great effort to perform its functions properly, deranges the whole mental and physical system. Optical defects are so various and so difficult to detect, except by the experienced optician, that it is the rankest folly to go to any other for treatment. The skilled specialists on this subject, of wide and unquestioned reputation, are so rare — for it is only within the last half-dozen years that the science of optics has been thoroughly understood — that, outside of the largest cities, people do not have the opportunity to have their eyes properly diagnosed. It is, therefore, in many cases the misfortune, and not the fault, of the patient that he must submit to the treatment of unskilled and inexpert practitioners. The oculists of Boston have recently received a most valuable accession to their ranks by the opening, at 52 Boylston street, of an office by Dr. B. Frank Hathaway, and Dr. W. H. Draper, who are experts of long practice and wide reputation.

A HUNDRED negro boys, baptized Catholics in Uganda, who were slowly burned to death last year for their faith, by King Muanga, will shortly be beatified in Rome. The first process is begun. It is satisfactory to know that Muanga, has been deprived, by some other potentate, of all his dominions; and still more satisfactory — supposing him to be a responsible soul! — to hear that he has fled to the missionaries and demands instruction in Christianity.

The English Envoy to Rome.

SIR LINTORN SIMMONS, with his secretaries, have been busy all the week returning visits, and making others to the important people of Rome. Among the visits paid have been those to the various English-speaking institutes and colleges. At a reception given by the Marchioness Serlupi (Miss Fitzgerald) nearly all the Catholic Italian families were introduced to General Simmons and his family, as were also several English-speaking prelates and priests.—— The committee and members of the Protestant Alliance have sent a memorial to the Marquis of Salisbury, protesting against the appointment of Sir Lintorn Simmons on a mission to the Pope, respecting the Roman Catholic Church in Malta. They cite, *inter alia*, an article in the Times of November 8, on Malta and the Vatican, and submit that the sending of an envoy is a violation of the Protestant Constitution of the kingdom. Lord Salisbury has returned a formal reply.

The Parnell Commission.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, addressing his constituents, a few weeks ago, on the work of the Session, referred also to the Special Commission. "Besides that," he said, "I have been engaged in a work which is not purely professional, but which, at the same time, has been the most arduous and exacting with which I ever had to do,—the Parnell Commission. I consider, for my own part, that in that Commission I was defending interests much wider and important even than those of the individual client's committed to my charge. Happily, that Commission has now drawn to a close its lengthened, and, towards the close, uninteresting existence. The last words upon it have not yet been spoken; but there seems to be a general agreement that there is one question only involved in the enquiry which is fit for judicial investigation and pronouncement. That is the question upon which, and for the solution of which, the Commission was granted, and the final explosion of which, blew into fragments the conspiracy of the Pigott letters. Upon the rest of the questions involved, the country is as capable of forming its judgment as any selection of men, from the highest and most cultivated in the land; and, if I mistake not, the country has already made up its mind."

THE Christian Brothers of St. Joseph, Mo., are about to receive from the federal government close on twelve thousand dollars as compensation for injury done their college, owing to its occupation by the United States troops during the Civil War.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal announces the death of the Manager of the Times. We know nothing of him save his connection with the Pigott forgeries. We believe that as his name — Cameron MacDonald — indicates, he was a Scotchman. What occurs to every one who reads the brief intimation of his death, is the swiftness and suddenness with which two of the principal persons figuring in the drama of the Forgeries Commission on the Times' side, have disappeared into the grave — first, Pigott, now, MacDonald.

A Snake for a Pet.

A FEW days ago, Henry Wood, a farmer, living near Trenton, O., drew a good-sized live snake from his stomach, that had been troubling him for years. The snake has become a pet in the family, and is preserved in a large glass jar. Three times a day now, when Mr. Wood comes to his meals, the reptile will twist and writhe in the jar, and nothing will quiet it until Mr. Wood removes the covering. It will then crawl out to a dish of milk set on the table, which it drinks almost like a kitten. It will then crawl back into the jar and curl up, apparently satisfied. No one can go near it but Mr. Wood, and it always seems delighted when he is present. Mr. Wood thinks he drank the snake some seven or eight years ago, from a small brook, as ever since that time he has had an uneasiness in his stomach. When he would happen to be late to his meals, the snake would crawl up in his throat and choke him. During one of these choking spells he drew the snake from his stomach with his fingers. He had no idea until then that the shake was causing the trouble. It was then fourteen inches long, and of a dark color. It has since grown to be nearly eighteen inches in length. Hundreds of people have called to see the repulsive-looking reptile; and, strange as it may seem, Mr. Wood values it highly.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP KEANE, Rector of the Catholic university, will lecture in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, on the 15th of January; subject, The American Child at the Christian School. The fame of the lecturer and the subject will, undoubtedly, attract a large audience.

IT is noted as a rather curious fact, considering that Chicago's population is quite largely of foreign parentage, that all the Cronin jurors were native Americans, and all Protestants, Juror Culver being a particularly pious member of the Methodist Church.

A RECENT decree of the Spanish War Office announces the appointment, as Brigadier General, of Colonel of Calvary Don Carlos O'Donnell, of Ahren, Duke of Tetuán.

The Conventions in Ireland.

THE country is acting with magnificent unanimity. North, South, East and West, the same resolve animates the people. During the period since our last issue, Cavan, Leitrim, Waterford, and Clare, have linked hands with their sister counties and pledged themselves to sustain at any cost those who are in the fighting line against the Landlord Syndicates. Mr. T. M. Healy, in the course of his notable speech at the Waterford convention, put the object before the country very plainly when he declared that the people and their leaders propose by the present combination to make it impossible for any landlord syndicate to attempt again such clearances as have been effected on the Lansdowne, Ponsonby, Clanricarde, Coolgreany, Curras, and Massereene estates, or at least to make it clear that if the exterminators proceed to the last resort, they will find in the trenches not an isolated body of tenantry, but the banded forces a united Ireland. They propose to establish an insurance fund, by means of which, in the same way that ordinary citizens could insure their lives or their property from accident for a small sum, the farmers of Ireland could insure themselves against eviction. Tipperary, where the first convention was held, is first in the field, and her response is characteristically magnificent, coming up to over one thousand three hundred pounds, four hundred and ten pounds of which were subscribed at the seat of war — Tipperary town — one hundred and fifty pounds in Thurles, one hundred pounds each in Clonmel and Cashel, and similar amounts in other important centres, while outlying districts have nearly approached that splendid sum; and these are only the first instalments. Kilkenny and Louth have followed, and if the other counties subscribe in anything like an equal proportion — and they have agreed to do so — the new movement will not lack strength and power because of any weakness in its finances.

Slavery and Christianity.

A SERIES of three articles on the above important subject, will commence in the March issue of our Magazine.

Christian Brothers in Worcester, Mass.

THE Messenger of a recent date has the following notice of the schools recently established in the heart of the commonwealth: A representative of The Messenger made a visit on Tuesday last to the schools in charge of the Christian Brothers on Temple Street, and was much pleased with the progress of the children both in secular and religious knowledge which has already been effected by the faithful and zealous efforts of the good Brothers. In all the schools the visitor is pleasantly impressed with the absence of the harsh and captious discipline which makes school life so intolerable to the average boy. Yet it was evident that good order and obedience are really the law of the school. While a child is not made to feel that the dropping of a pencil or inadvertently turning his head are among the unpardonable crimes, he is yet taught to attend to and respect his teachers and give due attention to all the school work. The result is seen in the eager and earnest spirit with which the children enter upon the various tasks and exercises assigned them, and in the absence of that timidity which is always noticeable when fear rather than affection is the principle dependent on for securing obedience.

In the higher grades the work of the children in reading, writing and drawing was highly satisfactory. Particularly noticeable also was the excellence attained in recitation and in knowledge of Christian Doctrine, while in the highest grade the work of the scholars in drawing and in theoretical and practical geometry was very commendable. In all the rooms the readiness and correctness with which general questions covering the work of the classes were answered gave gratifying evidence of the thorough work done by the Christian Brothers. With more ample facilities which will doubtless be afforded as fast as the resources of the parish will permit, it seems certain that the schools of the Christian Brothers in Worcester will be a source of pride, as well as of satisfaction, to all the friends of true progress in education.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN is at large again We cannot say how long.

Strong Language!

NEW YORK Catholic Review:— English cotton spinners are rejoicing at the break up and failure of a cotton ring, formed to raise the price of that commodity. The result of its success would have been to destroy a number of small factories, and reduce the wages of the large concerns. The workers would, therefore, be the chief sufferers, their wages would have been turned into the purses of the thieves who engineered the corner, and spent on luxuries while the worker starved. It is evident that some strong sentiment and prompt legislation are needed to meet the new conditions of modern industry and the new villainy which they have bred. First, let us begin by calling the members of these combinations by their real names — THIEVES! Let us point them out sitting in the prominent seats of Protestant meeting-houses, and label them there THIEVES! Let us also point them out in the train of Ingersoll, prating of flowers and humanity, and label them again. Let us select them carefully from the Catholic body, where they are now beginning to be found often, and label them once more. At the same time, a few laws that would not only give them the name, but also the prison experience of a thief, would be very practical.

Kerry Cattle.

THE growing popularity of Kerry and Kerry-Dexter cattle, says the Dublin Weekly Freeman, is apparent on all hands. The Queen and Prince of Wales have each founded a herd of these useful little animals at Windsor and Sandringham, and among breeders and dairykeepers they are being largely introduced. Mr. G. M. Allender, an authority on the breeding of this class of cattle, prefers the Dexters of the two, because, while not inferior to the Kerrys in point of milking, the Dexter, he points out, is a most perfect "beef" animal, producing small joints of excellent quality. The Dexter, he says, feeds quickly either as a steer or as a barren cow, and weighs from four hundred pounds to five hundred pounds dead. Kerry steers, he adds, may be sold to the butcher under the hammer, at from eighteen months to two years old for fifteen pounds to eighteen pounds, and barren cows off grass, at from fifteen pounds to sixteen. Mr. Allender cites the cases of two cows giving thirty-seven pounds weight of milk a day, equal to their own live weight every fortnight, but give ten quarts a day as a fair average.

The Kerry cattle, it seems to us, would be well adapted to the circumstances of New England, and are worthy the attention of stock-raisers generally. Being cattle that do not require as much feed as Aryshires, Grades, or Holsteins, they could be kept by persons who have only a small quantity of land. Three acres and a cow were the solution of the labor difficulty by Mr. Joseph Collins, in England.

A Statue to Tom Moore.

TOM MOORE, the Irish poet, born in Aungier street, Dublin, is to have a statue in one of the leading streets of Ballarat, in Australia. The Australian papers which have reached us say that the project is being warmly taken up. Already three fourths of the money has been subscribed. The statue, which is of Carrara marble, will, when erected, stand at a height of about twenty-five feet. The base of the pedestal, which is of Stawell freestone, will give an Australian character to the design. The plinth is of black Irish marble, and the main shaft will be of amber Irish marble. The frieze, or neck, is of green Irish marble, with a dove-colored cap. On the suggestion of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, who sent a letter to the committee when in Tullamore jail, a block of Tullamore lime will be placed above the cap. Moore is represented as he appeared at one of Lady Blessington's parties, in 1820 — in evening dress, standing beside a music stool, with his right hand resting on a bound copy of the Irish Melodies, which in turn rests on the prose works of the poet. A piece of drapery, with a representation of a harp, hangs from the music stool. A small bunch of shamrocks is visible on the breast of the figure. The Moore statue is to be placed alongside that of Burns, which which the Scotchmen of the prosperous Australian town have erected.

It is pleasant to a toiler in the good work of publishing a magazine to receive such letters as the following: —

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE,
WICHITA, KAN., Dec. 15, 1889.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir, — Our Right Reverend good Bishop, having called my attention to a communication in this month's number of your Magazine, I have ventured to send you the enclosed item on the subject, which if you deem worthy, you may lay before your readers.

As an Irish priest, permit me to congratulate you on the success of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Please place my name on your list of subscribers, commencing with next January's number. I will send the subscription after the coming holidays.

Wishing you and your work every success, I will remain,

Respectfully yours,
REV. M. C. BRENNAN.

To the Editor of Donahoe's Magazine: —

Dear Sir.— Regarding the question at issue between your correspondents, Messrs. Farrell and J. W. O'R., as to an Irishman of Columbus' expedition being the first man to stand on American soil, the following paragraph, taken from page 235 of Conyngham's Lives of the Irish Saints and Martyrs may be of interest: "It is a fact not generally known, that the first man of Columbus' expedition to set foot on American soil was an Irishman. This is recorded in the work of an Italian priest, John Baptisti Tornitori, published in the seventeenth century, and a copy of which is in the University Library of St. Louis. In this work it is related that when Columbus neared the land, the water not being deep enough to admit the ship any further, the small boats were launched, to carry the admiral on shore. Among the crew was one *Patricius Maguirus*, (which does not require much knowledge of Latin to translate into Paddy Maguire), who jumped out of the boat before they had reached land, and waded to the shore — being the first man of the party that ever landed on American soil."

It would certainly seem too much to presume that a gentleman of the critical acumen, historical lore, and literary ability of D. P. Conyngham made the foregoing statement carelessly. No doubt he had well studied the facts in the case, knew "who Father Tornitori was," and how much confidence his work was entitled to, before embodying the matter in the Lives of the Irish Saints and Martyrs. Nor is it at all strange to find an Irishman among the crew of Columbus' good ship, for the spirit of adventure has never been been a stranger to the Irish heart, and the fact of his jumping into the water and getting ashore first, is in perfect consonance with a very national trait of the Irish Celt. It is also a fact, and perhaps not generally known, either, that St. Mansuetus, one of *St. Peter's Disciples*, the first Bishop of Toul, and canonized by Leo IX., was an Irishman. Surely this fact would seem more incredible than the alleged feat of the said Patrick Maguire. Respectfully, etc.,

SHEEFRO.

A Teacher Rebuked: He Apologizes.

PROFESSOR D. H. HARRIS first assistant of the St. Louis high school, is charged with saying to all his pupils: "Protestants go to church to hear a sermon which the minister has prepared. Catholics go to church to pay their dollar for confession, go home and think that their sins have been forgiven them." One of the Catholic girls in the room at the time exclaimed, "That is not true." The remark created great excitement, as all the pupils in the class room were grown young ladies. The Post-Dispatch heard of the trouble and investigated it. Professor Harris, as soon as he learned that the newspapers knew of the episode, called all the pupils together and made a public apology to them. The matter will be a subject for investigation by the board, as the law distinctly says no teacher shall exercise any sectarian influence in the schools.

PRESIDENT HARRISON, in his late message, said: Those who come to our shores to swell the injurious influence and to extend the evil practice of any association that defies our laws, should not only be denied citizenship, but a domicile."

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York.

ST. ALOYSIUS SOCIETY MANUAL. Compiled from approved sources, with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Buffalo. Price 25 cents.

This Manual has been compiled from approved sources for the use of the Sodality of St. Aloysius, which has for its object the uniting in the bond of fraternal union those who have a desire to serve God faithfully, and acquire the virtues suited to their station in life, under the patronage of St. Aloysius, the model of youth, the seraph of purity and charity. Besides the rules and regulations of the Sodality it also contains the prayers for Mass and Holy Communion, several Litanies and Vespers; thus making a prayer-book that may be used on all occasions.

THE RESPECTIVE RIGHTS AND DUTIES of Family, State and Church in Regard to Education. By Rev. James Conway, S. J., professor in Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Price 25 cents.

Those desiring to get more information on the subject of education should purchase and read this pamphlet.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

THE PRACTICE OF HUMILITY. By His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. Translated from the Italian by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. Price 10 and 20 cents.

This is the second edition of this excellent little book.

THE HOLY INFANCY. Short meditations for Christmas. By Richard A. Clark, S. J. Price 15 cts.; by the 100, $10.

Meditations for every day in January. Buy it by all means.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION. By Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. Price 25 cts.

A much misrepresented subject, particularly among Protestants. Catholics, as well as our separated brethren, will derive much information on the subject, treated by a master hand.

Lynch, Cole & Meehan, New York.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1890. Calculated for use throughout the United States. Price 25 cts.

This is one of the best issues of the Almanac which has been in existence sixteen years. See contents in advertising pages.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

ASTRONOMY, NEW AND OLD. By Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M., rector of the Church St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Louis, Mo.; author of Electricity and Its Discoverers, and What Catholics Have Done for Science.

"The main object of this book," says the preface, "is to give an epitome of the vast science of astronomy in the simplest and most concise manner possible. The utmost fairness is aimed at throughout, and particularly in the treatment of the history and different hypothesis of the science." We cannot too highly recommend the book to our schools, seminaries, and colleges.

DAIRY OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. Revised from The Daily News. By John Macdonald, M. A. Price $1.50.

This is a diary of one of the most remarkable trials of modern times. It comprises a book of 365 pages, small print, at the low price of $1.50.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

SHOULD CHRISTIANITY LEAVEN EDUCATION? Christian Schools; addressed to parents. By Thomas J. Jenkins, author of The Seasons on Our Prairies. Net price 25 cents.

ALMANACS.

McCormick's Catholic Almanac for 1890. It is illustrated with some portraits, which for the sake of the art should be omitted. However, there is a good deal of interesting and instructive matter. Price 25. It is edited by J. B. McCormick, of St. Louis.

An Illustrated Catholic Almanac. Price five cents. It is issued from the Office of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, 114 South Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MUSIC.

From White, Smith, & Co., Boston.

Vocal.—"The Watch of a Swan," and "The Old Lifeboat," both by P. La Villa. "Five Beautiful Christmas Carols," by H. P. Danks. "Oh, Carol, Sweetly Carol," by Leo. R. Lewis. "Marguerite," Romanza, by C. A. White. "Benedicamus Domino," by C. P. Morrison. "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and "Lo, the Day of Rest Declineth," both by Carl Pflueger. "All in a Garden Fair," by Michael Watson.

Instrumental.—"Glen Mazurka," for banjo, Geo. C. Dobson. "Fantasie Waltz," by Chas. Coote. "Potpourri," from "The Brigands," arranged by Paul Duvernet. "Christmas Roses Waltzes," by E. Waldteufel. "Royal Spanish Mazurka," by Henry Lorraine. "Moment Musicale," violin and piano, Bertram J. Harriot. "The German Patrol," by Richard Ellenberg. "Diatonic and Chromatic Scales for Piano-Forte," by Chas. Halle. "McGinty's First Love Schottische," by Geo. Thorne. Also, "The Folio" for December, a fine number.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

THE Right Rev. John J. Tuigg, Bishop of Pittsburg, died on the 7th of December at Altoona, Pa. Bishop Tuigg had been ill for a long time, he having been prostrated by an attack of heart disease in 1882, when his life was despaired of. Bishop Tuigg was born in Cork, Ire., in 1820. His divinity studies began at the missionery college of All Hallows, Dublin, were completed at St. Michael's Seminary, Pittsburg. He was ordained May 14, 1850, and while assistant at the cathedral founded the parish at St. Bridget, beginning to erect the church; but, in 1853, he was assigned to the important mission of Altoona, of which he was the first resident pastor. He acquired a pastoral residence, a cemetery, and enlarged the church. A very fine school building was the next work, and, in the hands of Sisters of Charity, the parochial school has been a great blessing. He had also charge of several dependent missions, and, having been appointed Vicar-Forane of the eastern part of the diocese in 1869, soon required other priests to aid him. He then commenced a new church, which was dedicated in 1875. In 1886 the diocese was divided, ostensibly for the reason that it had grown too large to be properly attended to by one bishop. Out of it the See of Allegheny was erected, and Bishop Domenec was chosen for the new bishopric, and Father Tuigg, of Atloona, was consecrated Bishop of Pittsburg. When Bishop Tuigg entered upon his duties he discovered that his See was heavily in debt, while Alleghney was in very good financial standing. He looked upon the division as unjust, and after struggling some time to pay off the indebtedness he appealed to Rome. While the matter was before the Vatican, Bishop Domenec brought the question to a solution by resigning and retiring to Spain. This occurred in 1887, and the reunion enabled the Bishop to free his churches from debt, and place the See in good standing, financially. The arduous duties proved too trying even for his vigorous constitution. In December, 1882, he was prostrated by an attack of heart disease, and his life was despaired of; but he rallied, and, though thrice stricken with paralysis, recovered sufficiently to administer the diocese under his care. Later, however, he was prostrated by a paralytic stroke, which incapacitated him for duty. He applied to Rome for an assistant, and the Rev. Richard Phelan was consecrated Titular Bishop of Cibyra, a vacant See in Asia Minor, and coadjutor to the Bishop of Pittsburg with the right of succession. When this was done, Bishop Tuigg retired to Atloona to spend his remaining days, and Bishop Phelan assumed charge of the two dioceses. Bishop Phelan is a native of Ballyragget, county Kilkenny, Ire. He was born on Jan. 1, 1825. He went to Pittsburg in 1850, and his administrative ability is responsible for the prosperity of that See. The funeral of Bishop Tuigg took place on the 10th, in Altoona. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, preached the sermon, and Bishop Phelan celebrated Mass.

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of the Very Rev. Father Fogarty, of St. Theresa's, Clarendon Street, Dublin, is announced. In him the archdiocese of Dublin loses one of its oldest and most distinguished priests, and the clergy, both secular and regular, will mourn for a friend beloved and trusted in no ordinary degree. The laity, however, will feel his loss, perhaps, the most keenly, for his gentleness of disposition, and unwearied labors in the confessional, won for him hosts of grateful admirers in every rank of life. Forty years of missionary duty, unostentatious as it was unremitting, has made the name of Father Fogarty a household word in many an Irish home, even in America and in Australia. Born in Tipperary, he came to Dublin at a a very early age. In time, he offered himself as a candidate for admission

into the Order of the Discalced Carmelites, and was sent by his superiors to Belgium, in order to prosecute his studies. There he remained six years, and returned to Dublin in 1850. His labors among us since that time are too well known to need any comment, and while his saintly character will long be remembered by those who knew him, all will pray that the good Father Fogerty is now in the full enjoyment of the eternal reward of his many virtues.

THE announcement of the death of Rev. Jas. Kelly, C. M., St. Joseph's, Blackrock, Ire., who passed away fortified by the rights of the Church, at St. Peter's, Phibsborough, where his fatal illness seized him, will be received with regret. Father Kelly was born at Rochford Bridge, county West Meath, in 1820, and having gone through his earlier studies at St. Finlan's Seminary, Navan, he entered Maynooth in 1838. He read a distinguished course in the National Seminary, and, on the completion of his theological studies entered the Novitiate of the Vincentians in 1846. Ordained priest in 1849, he was appointed to St. Peter's, Phibsborough, where for eleven years he labored with untiring earnestness and zeal, giving missions in various parts of the country. From Phibsborough he went to Cork, and after a short stay there he was sent as superior to St. Patrick's College, Armagh. For the twelve years during which he occupied this important post, he won to himself all hearts by the kindly gentleness of his disposition, and his death will be very much regretted by the many priests of the Armagh diocese, whose piety was fostered, and character formed under his guiding care. The latter years of his life were passed at St. Joseph's, Blackrock, with the exception of occasional missions, which he gave chiefly in England and Scotland, wishing to devote himself to the spiritual needs of his poor countrymen away from home. On Saturday week he came into Phibsborough to help in the work of hearing confessions, and it was while engaged in this great work of his ministry he was struck down. When the notice-bell rang at ten o'clock he left his confessional, and immediately fell to the ground, slightly paralyzed. He saw, however, a poor woman waiting for confession, and got helped back to the box that she might not be disappointed. When the sacristan went round the church, a short time afterwards, he found him in his confessional, lying on the floor. He was removed to the presbytery, and the paralysis gaining steadily on him during the night, very little hopes of his recovery was held out. He was quite conscious when receiving the last sacraments, and breathed his last dying in harness.

REV. JOHN B. EMIG, S. J., died lately at the old Mission of the Sacred Heart, Conewago, Adams Co., Pa. Father Emig, who was eighty-three years of age, celebrated about two years ago the golden jubilee of his priesthood. He was at one time president of Georgetown College, and had done missionary work in the West.

REV. A. DAMEN, S.J., one of the best-known missionaries of the Society of Jesus, died at Creighton College, Omaha, recently. Father Damen suffered from a stroke of paralysis some months ago, and his death on Tuesday is the final result of this affliction. Father Damen is known to a very large number of Catholics in all parts of the United States, having, during his long career of activity in the work of the missions, come in contact with the faithful of many large towns and cities. By these his death will be mourned, and his name cherished as long as the memory of his zeal and eloquence and piety endures. May he rest in peace.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Dr. J. J. M'Gillicudy of the Archdiocese of Melbourne, Australia. Dr. M'Gillicudy was born within a few miles of Killarney, county Kerry, and was educated at the Propaganda at Rome, where his career was a most brilliant one.

THE Rev. James Hanly, rector of St. Bridget's Church, in Jersey City, died Sunday morning, Dec. 22, at the rectory in Montgomery street. Father Hanly was born in Castlerehan, Ireland, forty years ago. He was educated in All Hallows College, Dublin, and was ordained to the priesthood seventeen years ago.

THE Rev. Father Edward J. O'Reilly, pastor of St. Stephen's Church in Hicks and Summit streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., died Dec. 22, of rheumatism of the heart, at the age of sixty-three. He was born in county Westmeath, Ireland. As a Dominican friar he went, in 1850, as a missionary to South Africa and the Bahama Islands. He came to America in 1866 and settled in Brooklyn. Before his appointment to St. Stephen's in 1873, he had been assistant pastor in St. Mary's Star of the Sea, St. Peter's in Hicks street, and St. Paul's in Court street. When he took charge of St. Stephen's parish, the congregation worshipped in a frame church in Carroll street. At present the parish is one of the largest and most flourishing in Brooklyn. He was a director of St. Mary's Hospital, and was Chaplain to the Sisters of Joseph. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was a warm friend of his, and long after the General had abandoned the lecture platform he came to Brooklyn to deliver his lecture on "The Irish Soldier in the Rebellion" for the benefit of St. Stephen's Church. Several years ago he formed a peculiarly warm attachment for Patrick F. Cadden, and the young man came to live at the priest's house and became his inseparable companion. When Mr. Cadden died of consumption a couple of years ago, Father O'Reilly had a vault built in Holy Cross Cemetery, with two compartments, in one of which his young friend's remains were laid and the other intended for his own.

THE Rev. James A. O'Hara, D.D., pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Syracuse, N. Y., died at the church parsonage from bronchial pneumonia and heart failure. Dr. O'Hara was one of the most distinguished priests of Central New York. He was born in Ballyshannon, county Donegal, Ireland, Nov. 2, 1829. When in his nineteenth year, he came to this country and began the study of the law. He soon abandoned it for the priesthood, and was educated in the Augustinian College of St. Thomas, of Villanova, St. John's College, Fordham, and St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained at Albany, in 1857, by Cardinal McCloskey, and remained as assistant to the Cardinal, then Bishop.

THE diocese of Ossory has just lost one of its most revered ecclesiastics by the death of the Very Rev. Dean M'Donald, D. D., parish priest of St. Canice's, Kilkenny.

REV. JAMES M. C. BOUCHARD, S.J., died at San Francisco, on the 27th of December, aged sixty-six years. The Monitor of the 1st of January, devoted three of its large columns to his great labors.

SISTERS.

IN San Francisco, recently, Sister Raymond McEnany, a member of the Sisters of Mercy, died at St. Mary's Hospital. Sister Raymond was born in Ireland in 1851, and when quite young she came to this country and embraced a religious life, choosing the Sisters of Mercy as the Order in which she would labor for life in God's behalf. She was received at St. Mary's Hospital twenty-six years ago. While a novice she was sent to Grass Valley, and from that time up to three months ago she was connected with St. Mary's School, and St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum there. For twenty-five years she performed a labor most pleasing to God, taking care of the little ones so dear to Him.

THE death, after a painful illness, of Mother Dominic, one of the oldest of the good nuns of the Dominican Convent, Galway, at the age of fifty-five years, is announced. The deceased *religieuse* was Miss O'Halloran, of Ennis, and was sister of Mother Josephia, who was the first Rev. Mother Prioress of the convent at Taylor's Hill, Galway.

IT is with feelings of deep regret we learn from the St. John's Newfoundland, papers, of the death of Sister Mary Ignatius (Miss Catherine Phelan), at the Presentation Convent, Carbonear, who had labored with great zeal in that country for nearly half a century. Sister Mary Ignatius was born in New Ross, Ireland, in the year 1816, of parents remarkable for their piety, integrity, and respectability of character. She was early devoted to God. The state of life to which her parents' desires inclined, and her own wishes emphatically pointed, was that of the Order founded by the saintly Nano Nagle.

MOTHER ALOYSIA, for many years the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity, died at the St. Joseph's Academy, Greensburg, Pa., on Christmas Day.

LAY PEOPLE.

WE regret to learn of the death at Cambridgeport, Mass., of MISS ANNIE HAY, a grand-niece of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, a most estimable young lady, of nineteen years and nine months, who passed away Dec. 14th. The deceased was the only child of a widowed mother,—a young lady of promise as a musician. A Mass of Requiem was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, on the 17th, by Rev. Fr. Scully, after which the remains were conveyed to the family lot at Mt. Auburn cemetery. May her soul rest in peace.

"A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall ring in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee!
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?"

MISS HENRIETTA CARROLL, the great-great-niece of the late Archbishop Carroll, died recently at her residence, near Mt. de Sales, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. Miss Carroll was blind and an invalid for many years before her death, and lived in retirement. She was the daughter of the late William Carroll, of Rock Creek. She was the last member of that branch of the family, with the exception of a brother, Judge David Williamson Carroll, of Little Rock, Ark. Miss Carroll was a distant relative of ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll.

Circulate Catholic Literature.

A CORRESPONDENT at Carbonear, N. F., writes us: Nothing assists in a greater degree the advancement of Catholicity than the distribution of good Catholic literature. It defends the Church against the assaults of infidels, consequently it should be the duty of all good Catholics to give the Catholic press every support. Mr. Donahoe has succeeded admirably in his intention of putting into the hands of Catholics, at a moderate price, a magazine which is ever ready to vindicate and uphold the Catholic Church, and as such it should be in every Catholic home.

Consecration of Bishops.

BISHOPS Cotter, Shanley, and McGolrick, of Winona, Jamestown, and Duluth, respectively, were consecrated on the 27th of December, at St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Paul. Archbishop John Ireland, D. D., was the consecrator, assisted by Archbishop Thomas L. Grace and Bishop Marty, D. D.; chaplains of Bishop-elect Shanley were Rev. D. V. Collins of Fargo, and Rev. John W. Considine of Minto, North Dakota; chaplains of Bishop Cotter were Rev. William Riordan of Rochester and Rev. Alexander Berghold of New Ulm; chaplains of Bishop McGolrick were Rev. Edward J. Lawler of Crookston, and Rev. Joseph F. Buh of Tower; the other ministers were as follows: Rev. Anatole Oster, assistant priest; Revs. Maurice E. Murphy and James Trobec, deacons of honor; Rev. Charles Koeberl, deacon of the Mass; Rev. P. Kenny, sub-deacon; Rev. John Stariha, archiepiscopal cross bearer; Rev. John Harrison, processional cross bearer; chanters of the litany, Revs. John Rynda and M. Wurst. The seminarians sang the proper of the Mass, and Rev. Thomas O'Gorman read the pontifical briefs. The sermon was by Rev. Walter Elliot, C. S. P. The ceremonies were in charge of Revs. J. C. Byrne, P. R. Heffron, D. D., Thomas J. Gibbons, James A. Fitzpatrick, and J. F. Dolphin. Bishop Cotter will take possession of his See of Winona on Jan. 5; Bishop McGolrick of his See at Duluth on Jan. 12. The date when Bishop Shanley will be installed at Jamestown is not yet named. Only once before in this country has such a ceremony taken place. This was some time in the '50's when Bishops Gobriand, Baily, and McLoughlin were consecrated together in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

HYGEIA LITHIA water cures dyspepsia and general debility.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.
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A Mistake.

THE Republic: Massachusetts committed a mistake when she invited a Masonic lodge to take part in the ceremony of the corner-stone laying of the new extension to the State House. The Masonic society is a secret organization; it is one to which comparatively few of the citizens of the state belong, and it is one to which a large element of the population is, more or less, rightly or wrongly, antagonistic. The State House belongs to the whole commonwealth, and all ceremonies connected with the corner-stone laying should have been such in which, had they been so disposed, all citizens could have taken part. No society like the one that was invited, whatever its name, its character, or its aims, should have been asked to officiate on the occasion. The ceremonies should have been purely civic, and it was a blunder on the part of the commissioners to ask any private and secret organization to participate in the corner-stone laying.

ACCORDING to Punch, speculation is at an end as to who shall be the next Pope. "There can no longer be any doubt of it," it says: "the next Pope must be Mr. Stead of the Pall Mall Gazette. What title will he assume? Pope Linus was the immediate successor of St. Peter, so Mr. Stead, on the strength of his 'Letters from the Vatican,' might appropriately style himself Pope Penny-a-Linus."

Speaking of Punch, it is noticeable how many exquisitely delicate little Catholic touches one comes upon, from time to time, in its columns. The reason of it is simple. Its clever editor, Mr. Burnand, happens to be a stanch Catholic. Take, for instance, the following tender paragraph which appears over the well-known initials, F. C. B., in a late number — a few simple words in kindly memory of the late Mr. Frederick Clay, the composer, and a Catholic, if we mistake not, like Mr. Burnand: "Poor, dear Freddy Clay! No common Clay! Gone from us last week after seven years of suffering. His disposition was as sweet as were his melodies. He had collected about him a band of devoted friends; nothing false or discordant ever fell from his lips or from his pen; he never made an enemy, and lived in harmony with all who knew him, for all who knew him loved him. I knew him well. *Requiescat.*"

A New Method of Treating Disease.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on, till these incomparable cures now include diseases of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, *has ruined more stomachs than alcohol.* A circular describing these new remedies is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors. dec 90

ACCEPT no one for a companion in life who does not fear God, and who is not governed in everything by the maxims of religion; otherwise he or she may cause you to lose your soul, whatever may be his or her natural goodness of heart.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

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DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, MARCH, 1890. No. 3.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers.*

PART II.

BEFORE bidding adieu to what we may call the heroic age in Newfoundland,—alas that our modern heroes should be so few!—let us linger awhile and lovingly recall the traditions of the brave days of old. Let us in contemplation of the heroic struggles of our sires, gather strength and inspiration for the battles which we must fight if we are to be worthy of them. It speaks volumes for the vigorous faith which animates these inveterate law-breakers, when we learn that, during excavations in 1873, on the site of the old chapel, a foundation-stone bearing date 1754, should have been unearthed. These figures must have been carved at a time when the outlook for the faith of St. Patrick was very unpromising to those who were not sustained by the assurance that a living faith cannot be uprooted, nor a genuine nationality destroyed. These were the days when the Bonfoys, Dorrills, Edwards, and Webbs, and all that foul tribe of blood-suckers and harpies, were vieing with each other in their eagerness to root out Popery and to plunder the mere Irish.

After the treaty of Paris in 1763, freedom of worship was granted to Canada. After the Declaration of Independence in 1776, Canada was quite secure, knowing that England dare not give her any reason to fall in line with the revolted colonies. But Newfoundland was not in that fortunate position. In 1761 Pasha Graves issued his ordinances confirming the taxes imposed upon Catholic and Irish traders by his predecessor Pasha Webb; but the French war gave him other employment besides collecting this blood-tax. In 1779, thanks to the healthy influence of continental rebellion, *official* persecution had

* In order to forestall possible hostile criticism it may be useful to state that the writer is actuated by no unreasoning hatred of *England*. It would ill become one who is of partly English descent to cherish any such feeling towards the land of Beckett and Langton, of Fisher, Manning, and Bagshawe; the land of More and Calvert, of Lucas, Ripon, and Blunt. But his detestation of Anglo-Saxon arrogance is only exceeded by his contempt for Irish Sycophancy.

practically ceased. Credit for this is due, not to any most gracious knave or blockhead, but to the reverses sustained at the hands of Washington and his men, "who went to war for a principle; who fought for an idea." All the greater pity that the bigotry of some of their leaders, should have thrown Canada into the arms of England. Now, thank God, and the Nemesis which follows nations as well as individuals, the might and power of England had found some other occupation besides priest-hunting, and dragooning a handful of Catholics in the lonely sea-girt isle, which by a shameless sarcasm, or a still more infamous apathy is nick-named "Britain's oldest Colony." Now by the blessing of God, although evil laws and evil men still prevailed, the time of the Midnight Mass has passed away. No more priest-hunts; no more house-burnings as propitiatory sacrifices to the genius of civil and religious liberty. No more were the days when the poet might sing

"Save us, O God! from the bloodhounds tooth,
The bigot's wrath and the scaffold's doom,
Keep us, O God! in the paths of truth,
In our woful journey towards the tomb.

Oh! let our wail to thy sight ascend,
Poor and forlorn we turn to thee,
Turn to thee as the sufferer's friend,
For pity, Lord, on our misery."

Timid and sad on their homeward way,
Down by the vale, and up by the pass;
Praying to God for a better day,
For themselves and their Faith, at the Midnight Mass."

It is pleasant to remember that even in the worst of those bitter times, the honest English Protestant was often the first to give warning to the hunted priest, who was thus enabled to escape the minions of the law. The plain, honest, hard-working people of any faith are always superior to the self-constituted *better class* whose sole faith is in their ability to humbug the toilers, and cheat them out of the fruits of their labor.

While giving due and willing honor to the heroic achievements of the sons of the Emerald Isle to whom we owe whatever we possess in the shape of freedom, it is not necessary to assume that every one who came "from the land beyond the sea," was a useful or desirable acquisition; that would be too much to expect. Nor was Ireland alone in sending us black sheep. Many a gallows-bird from the West-English shires cheerfully came to us enchanted with the reputation of the country, where there was freedom, and not only freedom but *license* for everyone except the turbulent Irish. One of the worst specimens of Irish production was the wretched man Bridge, whose name is destined to an infamous immortality, by reason of his complicity in the judicial murder of Father Nicholas Sheehy, at Clonmel, on March 15, 1766. He was hanged, drawn and quartered on the charge of having made way with Bridge, who had given testimony against him in 1762, while on trial for croppyism, or in other words for being a patriot priest, who commiserated the sufferings of his unfortunate people.

Bridge is said to have been in Newfoundland about 1773, having been sent there by those who thirsted for the blood of the priest. Most probably Bridge did not wilfully compass the death of the priest, but rather *allowed* it to save his own miserable life. In any case he would have found it wise to adopt (as he probably did) some less infamous designation when he got to "Trans-Atlantic Ireland," for the heroic age not having yet passed from us, there were men in Newfoundland at that time who would have dispensed to him swifter and surer justice than ever came from English bench since the dawn of history.

It recalls the annals of the times of good Queen Bess to read how the faithful *Soggarth* came to our isle during the heroic age when men did not feel it necessary to compound with their consciences for breaking unjust laws by boasting of their loyalty. There is very little to be told about their labors; they had other duties than keeping diaries to record their psychological impressions. But their good works have gone under the seal of the Recording Angel, and their names will not fade in the Heavenly courts — how they came disguised as fishermen; how they prayed with and instructed the people; how they fled to sea to avoid bringing the vengeance of the tyrants upon their defenceless flocks; how, when the ban-dogs of the *law* (*?*) had drawn off, they returned again to break the Bread of Life to a famishing people. All this and more; sufferings, sorrows and privations, such as we never dream of; this was the portion reserved for them. Of course they were illegal, but as William O'Brien says, "Illegality had been bred in them." They were not illegal because they were opposed to all law. Nothing of the sort. But in exact proportion as they revered law and all the elements of settled government, so did they loathe and scorn the negation of law which was presented to them at the sword's point; a false *simulacrum* of law; an infamous caricature of government.

Some slight traditional knowledge has been preserved of a few priests who were in the island just anterior to the arrival of Dr. O'Donel. Bishop Mullock, who made a careful investigation, mentions the names of Father Cain, O. S. A., who was there in 1770. He also names, without assigning any precise date, Father Londregan, O. S. A., and Fathers Daily, Power and Mahoney. Father Londregan spent some time at Plasentia, where, by this time, there was established a growing Irish settlement right under the guns of the old French fort then held by the English. It may have been that Father Londregan encouraged his friends at home to follow him there, for the name is still plentiful in that vicinity. Many other harbors, chiefly along the eastern and southern coasts, were receiving their share of Ireland's bone and sinew. Attracted by generous wages derived from the teeming fisheries, and remembering that their spiritual desolation could not be much more complete in Siberia or Timbuctoo than in Ireland at that time, the Irish came in large numbers to a land, where, even if they could not attain freedom and honorable distinction, they could at least find scope for the cultivation of that daring and love of nautical adventure so dear to their pagan sires, in whose ears as sweet music was

> "The wash of waves against a vessel's prow,
> The flap of banners on a windy day."

John Francis Maguire in his great work, after pointing out the firm grip with which the Irish exiles held to the land which owes them so much, in spite of all the discouragements and disadvantages imposed upon them by the State and the State church; how "Catholics were under a ban, hunted, persecuted, or grievously discouraged, while Protestants enjoyed in its fullness the advantages of a protected church and a dominant religion" continues in testimony to the bravery and energy of the Catholic fishermen: —

"In daring and energy, in the prosecution of their adventurous pursuit, the Irish (meaning the Catholics of Irish descent) are in every respect equal to the other fishermen who hunt the seal or capture the cod of the great bank. Indeed it would be difficult to see anywhere a body of men more full of life, vigor and intelligence, than may be found issuing from the Catholic Cathedral any Sunday of the year, when the fishermen are at home."

This style of writing may be necessary for the enlightenment of the omniscient British public, whom his book was intended to benefit. But despite its kindly intention, it can hardly fail to bring a smile to the face of any Catholic son of Terra Nova, — more especially, one who has seen his own father (not to go further back) gallantly braving wind-swept seas in blinding snow-storms, or reef-enveloping fogs; alike in winter's hail and rain as in summer's sunshine; cheerfully braving dangers and hardships to win a hardly-earned pittance from the deep, or perhaps in the performance of an arduous and ill-paid public duty.

As I write these words, there arises before my eyes the vision of a brave mariner, not tall and stalwart in form, nor not much resembling the stock heroes of fiction. But in my eyes at least, his gallant spirit and big broad heart more than compensate for shortness of stature. For fifty years, as boy and man he has made the ocean wave his pathway through life, and when a steady hand, a firm nerve, and a stout heart are needed, who asks for a hero of fictional proportions? Assuredly not I. Sufficient for me, that he is ready to do and ready to dare when duty calls him. And to-day though his hair is whitening, his strong arms beginning to stiffen, and his step not quite so active as in days of yore, his spirit is still as light, his heart as stout, and his laugh as cheery, as if half a century with its labors and responsibilities had not left their mark upon his broad shoulders.

At this time, and for sixty years later, a regular passenger packet service was maintained between Waterford and St. John's. Poor Charles Kickham, among his other inimitable pictures of Irish life, has given us Barney Broderick's discription of how he got on board a ship in Waterford where he found "The sailors shouting, and singing, and pulling ropes, and the women and children roaring and bawling, till you wouldn't know where you were standing." Then Barney is hailed by an acquaintance and they go to where "Patterson the piper" is playing the "Exile of Erin" and "Tattered Jack Walsh." Presently Barney's foot slips, and being stunned by the fall, when he recovers the ship is miles at sea, and "that's the way myself and

Patterson went to Newfoundland." Then he continues in deep regret that he was unable to bring with him a Newfoundland dog, "four months old and as big as a calf." This latter I fear was a Barneyism, though the case is not so unlikely when he adds, "I saw his father and mother drawing timber over ten miles of ground." Horses and cows were contraband in Terra Nova at that time, that faculty in the Pashas, which corresponds to reasoning powers, being convinced that the presence of live stock in the island would exercise a detrimental influence on the British Empire. From Waterford started most of the pioneers who, by their persistent opposition to the negation of justice, gave us a population which enabled our dear country to advance from the state of "A ship moored in mid-ocean" (to which hopeful prospect British statesmanship had perpetually consigned us) to the position of a country of which none of its sons need be ashamed, however deeply they are compelled to blush for the idiotic flunkeyism of those who are unworthy of the freedom which their sires won by manly and persistent struggling, and not by mouthing pitiful drivel, and attending Lady So-and-so's "At Homes."

"But," I hear some one say "This country which you admire, and of which you boast so much, is only an island." Only an island? Methinks the islands have done their share, and more, for the bigger world beyond them.

"But Memory blushes at the sneer,
And Honor burns with frown defiant,
And Freedom leaning on her spear,
Laughs louder than the laughing giant."

"An islet is a world," she said,
"When glory with its dust is blended."

. . . . . .

Glory enough we had in good sooth; but of late we have been making heavy drafts upon it, well calculated to swallow up principal and interest, if indeed we have not thrown *principle* to the winds in our indecorus haste to make loyalty cover a multitude of short-comings. Only a little while since a promoted Irish policeman was appointed governor of the island with a salary of $12,000 per annum besides $924 for his private secretary, and $300 for his orderly, and light and fuel as much as he could use or waste,— all at the people's expense. All this out of a poor, struggling population of 197,000 not long set free from the Anglo-Saxon incubus! If there is, outside of Turkey, a body of men bound in conscience to retribution, I assert that the ex-governors of Newfoundland are that body. But to return to our promoted policeman. He retained his office some two years, and so far as is known to the exiled sons of Terra Nova, (who are not always such Rip Van Winkle's as some they leave behind) he remained during this period in undisturbed enjoyment of his salary and his private secretary, his orderly and his perquisites. All this time he was never told by word or gesture that his very presence was an intolerable insult to a people in possession of theoretical self-government; that he was a pestilence

and a pollution to the nostrils of free men, and that whatever indulgence might be accorded to respectable mediocrities or half-pay military officers, he at least, with his enormous and iniquitous salary, should take the detestation and scorn of those who love liberty and hate oppression. But no; he drew his money, and for the toadyism of the so-called "better classes" he returned the contempt which your Irish *Shoneen* never fails to exhibit towards those who fail to utilize their opportunities and kick him as often as occasion serves. Later on when his esteemed wife found herself in more congenial company among the blacks of Jamaica, she printed in a London magazine an article on "seals and savages," — the savages of course being the brave fishermen, who, in pursuit of their arduous profession, cannot wear "*soft garments*" nor attend levees. It is true that their unsavory toil is the foundation of the whole system which supports official blood-suckers, while they, poor devils, are only savages, and such is their barbarity that they have been known to drink tea out of pannikins,— horrible thought! — and when in a great hurry have eaten their dinners without washing their hands and faces. It is fresh in the public mind how Salisbury wanted to promote Blake to Queensland; how that sturdy colony kicked back to the tune "No Coercionist need apply;" how the brutal oppressor of Ireland found Nemisis lying in wait for him under the Southern Cross. But it was a great day for Anglo-Saxonism, and in some measure a set-off to Queensland's rebuff, when those who aspired to the honorable position as leaders in public life joined hands with the Episcopal bishop instituted by the Queen's most excellent majesty in signing an *address of regret* that Newfoundland should be to the loss of the invaluable services of the Blakes. Archbishop Lynch could refuse to shake hands with the infamous evictor of Luggacurran; but in Newfoundland, beside whose incentives to independence and public spirit Ontario's traditions are pale and dim, no such honest action was exhibited. That was a dereliction of principle for which full reparation will yet be exacted with tears of blood, if the debt has not already been paid by the lives of scores of innocent children, and one brave priest, who have fallen victims to diphtheria, generated by the lack of sanitary sewerage, which, in a city founded *legally*, as most cities are (and not initiated by illegal squatting), would have been begun in its early days and extended contemporaneously with the growth of the population. But this digression has taken me far from Waterford and its emigrant ships.

To many of the American admirers of that brilliant orator and gallant soldier, Thomas Francis Meagher, it may be news that we in Newfoundland claim a more particular interest in him from the fact that his father was born in St. John's, Newfoundland. His grandfather emigrated to Newfoundland about the end of the third quarter of the last century. He became in turn a trader, merchant and shipowner, and carried on a prosperous commerce between St. John's and Waterford. He had married a rich widow named Mrs. Crotty, and two sons were born to him about 1780. The younger son, Patrick, became a Jesuit, and in 1836 was attached to St. Francis Xavier's

Church in Dublin. Thomas succeeded to his father's business, and returned to Waterford, and became in succession mayor and M. P. for that city. In the troubled era of 1848 he is described by Sir C. G. Duffy as "a silent, steadfast man, held in general respect." How is that for a native of the land of seals and savages? Thomas Francis was born at Waterford in 1823. In the year 1858, while travelling in Costa Rica, he met a Frenchman who "began life as a fisherman. From his cradle on the terraces of Brest he was cast adrift into the fogs of Newfoundland and there blossomed into manhood on grog and codfish." Who shall say how much the same Thomas Francis owed to fog, grog and codfish? Who shall say that the influence of the fog and the codfish had not sharpened to a keener edge the trenchant Celtic intellect? Or that his family motto *boldness in dangers, and trust in Heaven*, was not as truly significant in the lawless times in Terra Nova as in the bloody shambles when

> "The banner of green was foremost still
> With forty battles its green was red ——."

In 1784 the Rev. James Louis O'Donel, O. S. F., was appointed Prefect Apostolic. He was born in 1737 at Knocklofty, near Clonmel. He was educated at Limerick, and spent some time in the Franciscan convent at Prague, Bohemia. Afterwards he lived for some years as chaplain to distinguished families on the continent, and in 1775 returned to Ireland. For the next eight years he zealously applied himself to the duties of an Irish friar, and in 1779 he was elected Provincial for Ireland. This position he held till 1781. On landing in St. John's he found the situation anything but promising. What might have been a spiritual garden, radiant with all the fair flowering of the human mind and soul, was, thanks to British domination, a dreary waste. Naturally his first step was to try and secure a plot of ground upon which he built a chapel. The author of a pretentious and repulsive book called "The Irish in Canada," in his few references to Terra Nova, successfully contrives to entirely misapprehend the state of affairs there. At page 143 he speaks of Fr. O'Donnell. . . . "who was attracted by the toleration prevailing on those shores." Elsewhere he says: "The Rev. Dr. O'Donnell . . . led an Irish settlement thither." It would be in much greater harmony with facts, and fully as epigrammatic, to say that the unauthorized settlements of the Irish (who did not wait till royalty saw fit to proclaim religious toleration) "led Dr. O'Donel thither."

In 1785, under Gov. Campbell, the registry was made of the first piece of land allotted to the priest for the erection of a chapel, and the magistrates had authority *at their discretion* to allow him the temporary use of the court house. But liberty came by fits and starts. The following year "the Roman Catholic priest" was summoned before Prince William Henry, acting in his capacity of naval surrogate (or deputy-governor), to explain by whose authority he had built the church. This gallant and chivalrous sailor-prince, in his report to the governor, expressed deep concern that "the priest, from his great ascendency over the minds of these weak people, had made in the course of the last twelve

months a number of proselytes." According to Judge Pinsent this most gracious prince was much disturbed to find that the Catholics were erecting a chapel "without any public authority whatever," and he was filled with deep horror in contemplating the fatal consequences which must inevitably flow from "the growing power of the priests in the out-harbors." He reported that in general he found the people quiet; but his royal feelings were harrowed by the discovery that "they do not show that proper respect to the magistrate owing to the awe they have for the priest." Judge Pinsent also finds "that it is a unique fact in colonial history, and peculiar to this island, that a king of England had at one time been a magistrate in one of the dependencies of his crown." Happy dependency to be so blessed; thrice happy judge to have enthusiasm to waste on such a unique fact.

Part III. next month. J. W. O'R.

Electricity and its Dangers.

Of Archbishop Corrigan's request to the rectors of the archdiocese of New York, that no electric lights be used in Catholic churches until the safety of the lights has been clearly demonstrated, a Catholic authority says: "Electric lighting in Catholic churches has been under consideration by the Sacred College of the Propaganda in Rome for some time. It was referred to the Propaganda by an American Bishop since electric lighting in houses and buildings has come into vogue. The fact is the College of the Propaganda is considering the question in all its phases, and that not the least important among these are the ecclesiastic and religious ones. The college is considering whether or not electric lights are proper to be introduced in the churches, apart from the question of safety. Electricity as yet is something that nobody knows anything about. Its real character is undetermined. Whether or not this agent that kills people should be allowed in the churches is a grave question. The College of the Propaganda has not yet decided the matter, and in the mean time, when there is so much question as to the safety of the current, it is entirely in accord with common sense that these two thousand-volt currents should not be allowed in our churches. There is only one Catholic church in this city, in fact, where the electric lights have been introduced. That is Father Larkin's Church of the Holy Innocents, in West Thirty-seventh street. There the lights have only been recently put in, and the current supplying them is of very low voltage. The system of the lights there, is, I believe, the incandescent system, and I do not understand that there is a strong enough current generated about the church to kill or harm anybody. Nevertheless, in view of the Archbishop's caution, it is safe to say that there will be no electric lights in Father Larkin's church, or in any other, until the matter is settled."

It is better for a spiritual man to suffer bodily cold, than to feel in his soul the least flame of impure passion.— *St. Francis.*

Where is He?

THE following verses were suggested by this eloquent passage in Cardinal Gibbons' magnificent new book, OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE:

"Cast your eyes upward, and contemplate the starry firmament. Consider that immense space above and around you between heaven and earth. Cast your eyes downward, and behold in imagination the bottom of the deep underlying countless fathoms of water. I tell you there is not an inch of space in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth, that is not filled with God's presence."

Where is He? — Ask his emblem,
The glorious, glorious sun,
Who glads the round world with his beams
Ere his day's long course is run.
Where is He?—Ask the stars that keep
Their nightly watch on high.
Where is He? — Ask the pearly dews,
The tear-drops of the sky.

Where is He? — Ask the secret founts
That feed the boundless deep;
The dire simoom, or soft night breeze
That lulls the earth to sleep.
Where is he? — Ask the storm of fire
That bursts from Etna's womb,
And ask the glowing lava flood
That makes the land a tomb.

Where is He? — Ask the Maelstrom's whirl,
Breaking strong pines like glass;
Ask the giant oak, the graceful flower,
Or the simple blade of grass.
Where is He? — Go ask Behemoth,
Who drinketh rivers dry;
The ocean king, Leviathan,
Or the tiny summer fly.

December 30th, 1889.

Where is He? — Ask the awful calm
On mountain tops that rests;
And the bounding, thund'ring avalanche,
Rent from their rugged crests.
Ask the wide, wasting hurricane,
Careering on its might;
The thunder crash, the lightning blaze,
Earth all convulsed with fright.

Where is He? — Ask the crystal isles
On Arctic Seas that sail,
Or ask, from lands of balm and spice,
The perfume breathing gale,
Where in the universe is found
That presence favor'd spot, —
All — all proclaim his dwelling-place —
But say — WHERE IS HE NOT?

O God! whose brightness fills the sky,
Whose beauty gilds the earth,
In cloud, earth, ocean, mountain high,
Mid sorrow, doubt or mirth;
Reveal to me Thy mystic face,
That I may love, not fear,
Grant me the ardor and the grace
To hold Thy bounty dear.

M.

A Good Story About Andrew Jackson.

A VERY good story comes to us about Andrew Jackson. A boarding-house keeper at Washington had permitted a clerk in one of the departments to run up a large board bill. The clerk moved to another place, and refused payment. The poor woman, finding all other attempts to collect useless, called one morning at the White House, and stated her case to the President. The President told her to go to the clerk, get a note payable in thirty days, and bring it to him. When she brought it, he took a pen and wrote on the back, Andrew Jackson, and told her to put it in a bank for collection. In due time the clerk was notified by the bank. He paid no attention to the notice until a friend asked him if he knew who had indorsed the note. He replied that he did not believe anybody would be fool enough to indorse his note. His friend told him that the indorser was *Andrew Jackson.* The clerk lost no time in getting the money and paid the note. A few days after he received notice that his services were no longe needed in the department.

St. Brendan, the First Discover of America.

The hagiology of Ireland is very interesting, but alas! is for the great majority, even of Irishmen, all but a sealed letter. The great Frenchman, Montalembert, beautifully comments on this subject in the following style:

"The ecclesiastical antiquity and hagiology of Ireland constitute an entire world of inquiry. The productiveness of the monastic germ planted by Patrick and Bridget was prodigious; for shortly the monasteries of Bangor,* Ireland, Clonfert and elsewhere, became entire towns, each of which inclosed more than three thousand cenobites. There was, besides, an intellectual development which the hermits of Egypt had not known. They explained Ovid there; they copied Virgil; they devoted themselves especially to Greek literature; they drew back from no inquiry — from no discussion. A characteristic still more distinctive of the Irish monk, as of all their nation, was the imperious necessity of spreading themselves without, of seeking or carrying knowledge and faith afar, and of penetrating into the most distant regions to watch or combat Paganism; this monastic nation became, therefore, the missionary nation in *par excellence;* while some came to Ireland for religious instruction, the Irish missionaries launched forth from their island; they covered the land and seas of the West. Unwearied navigators they landed on the most desert island, they overflowed the continent with their successive emigrations; they saw in incessant vision a world known and unknown to be conquered for Christ."

Saint Bernard tells us "That from Ireland as from an overflowing stream, crowds of holy men descended on foreign nations." Was ever panegyric more appropriate than that of Eric of Auxerre? "Need I mention Ireland, who, despising the dangers of the deep, emigrates to our shores with almost the whole host of her philosophers, the greatest among them become voluntary exiles to minister to the taste of our wisest Solomon."

The subject of our sketch, SAINT BRENDAN of Clonfert, was a native of Kerry, Ireland, where he was born towards the close of the fifth century. His early youth was passed under the care of the illustrious Saint Ita, justly styled the Saint Bridget of Munster.

It is stated that Saint Patrick while journeying through Kerry, prophesied his birth, sanctity and greatness. That he was a man of undaunted courage and fearless independence we may judge from the following remarkable incident in his life.

It is a singular fact that the renowned Saint Columbkill was *excommunicated* by a synod convoked near Kells, in the County Meath, for having been instrumental in exciting a war against King Dermod by the forces of Tyrone and Connaught. This sentence, through the influence of Saint Brendan, was afterwards withdrawn and one of *expulsion from Ireland* substituted. When Saint Brendan was asked how he could give *the kiss of peace* to an excommunicated man, which

*The monastery of Bangor was founded by St. Comgal, in the sixth century.

he did when Columba appeared before the assembly, he replied: "You would never have excommunicated Brendan had you seen what I have — a pillar of fire that goes before him, and the angels that accompany him. *I dare not disdain* a man predestined by God to be the guide of an entire people to eternal life.'

The story of his western voyage and discovery of America is the most interesting part of his history. Though many look upon it as a pleasing fiction, an entrancing romance, still when we consider how well it has been authenticated by historical documents, there is nothing improbable or fictitious in it. In corroboration of this discovery, there are no less than eleven Latin MSS. in the Imperial library in Paris, varying in date from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, while several more in French, Dutch, German, Italian and Portugese can be found in the *Bibliotheques* of the continent; and the admirable work of Professor Rafin at Copenhagen, published in 1837, sets at rest all doubts on the subject. The Scandinavian sages whose works have been translated and published in the present century, established the fact that the Scandinavian navigators reached America at least five centuries before Columbus started on his memorable voyage; but they very generously acknowledge that the Irish had been in America at a much earlier period, and in their works they call the country "Ireland it Mikla," or "Great Ireland."

Humboldt believes that the Canary Islands were known to the Phœnicians and Etruscans, and it is not at all improbable that the Phœnicians in their voyages across the Gulf of Guinea may have been driven on the American coasts. The Chinese have written accounts of a very early discovery of America by their navigators, in which the religion, customs and manners of the people are described as corresponding with those of the Aztecs of Mexico.

These Irish monks were renowned navigators, and frequently crossed the sea in their boats, and discovered all the bays, gulfs, straits, and caverns around the rock-bound coasts of Scotland. The following is from an old Irish poem:

> "Honor to the soldiers who live in Iona;
> There are three times fifty who live under the monastic rule,
> Seventy of whom are appointed to row,
> And cross the sea in their leathern barks."

These monks were the discoverers of the Shetland Islands, and even ventured as far as Iceland, where the first Christian church bore the name of Columba, in honor of St. Columbkill, who was surnamed "Columba of the Churches," on account of the number of churches he built. We read in the life of Columbkill, that, being forced to leave his native country, he left Ireland, with twelve companions, in one of those great barks of osier, covered with hide, which the Celtic nations employed for their navigation, and landed, after a favorable voyage, upon a desert island, which he has made immortal, and is now known by the name of Iona. The celebrated Dr. Johnson, justly styled "The Monarch of English Literature," writing in the eighteenth century, speaking of a visit to Iona, says:

"We are now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessing of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavored, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us to the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

These adventurous voyages and discoveries are fully given by Adamman in his life of St. Columbkill, but it would take up too much space to follow the details of the learned and holy abbott. Some of these poor monks lost their lives in these voyages and explorations.

When we read of such venturesome voyages, should we wonder that St. Brendan, inspired by the same daring spirit, should reach the shores of America, and leave on record the strange story and tradition of a great Western world, that afterwards inspired Columbus to its discovery. It is not at all improbable that the reading of the accounts of this voyage first suggested to the adventurous mind of Columbus the idea of the existence of a Western continent. The following is the record of St. Brendan's voyage and discovery: "We are informed that St. Brendan, hearing of the previous voyage of his cousin Barinthius in the Western ocean, and obtaining from him an account of the happy isles he had discovered in the far West, determined, under the strong desire of winning souls to God, to undertake a voyage of discovery himself. And aware that along the western coasts of Ireland there were many traditions respecting the existence of a Western land, he proceeded to the Island of Arran; here he remained for some time holding communication with the venerable St. Enda, and obtaining from him much information on which his mind was bent."

It is an indisputable, historical fact that the Irish traded with the Phœnicians at a very early period, and learned much in naval affairs from this great maritime people; and every person conversant with Irish history is fully aware that the Irish possessed, both for trading and military purposes, vessels of considerable size, and much more commodious than the yachts and schooners that safely cross the Atlantic in our own day; otherwise, how could they have traded to Africa or Asia, or how could they have transported large armies with their supplies across the channel.

St. Brendan having prosecuted his inquiries with all diligence and success, so encouraging was the information he received, that he returned to his native Kerry, and after due preparation, sailed from a bay which bears his name, directing his course to the south-west, in order to meet the summer solstice, or what is generally known as the tropics. We are told that his voyage was long and rough, but his bark being well stocked with provisions he was enabled to bear up manfully till his hopes were crowned with joy after being carried along "summer seas"— probably the great Gulf Stream, which brought his vessel ashore somewhere along the Virginia Capes.

After Brendan and his *compagnons de voyage* had sufficiently recuperated from the fatigue of their long and arduous voyage, they resolved to penetrate the interior of the country, and after an exploration of fifteen days in the pathless prairies of the West, they came to a great river running in a different direction from those they had hitherto crossed — probably the Ohio River; and from here, deterred by insurmountable obstacles, arising, perhaps, from the scarcity of provisions or the disaffection of his followers, he returned to his ship, and embarked for his native land.

This is the short story of Saint Brendan's voyage, which, according to Colgan, took place in the year 540, and in which in all he had spent seven years.

An objection likely to be raised against this voyage is that the mariner's compass was then unknown, and that, without it, it would be impossible for them to steer their way in an unknown sea. To this objection we reply that the Phœnicians sailed over different seas and even across the Atlantic without the knowledge of the compass. Besides some of the oldest and the best sea captains of the present day are guided more in their course by the planets and the elements than by the compass.

In conclusion, then, we think we have adduced satisfactory evidence to prove that the discovery of America was several centuries anterior to the time of Columbus and also that there is nothing improbable in the statement of Saint Brendan's discovery.

The saint is said to have died in the year 577, at the ripe old age of ninety-four years, and was laid to rest in his own monastery at Clonfert, which is said to have had at one time within its cloistered walls no less than three thousand monks, from all parts of Ireland and Britain.

Montreal, Jan. 1, 1890. REV. D. V. CROWLEY.

Medicinal Properties of Vegetables.

THE following information may be useful to some at this season of the year, if not new to many:—

Spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys.

The common dandelion, used as greens, is excellent for the same trouble.

Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system, and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia.

Tomatoes act upon the liver.

Beets and turnips are excellent appetizers.

Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system.

Onions, garlic, leeks, olives, and shalots, all of which are similar, possess medicinal virtues of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice promoting digestion.

Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. They are a tonic and nutritious.

Louis XI. and Francis of Paula.

THE powerful King Louis XI. fell sick, and no physician could afford him relief. He sent messengers with many valuable gifts to Francis, asking the saint to come and help him. But Francis would neither accept the gifts nor repair to the royal palace. The king, therefore, had recourse to the King of Naples, in order that the latter might induce the saint to undertake the journey. But the saint refused even then to set out on a journey of four hundred miles, to enable a prince to cling for a few brief years to the world and to life. But King Louis persisted, and finally appealed to the Pope. Francis could not disobey the voice of the Head of the Church, and set out on his journey. The king went out to meet him and begged for his assistance. Saint Francis answered: "We must, O King, give ourselves up to the will of God. In His hands are life and death. Little more of life remains to you; you must make such preparations as death demands." The king ordered a dwelling to be given the saint, with all the furnishings and necessaries of life on a luxurious scale. The saint refused to accept them. The king then sent him a picture of the Mother of God, made of pure gold, together with a purse of ducats, for the purpose of building a monastery. These the saint likewise sent back, with the following words: "It were better the king would restore his ill-gotten goods than give them away in alms."

Finally, the prayers and admonitions of Francis were effectual; the king made reparation for his sins, and died penitent.

Prize Argument for Single Blessedness.

A GERMAN paper, some time ago, invited all masculine readers over forty who had remained single, to make a public statement of their reasons for not entering into the matrimonial alliance. The best and wittiest piece was to receive a prize of twenty marks. The jury appointed to decide upon the merits of the statements consisted of three persons, — a young girl, a young married lady, and a mother-in-law. In response to this invitation, one hundred and forty-seven answers were received at the office of the paper. After long discussion and deliberation, the jury awarded the prize to the author of the following declaration: "From my earliest youth, I was hot-tempered and vain, and never was satisfied with the good things which I enjoyed, but always wished and strived for better things; therefore I was guided by the words of the Holy Gospel, which say that he does well who gets a wife unto him, but that he who does not do so acts still better. As an idealist, I could be perfectly sure that the poet's words in reference to 'two hearts that beat as one' would never be justified in matrimony. As a realist, I could understand that marriage was a lottery, and that, in view of the small chances for success, it was not worth while to take any risks. As an egoist, I can say, 'I entirely gratify my own self, and why should I make any sacrifice?' For marriage is nothing but a sacrifice of the ego. As a crank, I add that a girl without a dowry I do not wish to marry, and a girl with a dowry I cannot get."

No Place Like Home.

WHAT we need in America to-day is more home life, more homes. After the salvation of one's own soul, which should underlie all the aims, thoughts and desires of every Christian man, what is chiefly to be the end of every true father's efforts is the building up and sanctifying of a home, if he has none; or the maintaining and perfecting it in all honor, peace, prosperity and happiness, where one already exists. This is, in God's design, and under His expressly declared will, the first and chief object of a true man's solicitude. Whilst God and His angels are preparing an eternal home for those who do His will, they should, while on earth, be at work in rearing an image of that heavenly home, where, in the words of Saint Bernard, all should be "Truth, Love and Eternity." No matter what man's state or calling in life may be, whether rich or poor, cultivated or unlettered, young or advanced in years, his aim ought to be to secure a home. All nature teaches man this lesson. The birds of the air and lower creation enforce it. Man alone forgets to provide himself with a place of shelter, protection and peace. What is man without a home? He is a wanderer and an outcast.

THE HOLIEST PLACE ON EARTH.

The home is to society what the sanctuary is to the church,—the holiest and most sacred place on earth. Happy is the nation that is blessed with many homes. It is the nation's best security and protectection. It is in the home those virtues which go to make up true manhood and womanhood are fostered and strengthened. Around the home cling the most hallowed memories. There the lessons of true wisdom, piety, and good citizenship are best inculcated. It is the training-school of a whole people.

A FATHER'S INFLUENCE.

In the elements that constitute a happy home the influence of the father is paramount, and will be felt for good or ill upon the entire family. The father is the priest of this social sanctuary. The influence of a good father is felt like the gentle presence of God's grace in the home. Unfortunately there are many fathers who fail to realize the solemn nature and importance of the duties they owe to their families. There are too many here in America, where it is open to almost every honest, sober, industrious man, to get a home, who neglect to provide themselves and their families with this prime requisite to happiness. They waste their best years and energies without as much as a thought given to the subject. Only when it is, alas! too late, and golden opportunities have been allowed to pass by, do they think about the matter at all. In their old age they have to fall back upon the charity of others to find shelter and support, when they are no longer able to provide for themselves.

THE HOMELESS.

And the number of the homeless is growing rapidly with us. All our institutions for helpless old age are crowded, and there is a

steady demand for more room. A great educational work can be done, especially by the ministers of religion, in assisting, by counsel and exhortation, by timely suggestions and words of encouragement, the poor working men of America, in building up happy and comfortable homes.

DUTIES OF THE FATHER.

To those who are already blessed with their own homes, a word of direction, especially to fathers, may not be out of place here. The father ought always to spend his evenings with his own family. He should know his children and not be almost an entire stranger, as frequently happens, to them. He should enter into their thoughts and amusements, get a knowledge of their dispositions; should assist in training and moulding their inclinations aright. At all times he should aim to secure the confidence of his children. And to do this, he must be frank and open with them. He must provide them with the legitimate means of recreation in the way of sound, interesting, and instructive reading matter; also with the proper amusements, and such other means as will make home attractive to the little ones — so that they will be made to realize that "there is no place like home."

FOES OF THE HOME.

The father having done this much must be careful to exclude from the home whatever would endanger its peace and happiness. He should not admit into this sanctuary of the home every companion, associate, or acquaintance of his boys or girls. He must be guided in this matter by an inexorable law, allowing no one to visit his family except those whose character is above reproach. Thousands of homes are wrecked because fathers and mothers are indifferent on this head. They allow perfect strangers, who turn out to be sometimes wicked and designing persons, to invade their homes. These spend whole evenings in the company of their children with a result that need not be told. How many promising young men have been led astray, have lost their faith, and gone forth to a wicked, criminal life, because easy going parents failed to exercise due care and forethought in guarding the entrance to the home.

ADVERSE CONDITIONS OF OUR AGE.

It is but too true that the conditions of modern life tend daily more and more to weaken if not destroy the family and home life. Our boasted nineteenth century progress and enlightment are not wholly unmixed blessings. Many evil results follow the march of material advancement. Happiness and progress are far from being synonomous terms. Gladly do we welcome everything that tends to improve the material condition of man; whatever helps to better man's physical state; whatever tends to lighten human suffering and misery; whatever goes to make the home more comfortable and happy; whatever is an aid to humanity in the better fulfillment of duty, no matter whence it may come, is to be hailed as a blessing and accepted as such. The fact, moreover, cannot be ignored that our advanced

civilization, as we style it, has in a measure forced us to live under conditions and in circumstances that are unfavorable to that healthy growth and development of home life upon which depend national morality, true happiness, and the instruction in sound religious principles. Home to those who live in our crowded cities has lost much of its true meaning. City tenements and flats are not homes. Far from it, indeed. The idea of home carries with it the idea of permanence. Those who are preparing to move every first of April or May, under the new and better order, have really no fixed or permanent abode; hence no home, and they will find it very difficult, however well disposed they may be, to cultivate, under such circumstances, family or home life. Yet, it is not the material surroundings that make up the full meaning of the word home. It is the happy relations; the kindly, treasured affections of the members for one another founded on the charity of God; the cultivation of virtue and domestic peace, — these are the things that go to make up the home; without them the word is meaningless. It must be, as I have said, a sanctuary, a holy place, for the family, the nursery of the true citizen of both earth and heaven. Its work must span life and eternity, and it must prepare and fit its inmates for this world and the next.

OTHER FOES OF THE HOME.

Already I have touched upon some of the most dangerous foes of the home. But other enemies of domestic peace and happiness equally as dangerous and more insidious are to be noted. The inspired word of God warns us that we must guard our heart, for out of it issueth life. What the heart is to the human system, the home is to the family and society. Allow the heart to go wrong, to become disorganized, and the entire system will feel at once the bad effects. So if the atmosphere of the home is allowed to be contaminated by the introduction of bad or dangerous elements, there will soon be found instead of spiritual life, weakness, moral decay, and even spiritual death. The sanctuary is defiled, and the white-robed messengers of domestic peace, happiness, and prosperity are put to flight.

THE WORST DESTROYERS — BAD BOOKS AND PAPERS.

Bad books, bad papers, and pictures are to be reckoned among the worst destroyers of the home. If evil communications corrupt good morals, what is the incalculable mischief done through bad literature? The world to-day is filled with dangerous, nay, even avowedly wicked books and papers. And sad to state the rising generation largely read — devour this vile literature. The modern novel makes its appearance in all forms and under all disguises. Novel reading is fashionable, which is not in itself a bad fashion, if only sound taste and good judgment were observed in this matter as is required in all other things that are fashionable.

The trouble is that the readers of novels do not exercise this sound taste and discrimination in what they read. They follow the craze of the day. What is known as the Realistic school of novel writers has,

at the present time, a strong hold on the vitiated tastes of the readers of romance. The utterly base and vulgar productions of this class of writers are eagerly devoured by persons who would not dare to speak in decent society the thoughts of their favorite author. The most dangerous of infidel and anti-social ideas are circulated through many of these novels. Morality does not count at all, and vice, in its most degraded form, is glorified. If no one can touch pitch without being defiled, surely no healthy mind can read the modern novel, adapted from the French, or a base imitation of the worst style of the Realistic school of writers, with any degree of safety to one's morals. As well might one expect to take deadly poison, arsenic or strychnine, into the system without endangering life as read this vile literature without being defiled in mind and heart. No, the poison of a bad book is as deadly and as active as that sold at the corner drug-store. The one should be handled with just as much caution as the other. The druggist labels his deadly preparation, but the poison of the bad book is so concealed and sugar-coated that it is oftentimes not detected until it has successfully worked its fatal effects.

THE HOME SHOULD BE MADE ATTRACTIVE TO THE YOUNG.

The home should be made attractive especially to the younger members of the family. To do this successfully will demand a good share of the parents' thought and attention. The young people must be made to realize that there is no place like home. Once they find this out, little, if any, difficulty will be experienced in keeping them aloof from the thousand and one attractions, mostly dangerous, to which the world invites them. The parents must, then, as I have said, supply their children with the proper means of recreation in the home. What these means are must be determined, in a large measure, by the judgment and circumstances of the parents. There are various kinds of amusements suited to the home in which the younger, and even the older, members of the family will be easily interested. There ought to be as much variety as possible in those amusements, because children soon tire of the same thing. Games of chance, when there is nothing or little at stake, need not be rigidly forbidden. These games when properly conducted have sometimes a very good effect in developing mental qualities, such as caution, tact, patience, foresight and gentlemanly behavior in those who take part in them. Parents will do well to enter fully into the spirit of these games and amusements of their children. They will thus have an opportunity of showing their children that they are interested in what interests their boys and girls. And, furthermore, they will be able by so doing to inculcate these qualities of the mind above referred to.

BEST DEFENDERS OF THE HOME.

As bad books are the most dangerous foes of the home so good books and papers are among its best defenders. As the former should be rigidly excluded so the latter should be liberally introduced. No home — above all no Christian home — should be without a regular

supply of good literature. Books and papers are now within the reach of even the poor man. At a trifling cost every home may be easily supplied with at least one of our Catholic weekly papers, and a few standard Catholic books. Frequently has the Church directed attention to this very important subject. It is much to be feared that parents have not fully heeded the council and direction of the Church warning them, on the one side, to beware of the poison of vile literature, and, on the other, to cultivate themselves and assist their children in cultivating a taste for sound, healthy reading. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has well and beautifully said that "a truly Catholic paper in a parish is a perpetual mission." These words speak the sublime mission of the Catholic press, and the mighty influence for good that it exercises over its readers. No better visitor can come into the Christian home than a good Catholic paper or periodical. In fact, such a paper is almost a necessity for all who wish to keep abreast of the times, of the history and progress of Catholicity in our day. The press is a powerful engine for good or evil. Let us, Catholic Americans, use it for God and religion. And we prove our interest in its great mission by a generous patronage and support of Catholic literature. There are very few Catholic families who do not get one or more of the daily papers or secular weeklies. What excuse, then, can these people put forward if they fail to subscribe for a Catholic paper or monthly? While the secular press to-day, in America, is not openly hostile to our holy faith, and gives a fair exhibit of religious news, it is, at the same time, true that it deals with religion only incidentally. Its mission is not to instruct but rather to furnish "the news" of the day. And we all know how careless and unscrupulous it oftentimes is in dealing with Catholic subjects. How easily Catholic readers are shocked by some false statement, some ugly scandal alleged to have occurred here or there, and set forth in glaring headlines in the daily press? Insensibly the faith of those who read constantly the secular press and never take up a Catholic book or paper grows weaker. They soon forget their earlier knowledge of religion and become indifferent in the practice of their faith.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

It is the mission of the Catholic press to keep alive a knowledge of religion; to correct misstatements; to contradict falsehoods; to furnish such news from all parts of the world as will interest its readers; to discuss and defend the burning Catholic questions of the day; in fine, to enlighten its readers regarding the Church, its organizations, doctrines, and practices. No wonder that Leo XIII. has likened it to a perpetual mission among the people! For that, in truth, it is and always should aim to be. The Catholic clergy will find the press one of their best and strongest supporters in the cause of religion. And for that reason they should, from time to time, urge upon their people the necessity of its liberal support.

To help the readers of this article to make a selection of such books and papers as may be classed among the best for a Catholic home, the following list is suggested: —

1. One or more of our Catholic weekly papers.

2. One or more, for those who can afford it, of these perodicals: — The Catholic World; The American Catholic Quarterly Review; DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE; The London Month.

3. The Holy Bible; Butler's Lives of the Saints; Cardinal Gibbons' Faith of our Fathers; Catholic Belief; Cardinals Newman and Manning's works; Father Faber's works; Brownson's; Archbishop Spalding's and Father Hecker's; Balmez's European Civilization.

4. Among the standard English authors, all or any of the following: — Shakespeare, Dante's translation, Milton, Goldsmith, Burke, Moore, Sheridan, Tennyson, Longfellow, Irving.

5. Histories of the Church; of the United States; of Ireland; and England (Lingard's).

6. Light literature: the works of Scott, Dickens, Miss Edgeworth, Lytton, Cooper, Irving; Fabiola, and Callista — to specially name two classics; the works of Madam Craven; Mrs. Dorsey's; Lady Fullerton's, of Kathleen O'Meara; Rose Mulholland's and Miss Tynan's writings.

This list may be improved; other names, perhaps, should be added, and one or more of those mentioned omitted. On the whole, I trust it will prove satisfactory, and may be of some slight service in aiding the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE to make a good selection of sound literature for the home.

Pittsburg, Pa. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Irish Zeal Complimented by an Englishman.

AN English Protestant writing in the Contemporary Review pays the following tribute to the zeal of the Irish people as a missionary race: "Ireland," he says, "is to the future of Catholicism what England has been to the Protestant world. Ireland has always been the Isle of the Saints; but few Englishmen understand that in the new world which is springing up around us the Irish are the missionary race. In a remarkable sermon which Bishop Vaughan preached many years ago in Rome, he brought out with extraordinary effect this too often unnoticed feature of the Irish character. But for the Irish the whole English-speaking world, beyond the narrow limits of the Catholic caste in Great Britain, would be almost exclusively Protestant. It is owing to Ireland — and to Ireland almost alone — that the Holy See is able to establish its bishoprics in every land where the English tongue is spoken, and to encompass the world with churches not reared *partibus infidelium*, but in the midst of the household of faith. The Irish brogue is as universal as the English language, and wherever there is the brogue there also is the Mass. In Rome there is the great ecclesiastical department of the Propaganda; but the real Congregation de Propaganda Fide, upon which the Catholic Church must depend for maintaining its hold upon the coming time, is the Irish race, with its cradle and its priest."

THE war with our enemy never ceases; for us, the warfare lasts during a whole lifetime. — *St. Francis.*

What our Holy Father Says.

On Christmas Eve the Sacred College of Cardinals waited upon the Sovereign Pontiff to present to his Holiness their customary congratulations for the feast of Christmas. The address from their Eminences was read by Cardinal Monaco de Valetta, Dean of the Sacred College, and gave expression to their feelings of devoted attachment to the Holy Father, and of great joy at the close and affectionate union which bound them together in loyalty to him and to the Holy See. The Pope seemed deeply moved as he listened to the reading of the address, and replied to it in words of great earnestness and tenderness. He told them that he received their greetings with gratitude, and that he looked upon their fervent wishes for peace for the Church as singularly appropriate to the circumstances of the world just at present. The world, continued his Holiness, is waging a deadly warfare against the Church and in many parts religious interests are being bitterly and persistently persecuted. This, he added, is especially so in Italy, and most of all in Rome itself, where the action of the Church, its priesthood, its teachings, and its most vital concerns are being treated with the utmost contumely, and can scarcely find room for even a bare existence. Violent efforts are being made to suppress every religious institution, and men are to be met with who, in their blind fury, are waging battle against the Creator Himself. The Church of Christ is, however, the main object of their attacks, and in their fierce desire to overthrow it they stop at no outrage and shrink from no excesses. "Hence," said the Pope, "peace is now essentially needed, for the position of the Holy See is more embarrassing than ever; its liberty and its independence are subjected to intolerable restraints." In the midst of all his trials and tribulations, the Holy Father added that he finds an abounding consolation in the union which everywhere throughout the Catholic world exists between the pastors and the flocks, and of which he is daily receiving the most comforting and convincing proof. To strengthen, if it be possible, this bond of holy union, his Holiness told the Sacred College that he is about soon to issue an Encyclical to all the Bishops of the Church, in which he will earnestly impress upon all Catholics their special duties in the present emergency, which are love for the Church, open and courageous profession of the Christian faith, the defence and development of religious undertakings, perfect concord with one another, and dutiful submission to their consecrated pastors. His Holiness concluded his reply with a touching aspiration that God would mercifully hear their prayers, and bring to a speedy close the trials of the Church.

Rich Man — "My dear fellow, you shouldn't envy me; you know contentment is better than wealth." Poor man — "That so? Then suppose you let me have your wealth and you have the contentment, which you say is preferable. In that way we will both be content." — "Oh, come off; your ideas would upset the whole scheme of society."

The Editor.

Of all the "Powers" that rule mankind,
To plague us or to benefit,
If any a mightier can find
Than printer's ink and rags combined,
I own I do not 'ken of it.
The mighty Press! it moves the "masses,"
It checks the "crowns," and curbs the "classes,"
And pulls down many a potentate.
But — who's the King who wields this power,
And rules the world from hour to hour,
And counts each one his debitor?
Behold! in autocratic state,
He sits enthroned — The editor!

'Gainst him what's kaiser, king, or czar,
With warships and with warriors?
With leaden type he wages war;
His "columns," "lines," and "leaders" are
Unchecked by all such barriers.
Whilst only at home *they* rule,— or may,
He over all extends his sway,
From crowned heads down to acrobats;
He claims o'er all mankind to reign
By right of "eminent domain,"
And as first-mortgage creditor;
Hence, "blood and iron" autocrats
Pay tribute to — The editor.

"The wonder" long has ceased to "grow,"
How his "one head" is competent
To judge of all things here below,—
Of church, of state, of cattle-show,
Art, science, trade and parliament.
Why statesmen do not let him guide them,
Is passing strange to all, beside them
Who read his "leading articles;"
For there he shows them, every day,
Their sad mistakes, and how they may
Prop up their tottering credit; or,
From all their awkward pits and pickles,
Be rescued by — The editor.

O, wondrous man! All praise to thee!
A sword and sceptre is thy pen!
To thee look up, all enviously,
E'en greatest men, of high degree,
Prime ministers and aldermen.
When your son's career you choosing are,
Parents, think not of stage or bar,
Of navy, senate or army.
For what's a general or navigator,
Judge, or actor, or legislator
Beside *him* as competitor?
O be advised! — If wise you be,
You'll make the boy — An editor!

Beverly, N. J. Rev. James McKernan.

Saved!

AN IRISHMAN'S SENSATIONAL ARCTIC ADVENTURES.

Mr. John Petrie O'Byrne, Reported Lost in Lapland, has been Saved, and Narrates his Escape.

A FEW weeks ago it was reported in the Dublin Freeman's Journal that Mr. J. Petrie O'Byrne, the veteran Irish explorer, had been lost in the wreck of a whaling boat off the coast of Spitzbergen. Mr. O'Byrne had already made several excursions to northern lands. Some four years ago he paid a visit to the museums and historic monuments of Scandinavia, and he set out again some time ago in quest of Irish national monuments and relics, and succeeded in discovering the tombs of the Irish kings who ruled Norway in the twelfth century. In Bengan and Drontheim he was fortunate in tracing the long-lost literary treasures which the Dano-Norwegians carried away from Ireland during the invasions of the country in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Our readers generally will be glad to learn that the report of Mr. O'Byrne's death is erroneous. The following very interesting communication has just been received from him by Mr. David Fagan, a prominent member of the Irish Antiquarian and Historical Society, to which Mr. Petrie's letter refers. The graphic description of his exciting adventures will be read with great interest:—

LAPPONESE GANIME, KOLAFIORD,
JULOMA RIVER, LAPLAND, NOV. 3.

My Dear Sir: — Here the moon and the aurora are my only light, day and night. The progress of the nineteenth century from a comparative savagedom and ignorance to civilization and education is everywhere acknowledged to have been simply enormous; but it will never do to forget in the consolation of the present the worlds which are still to conquer. What we have been has made us what we are, and what we are holds the secret of what we shall be. The future, then, will simply be the evolution of the present, and mankind must and will progress in spite of the quidnuncs and the croakers. As Ireland — Young Ireland — has not yet been taught

THE WISDOM OF ESTABLISHING A GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY,

and as geography is still the Cinderella of the schools — despised by the teachers, disliked by pupils — I naturally cast about for an Irish institution to write what I have got to say on my little expedition to the home of the north wind. Why I journeyed to the circum-polar countries is best explained in a few words. When I made a short holiday trip to Denmark some years ago, I became fascinated with the story of the Northern nations. And when it became a question with me subsequently whether I should join "Uncle Australia," or make another dash at the Dane and his country, I *ab sua* concluded that as Ireland and the Scandinavian countries were so intimately associated in the mediæval age, and as yet an unexplored region, I bundled my knapsack, and, like Hugh Conway in "Called Back," told no one; but

RAN DOWN THE QUAYS OF DUBLIN,

like an idolater to worship Oceanus, who, according to all theogomists, is one of the oldest of the gods. In leaving Dublin I was somewhat better provided than was our illustrious Goldsmith when he set forth on his travels — "*with his one clane shirt.*" Man has been, however, an imitative

animal, and, reading somewhere of Captain Marryat,—who, combining business with the pleasure of travel, traded with the Indians,—I determined to make use of my twenty years' commercial knowledge to push a little business with the Danes, the Norsemen, the Swedes, and the primitive men of the Land of the Midnight Sun. It would take long to tell you of my experiences; but as we live in difficult times, in a censorious era, when every philosopher under his own chimney, although never a mile from a gum tree, ranks as a critic and a pessimist, it is right that young men of initiative should know that up North,—from "farthest Greenland to the Pole itself,"—there is both novelty and antiquity. Happy are those who are born eccentric, for this rare quality nowadays ranks with talent, and is considered preferable to greatness. The present is

AN AGE OF REVELATION AND DISCOVERY.

The accumulation of knowledge has been so great that many an archaic, dry as dust, like myself, is completely lost in wonder at the height it has reached. Instead of attempting to climb, or add to it, we are, by the variety of objects, distracted and dazzled. What a niche remains unoccupied for a poor Irish scholar, or a seeker after such trifles as the relics of our old nationality. The story of the circum-polar nations is not, or ought not to be, beneath the notice of the rising generation of Irishmen. I have struggled hard to make the story of Ireland known in the North; and not unsuccessfully have I labored to add a chapter to that little known period, when Celt and Dane struggled for supremacy on sea and land. There was one spot in the icy ocean which I longed to see and to set foot upon, and this was the almost spectral Spitzbergen so peculiarly unblest by nature as to resemble no other recently discovered region in the Far North. Finding myself at Tromsoe last August, I surrendered myself to a Norwegian walrus hunter, or rather concluded an arrangement with him, to join him in a fishing cruise to the whaling districts around Spitzbergen. This, I knew, was embarking upon an adventure from which even the renowned Don Quixote, or the much travelled Baron Munchausen, would have shrunk in dismay. What followed I shall try briefly to describe.

A few days before we left port, intelligence came from the sea that two German travellers, Dr. Kekenthal and Dr. Walter, of Bremen, were

SHIPWRECKED OFF KING CHARLES'S LAND,

on the west coast of Spitzbergen, but the outfit of the German explorers was saved. Our good ship the Freiga, of Trondjeim, three hundred and fifty tons register, belonging to the captain in command—Henrik Raudlesen—sailed from Tromsoe on September 2, in a moderate sea. The evening was clear and the stars shining, and twinkling in the zenith. Captain Raudlesen, with his gallant sea rovers, a crew of eighteen men, including the Irish landsmen, your humble sea apprentice, in pursuit of the marvellous and the phenomena of nature, embarked upon their perilous expedition with high hopes of a successful and prosperous voyage. As our good ship launched out towards the north, the stillness was only interrupted by the bursting of an iceberg, sending out a loud crashing report, which came booming over the waters. The next day the waves began to raise themselves, and by degrees they grew longer, higher, and bigger. Three whales were observed and announced with loud exclamations. A strong excitement instantly pervaded the crew; an animating scene of bustle and activity ensued. In a few minutes the boats were lowered, and went in pursuit of the sea monsters, leaving the ship almost to myself and Captain Raudlesen. The whales had been alarmed at the approach of the Freiga. One seaman, a Finlander, approached the "school" of whales as they lay listening, and before one of the big fish took the alarm two harpoons were buried in his blubber. After diving the monster came to the surface, and was dispatched by a lance. The operation of "cutting-in" was immediately commenced, and completed in three hours. To obtain oil at so early a period greatly exhilarated the spirits of the crew. There was

LITTLE OR NO DARKNESS AT NIGHT,

but only a faint glimmering of twilight. Having now reached ice, we saw a number of walruses, or, as the schoolmaster would say, sea-horses, lying along the compact edge of the ice-bound, diamond-shaped island of the Bear, or Cherrie Land. Several shots were fired at them, but at such a distance that none were struck in a vital part. In the evening a heavy shower of snow, with a low barometer and heavy sea, paid us a visit. A remarkable fall of temperature followed — down to 6°. The wind increased to a gale, and the weather became intensely cold. Water spilt on the table, within three feet of the hot iron stove in the cabin, became ice. A damp hand stuck to iron ; and the cooper had his nose frost-bitten. All the ice was in motion, and the ship was often squeezed in some places amid hummocks, heavy, compact, and stationary. A voyage to Spitzbergen is perhaps one of the most arduous of all maritime adventures. The Polar ocean is a world of adventure. That great friend of Ireland — General Gordon — once said that England was made by adventurers, and that it will only hold its place by adventurers. We are all, all adventurers, for that matter; and but for the brave and the venturesome Irishmen who laid down their lives in the meadows of France, on the plains of Columbia, and who went out to found new colonies, there would be little glory to hallow their names to-day. This is a digression. The next morning hammocks of ice assumed the forms of castles, obelisks, and cathedral spires ; and the distant ice was so extremely irregular and appeared so full of pinnacles that

IT RESEMBLED A FOREST OF NAKED TREES,

The west foreland of Spitzhevgen, off which we were sailing abreast, was equally under the influence of a singular mirage. It had the appearance of an extensive city, crowded with churches, castles, and tall buildings. The whole exhibition was a grand and interesting phantasmagoria. An hour befor midnight a splendid Aurora Borealis commenced in the far north, various colors — blue, green, and pink — were observed. All the stars of the fourth magnitude were visible ; and the ever-present "Cluster" and the ever-glorious stars of the popular Plough, so familiar to all people in the north of Europe, twinkled with great lustre and distinctness. Ursa Major at one time was encircled with such a characteristic blaze of light that the "Bear" seemed to be shaking his shaggy legs towards Mars and Venus. A run was made for a landing-place, where a number of sea-horses lay basking in the different masses of ice, and three of them were quickly killed by rifle shots. Millions of birds passed over us, flying towards the Poles. Surely there is land — undiscovered land — further north still. Franz Josef Land was stumbled upon by Tegthegoff ; and so was Spitzbergen by Barintz All chance is direction. Hunters say marked deer are found in one of the three islands which comprise this Arctic archipelago. Who marked them? What denizen of the Pole clipped their ears? No one knows.

A NEW COLUMBUS WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM,

in the twentieth century. For seven days we enjoyed rare sport off Bell Sound. Reindeer was scarce about here, but in the northern part several were lassoed and killed. Polar foxes, with black heads and white bodies, are plenty: they laugh like a man when running on the ice. A high sea was running the day we steered back for Norway. When the gale reached its height, the scene around us assumed a sublime aspect. The ship scudding before the tempest attained a velocity of thirteen knots, which occasioned a feeling of alarming excitement. Wave after wave followed us in rapid succession, breaking and roaring along both sides of the vessel. The heavens were shrouded in a murky veil. Pursuing our course southward a dark tempestuous night was passed. I shall never forget my sensations; but I shall not now describe the indescribable. For two days and nights we lay under

a close reefed main topsail, the wheel ropes being smashed. Running before the gale for upwards of thirty-five hours left all on board nearly *hors de combat*. Abating at last, the weather became foggy, and, to make matters worse, the wind was easterly. In a moment the warning was given,

"BREAKERS AHEAD!"

and the vessel ran on a reef. All were struck with dismay, and the cry "to the boats," rang out. There was barely time to get into them when the Freiga bumped for the last time against the sharp rock, and went down. Land seemed not far off, and the captain taking the lead in the long boat, a landing was made on as lonely a coast as ever sea-gull or puffin flew over. All our outfit, provisions, money, and valuables lay at the bottom of the sea. Abandoning the boats, we made an incursion into the interior of the White Sea Peninsula, and soon were in

A STRANGE COUNTRY — A LAND OF DWARFS.

Good cheer and welcome awaited us. In the Lapp encampment of mine host, Larinan Sinnouovithn, I look a veritable Robinson Crusoe; clad in deerskins, forced to live honestly as a saint, purely as a little child. But relief is coming. I am to be sent from here to Loonea, right across Lapland, and from thence by boat to England. This letter goes by sailor Kerson, bound for an English port, and if it reaches you I shall be glad. I hope to be back again to the region of letters and telephones at the end of this month, when a new page will have to be turned, a fresh start in life made.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN PETRIE O'BYRNE.

A Lover of the Antique.

MRS. LIMOGES is very bric-a-brac in her tastes, but is not very ready to pay her bills. The other day the groceryman called: "Can I see Mrs. Limoges?" he said to the servant. "What do you want?" "I've got a bill here for some groceries she bought last month." "Only a month old?" asked the girl in surprise. "Ain't that old enough?" — "No, sir, it is not. Mrs. Limoges, I'd have you know, is a lover of the antique, and should she see a bill only a month old she would have a fit of nervous prostration."—"Well that beats everything. When shall I come?" — "Oh, some time in the future. The older the bill gets the better; but don't you ever dare to come here with any of those vulgar new bills, that the stains of time have never touched," and she slammed the door in his face.

Alexander the Great and his Mother.

ALEXANDER was a powerful king. He had a great love for his mother, Olympias, and, although stern to every one else, was kind to her. Antipater, a man of great importance in the kingdom, had an ill-will against Olympias, and wrote a letter to the king, accusing her of some crime. Alexander was angry that any one should say a word against his mother, and answered the accuser in these words: "Antipater, do you know that one of these tears which I see in my mother's eye, is sufficient to overturn a thousand accusations?" If the tear of an earthly mother could melt the heart of King Alexander, how much more will that look of love in Mary's eye touch the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who loves her so much!

Matthew Arnold's Poor Substitute for Religion.

By Rev. William P. Treacy.

SINCE the beginning men have tried to find a subsitute for religion. All the various forms of false worship, the philosophical systems of ancient times, the heresies of different shapes, — all were but sad, and mean, and bad subsitutes for the true religion. Matthew Arnold thinks that he has discovered what has been so long, and so anxiously sought for. Religion, he believes, can now be altogether dispensed with. He does not attempt to prove that his discovery is a true one. He uses no arguments at all in the case. His dogmatic assertion he considers strong enough, though he has against him most of the greatest and grandest and brightest minds the world ever saw.

And what is Mr. Arnold's subsitute? Of all things that exist, who could have dreamed that it is *poetry?* Poetry must in the future take the place of religion. The gospel need no longer be printed or circulated. The poet will take the place of the priest, and classical authors, Milton and Shakespeare, and ten other classics, if they can be found, will take the chairs of the Apostles. The various Bible Societies will pass away, and cargoes of poetic works must be sent to all parts of the Pagan world. Those who go to China, or Japan, or among our own Indians, must be deeply read in the literature of the day. Mr. Arnold does not say all these things in plain terms; I say them for him. They are included in the assertion that *Poetry will take the place of religion.*

I wonder what kind of a system he could form out of all the poetry ever written? I am anxious to know whether he would give the preference in its formation to tragedy or to comedy, to pastoral poems or to elegies, to sonnets or to lyric verse, to odes or to ballads? Would he look to the convivial songs of Burns and the impure stanzas of Byron for a part of his fabric? Who would be his favorite evangelists? He does not tell us. Mr. Arnold is often as obscure in explaining as he is bold and dogmatic in affirming. A ray of light from heaven, a grain of Christian humility, would be better for him and his school of dreamers than all the poetry ever written.

In the Introduction to Ward's English Poets Mr. Arnold says: "The strongest part of our religion of to-day is its unconscious poetry." He does not say what religion he means by "*our religion.*" If he refers to what is commonly called the *Protestant Religion*, I differ with him. For Protestantism is a bleak, barren wilderness, without fruits and flowers. It has neither philosophy nor poetry to sustain or adorn it. Its strong point is ignorance. If he means by *our religion* the religion of those who think as he thinks, I will not waste time in opposing him. I know well that a giddy imagination has more to do with all he believes and defends than reason has. But he ought to remember, *that every work of the imagination is not poetry.* Therefore, though his system is created by imagination, it may be questioned as poetry. Certainly it is not good poetry. That *high seriousness*, which he himself requires for genuine poetry, is wanting to it. I think it may be classed somewhere among the works of *fiction.*

Now, if Mr. Matthew Arnold wishes to say that the *strongest part* of the true religion, the only religion, the religion of Catholics, is poetry, I contradict him flatly, and without ceremony. Reason, illumined by the divine light of Faith, is the stronghold of the Catholic religion. Our religion finds its strength in Eternal Truth. Our church finds its power, and vigor, and life in the Promises of the Man-God, in the Graces of Redemption, in the perpetual guidance of the Holy Spirit. The Church itself, in a certain sense, may be called a poem, but it is a poem made by God Himself — not by man — not born of man's imagination. The Church loves poetry, but the poems she loves best are those that came from inspired lips, those that first sounded on David's lyre, or leaped from the Virgin Heart of Mary in the home of St. Elizabeth.

Poetry is a mere ornament in the church. Our religion may be compared to a vast and noble cathedral. Poetry is one of the pictures adorning its walls. Take away all the pictures in a cathedral and it remains a cathedral just the same as ever.

What is the destiny of man? Is his soul immortal? Is there a recompense for the good and a punishment for the wicked? Will there be a resurrection? Was there any truth in the prophecies of old? Was there any truth in those Christian beliefs for which thousands, and hundreds of thousands, and millions of martyrs shed their blood? Though a Catholic child can answer the first question, as to the destiny of man, we fear that Mr. Arnold cannot. If he thinks that religion can be cast aside like an old garment, and the gaudy cloak of poetry put in its stead, to be consistent, he must answer all the other questions by an emphatic "NO." Then he stands against all the Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, that ever lived. This is surely a grave position for even a man who esteems himself as highly as Matthew Arnold.

Man's destiny is infinitely higher than anything Arnold dreams of. Man is made for the enjoyment of everlasting truth, for the possession of his Creator, his God. He cannot rest on any created good; he must seek the infinitely perfect, — the *Summum Bonum*. The hearts of all men yearn after something not to be found on earth. God, and God alone, can satisfy the longings of the human soul.

The above article was written before the death of Mr. Arnold.

St. Joseph's Rectory, Swedesboro, New Jersey.

No Heart.

WHAT a thing it is for a man to have said of him that he has no heart! No heart! Then he is hardly a human being. He is like an oyster, a potato, a stick, a stone; like a lump of ice, only he never is in the melting mood. Such a man does not love his own race, nor even his best friends. His love for his own immediate family is a sort of selfish feeling of possession. In reality he loves no one but himself, and that isn't love. And a woman without a heart, can there be anything more abhorrent! She seems only like a walking milliner's stand, vitalized wood to hang dresses upon. We have no fancy for human icicles; we like men of heart.

The Flag on the Schools.

THE presentation of flags to the schools has now become an every-day event. During the past few months hundreds of school buildings have been thus adorned with the national ensign. The prevalent idea seems to be that American children need a dose of compulsory patriotism, and that this is the best way to administer the same. Other good souls hear in every passing breeze the muttering of phantoms bent upon destroying our American institutions, and all that those institutions stand for. Accordingly, the display of flags is, in the minds of the latter class, an irresistible warning to the powers of darkness to abandon their nefarious purposes. Zealots have worked themselves into such a disastrous frenzy over the matter, that no school is safe from tumbling into the bowels of the earth, so they fancy, unless buoyed by one or more flags.

Seriously speaking, the extremists in this matter imply that there is a lack of patriotism among teachers and pupils, and that something is needed to revivify and fan into new life the dying embers. The subject has another aspect: christian men, and women, both Catholic and Protestant, have pronounced in favor of "Religion in the Schools." To this, certain opponents of religion in schools, or anywhere else, have set up as a counter-cry, "Patriotism in the Schools," forgetting that without the fructifying dews of religion, patriotism droops and dies.

It is a pleasure, however, to notice that all the advocates of flags on the schools are not of this pernicious class. There are those who recognize that patriotism combined with a Christian training is invincible as a conservator of the republic. To these the presentation of flags has a basis of the broadest wisdom and love of country. Therefore, to that extent, the flag idea deserves to be encouraged. If temperately and properly carried out, it must be productive of excellent results. The flag is typical of civil and religious liberty; of the separation of state and church; of the equality of all men under the law. Its stripes and stars constitute a perpetual rebuke to the principles of every form of knownothingism and proscription; it is emblematic of a spirit which declares no citizen shall be molested or disqualified because of his religious belief, and its folds breathe forth stern denunciation of all fomentors of civil or religious strife. Nevertheless, there is great danger of overrating or exaggerating the importance of placing flags on our schools. The flag, after all, is but a figure, not the substance. Implant patriotism in the heart of the child, and the flag will be loved, whether displayed on the school or not. On the other hand, if the child or the citizen does not possess that love of country which should be the very fibre of his being, the flag will lose its holiest significance, and will awaken no sentiment of affection.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, in speaking of this subject, pointedly remarks: —

"At this time, when it is getting popular to present to our public schools the national flag in order to revive our alleged failing patriotism, why would

it not be a good idea to do so in another manner; that is, by singing at least once a day in the schools one of the national songs. My attention was called to the necessity of this a short time ago in the following manner: I attended a supper party, at which there were representatives of England, France and the United States. It was proposed that, as each nation was toasted, the national song should be sung. Englishmen sang, 'God Save the Queen,' with a will; 'The Marseillaise' only needed numbers to be equally stirring, but when it came the turn of the Americans to sing, not one of them knew the words of a national song. There were a number of good singers among them, too, and I doubt not any one of them could render airs from the latest opera, but with 'America,' 'The Star Spangled Banner' or 'Yankee Doodle' to choose from not one of them could sing an American song."

While allowance must be made for the determination of the above mentioned correspondent to establish his case, still, it can hardly be denied that there is a considerable grain of truth therein. If half the energy that is now shown toward placing flags on the schools, were devoted toward placing the national colors on a prosperous merchant marine, such as we should have, the cause of patriotism would be much more practically served.

The Boston Herald has the proper idea of the present agitation when it says:

"Patriotism is a good thing to inculcate among the youth of the land, but it may fairly be questioned whether this can best be accomplished by a mandatory statute like that requiring cities and towns to hoist a national flag upon every schoolhouse. That is something that might better be left to the judgment of city and town authorities; or better still, to individual effort, like that which has already provided many of our schoolhouses with the national colors."

The Herald disapproves of the "highly demonstrative way" of compelling by law the display of flags on school buildings, and thinks that it would be better to render education itself more effective for the ends designed to be achieved by our schools. "Legislation," it adds, "has often aided in this work, and opportunities of usefulness through its instrumentality still remain."

The Springfield (Mass.) Union regards the matter in a similar light. It says:

"Compulsory patriotism is of little account. We should like to see the stars and stripes waving from the top of every schoolhouse in the State, but a law requiring such a display would be foolish. If the teachers and pupils of a school are enthusiastic and patriotic enough to ask their friends to provide them with a flag, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will secure it easily, and it would mean something in that case."

The idea expressed by the Union is exactly the one that has been followed by hundreds of Catholic schools throughout the country for many years; with them the display of the flag is not a conception of to-day. But even in the present movement, some of the foremost institutions to erect flagstaffs and fly the colors are Catholic ones. It is only a short time since that a number of war veterans presented a flag to a parochial school in Watertown, Mass. Flags have also been recently presented to Catholic schools in Newburyport, Mass., New York, Pittsburg, and many other cities. Catholic Grand Army men have taken especial interest in the matter, and have vied with their

own Catholic comrades in this patriotic undertaking. Flags presented in that way have a real significance that would be wanting if enforced by legal enactment. The Boston Globe, estimating the number of school buildings in Massachusetts, for instance, as 3,549, says that the expense of furnishing a flag to each of these, by the state, would be not less than fifty thousand dollars. It declares, further, that as a flag exposed to the weather will not last more than two years, the annual expense would be fully twenty-five thousand dollars. It then asks: "Is the rising generation so deficient in patriotism that this expense is necessary? We trow not."

As the substance is better than the shadow, and the deed better than the mere profession, so patriotism can be more advantageously inculcated through the medium of genuine American studies in the schools. Let there be plenty of patriotic extracts in the text-books; frequent recitations of selections from Washington, Carroll, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Lincoln, and an acquaintance with the productions of Cooper, Irving, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, and other literary Americans. These and similar studies will be far more permanent in patriotic results than the display of flags. In Catholic schools, Washington's rebuke to the "No Popery" fanatics should be familiarized by the pupils, as it is of especial value, particularly just at this time. But, in any event, let there be a good, hearty, robust rendition daily of some patriotic American song. I know of none better than "The Star Spangled Banner."

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

Fifty Millions.

AMERICA is, to-day, Catholic. Before Columbus it was Pagan. To-day it furnishes one-fifth of the whole Catholic Church and one-fifth of the whole Christian civilization.

We figure in this way: South America, thirty millions of Catholics; Central America and Mexico, ten millions; the United States and Canada, ten millions, — fifty millions of Catholics in America. Any deficiency in the estimate of South America is more than supplied by the under estimate elsewhere. From the remaining population — say sixty millions — deduct all the non-Christian elements, Jews, Mormons, savages, and avowed infidels, and there will very probably not remain fifty millions of the non-Catholic population openly recognizing the divinity of Christ.

This infidel element, however, does not prevent America from being properly classed as Christian, and, as among Christians, it seems clearly to have a Catholic majority. We therefore hold that our proposition is correct when we say that America is to-day Catholic.

This country is the only break in the universal Catholicity of the New World. But remember the wonderful history of Catholic conquest in the United States during the century just elapsed. At its beginning there was one Catholic for every hundred of population. At its close there is one for every six or seven persons. Another century of religious liberty and America will be virtually a Catholic unit.

New Orleans Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

Excellent Advice.

We are gratified to find in the columns of the Chicago Citizen the following wise admonitions from the pen of its editor, that honest and out-spoken Irish-American, the Hon. John F. Finerty : —

The Citizen, in dismissing the subject of this editorial, takes the liberty of warning Irishmen, whether in societies or outside of them, to bear in mind that they are not judged over kindly by a large section of their fellow-citizens, and that any crime any of our people may commit, or may be charged with committing, only adds to the unfriendly disposition of our political, social and racial opponents in this country. These latter also lose no opportunity of poisoning the minds of Americans and others, well disposed toward our people, against the race in general. We have as good a right to citizenship in this country as any other race, and, by exercising prudence and our natural gifts, we can hold our own in competition with any other element of our fellow-citizens either commercially, professionally or poetically; but England's malice has done its deadly work only too well in America. If it were not for the memory of the gallant and loyal deeds of the great soldiers and sailors of our race in defence of the Republic, from Quebec to Appomattox; if it were not for the Montgomerys, the Sullivans, the Fitzgeralds, the O'Briens, and the Barrys of the Revolution; the Jacksons, MacDonoughs and Stewarts of 1812-'15; the Shields, the Sweenys and the O'Briens of the Mexican war; the Sheridans, Logans, Meaghers, Corcorans, Mulligans, O'Mearas and Murphys of the War of the Rebellion, England would have succeeded in making the American people distrust, despise and actually hate us. We had conquered the good will of America by our unimpeached loyalty to the flag; nearly all the States of the Union had declared by their governors and legislatures in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, when the thrice-accursed murder of Dr. Cronin arose like a mocking devil in our path to imperil, if not destroy, the friendship and the confidence which, in spite of our enemies, we had won. The Citizen, while any phase of a trial is pending refrains from expressing conclusions as to the responsibility of the person accused, even when a jury has convicted a majority of them for the crime charged against them; but it will say that Irish-Americans *who violate American law for the gratification of private malice, or for the annihilation of a political opponent, or from any motive whatsoever, sin not alone against this great commonwealth to which they give primary allegiance, but also against the race and the country from which they sprang.* Again let the Citizen put before the minds of its readers Daniel O'Connell's noblest instruction to his countrymen : "He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy."

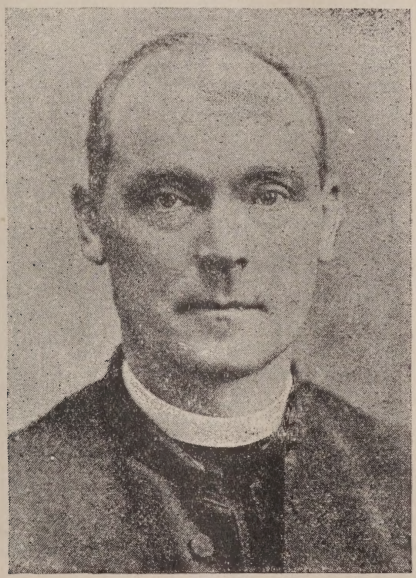
This whole extract, and especially the concluding sentences which we have italicized, convey a lesson and a moral to be seriously pondered by those who have hitherto failed to give this subject its due weight and consideration.

Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

Not long ago an old pioneer, who had lived in Texas in the days of the early colonists, was boasting of the good old times. "Why, sir, I was once offered a league of land for a pair of old boots." — "Didn't you take it?" said the party addressed. "No, sir, I didn't." — "Poor land, I reckon." — "Why, bless your heart, sir, it was the best piece of land outdoors — grass five feet high, a stream of clear water running through it, and an undeveloped silver mine in the corner." — "And why in thunder didn't you make the trade?" — "Because," replied the old man, in a regretful tone of voice, "because I — I didn't have the boots."

The Triple Consecration at St. Paul.

In his parting address to the American Catholic Congress last November, Archbishop Ireland exhorted the delegates to go earnestly to work on their return to their homes; to carry with them the enthusiasm they had shown during the Centennial week at Baltimore; and he took care to emphasize this advice by example, for, on Dec. 27, he signalized the opening of our new century, by the most magnificent ceremony ever witnessed in the West, a triple consecration of bishops. A similar event took place but once before on this continent, when, on Oct. 30, 1853, the bishops of Burlington, Brooklyn, and Newark received consecration from the hands of the saintly nuncio, Archbishop Bedini, in the Cathedral of New York.



Rt. Rev. Jas. McGoldrick, D.D.—Diocese of Duluth, Minn.

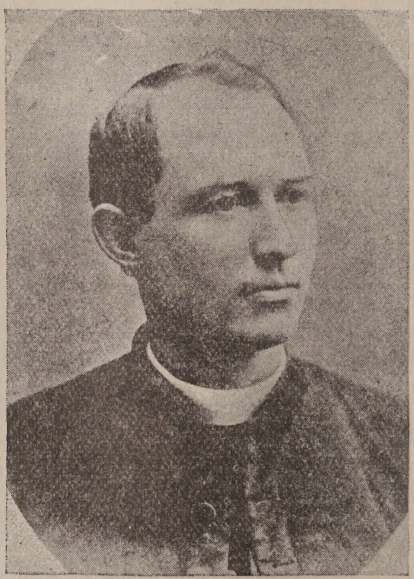
The clergymen raised to the rank of bishop last month in the Cathedral at St. Paul were Rev. James McGoldrick, consecrated Bishop of Duluth; Rev. John Shanley, consecrated Bishop of Jamestown; and Rev. Joseph B. Cotter, consecrated Bishop of Winona.

Bishop Shanley was for many years a priest of the Cathedral, and there imbibed the zealous spirit of Archbishop Ireland. He has ever been an ardent supporter of the temperance movement, and is greatly beloved by his old parishioners. His diocese includes the whole of North Dakota.

Bishop McGoldrick settled in Minneapolis in 1869, and was for some years parish priest of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in that city. He is about forty-five years of age, and has for a long time been a zealous worker in every good cause. His diocese comprises the north-eastern counties of Minnesota.

Bishop Cotter is a native of Liverpool, England, and is also about forty-five years old. He has been in Winona since 1871, at which time he was ordained by Bishop Grace, and made parish priest of a city whose Catholic population has increased since then from ninety to two hundred families. The new diocese comprises the south-eastern counties of Minnesota.

The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Ireland, assisted by Archbishop Grace of Sinnia, and Bishop Marty of Sioux Falls. It was witnessed by more than a hundred priests, fourteen bishops, and an immense concourse of people. The music was exceedingly beautiful and appropriate, the principal features being Haydn's Sixteenth Mass in B flat, and Lambilotte's *Te Deum*. The altar was tastefully deco-



RT. REV. JOHN SHANLEY, D.D.—DIOCESE OF JAMESTOWN.

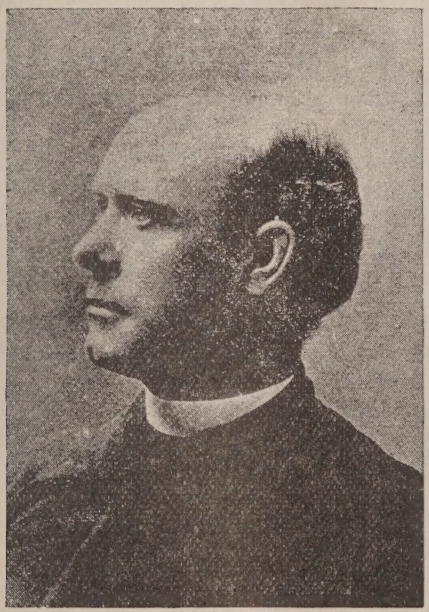
rated with lights and blooming flowers, and the air was filled with the fragrance of the Christmas evergreens which festooned the interior of the Cathedral. The procession of acolytes, students of St. Thomas' College, priests and bishops, was formed at ten o'clock, and entered the sacred building to the magnificent strains of "The Priests' March," from Mendelssohn's "Athalia."

After the consecrator had taken his seat in front of the altar, the bishops elect, arrayed as simple priests, were brought to him, the Apostolic commission from our Holy Father to each of them was read, then each took the solemn oath and answered the usual questions. They were then led to the chapel, where they were vested with pectoral cross, stole, tunic, dalmatic, and chasuble. The open Bible was placed upon their shoulders to signify their mission of bearing abroad the Word of God. The consecrator and his assistants imposed hands simultaneously upon their heads repeating the words: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Their hands and heads were anointed

with chrism, and the crosiers and rings were blessed and bestowed upon them. At the offertory, they presented the customary offerings of bread and wine. After the blessing and investing with mitres, crosiers, and rings, the newly anointed bishops were conducted down the centre aisle of the Cathedral to bestow their blessing upon the assembled congregation, then returning to the sanctuary, each signed the altar and gave his blessing after the manner of bishops.

Archbishop Ireland, the consecrator, was the celebrant of the Mass, and Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., preached the sermon.

Father Elliott's discourse was both forcible and eloquent. With his own terse, vigorous language and inimitable style he attacked the burning errors of the day, showing the groundlessness of the prejudice



RT. REV. J. B. COTTER, D.D.— DIOCESE OF WINONA.

which keeps so many good, intelligent men out of the Church, and proving Catholicity to be the greatest friend of true liberty. He said:

"The public life of an American bishop should be the exposition of authority serving the ends of freedom. He should show that the ritual is the casket, and liberty of spirit is the jewel; that the very meat of religion is the union of the individual soul with God's spirit, and that its ritual is its symbol, and authority its safeguard; that the use of a noble and splendid symbolism helps to explain doctrine, chastens and yet stimulates devotional sentiment, is a mode of public fraternity; and as a historical fact is in all its essentials chosen and instituted by the divine founder of the Christian religion himself. Religion is both common and personal. It is the main business of the Church to so use the common external order of worship as to contribute to the personal in religion. To participate heartily in the outward sacramental life of the Church is to be made more manly as well as more religious; to conform to the legitimate authority of the Church in religious matters is to make freedom more enlightened; it contributes to that independence of character essential to good citizenship. Authority and ritual in religion are means to an end; the end of religion is not

the splendid show of ceremonial, nor the outward conformity of the multitude. The end of religion is the elevation of the individual soul to union with God. The founder of Christianity has made it a sacramental religion, and invested it with external order because the generality of men need these things to help their interior life toward a divine union."

Speaking of the supernatural life of Catholics, he said:

"Toward that life all our non-Catholic brethren are incessantly drawn. The Catholic belief about Christ and His revelation; the fellowship and communion with the saints in heaven; the tender bond between the living and the dead; the solidity of the Catholic's convictions; cheerfulness of his hope; his world-renowned charity for the distressed; all this arouses the longing of every guileless soul outside the Church. They wish it were all true. But they have been taught, saturated with the teaching, that it impedes their personal liberty and that it cripples their intelligence. These are two natural gifts of God, and are the most precious possessions of the natural man. It is, therefore, our duty to bring out conspicuously before our separated brethren the Catholic idea of these and other natural virtues. They are preparatory to the supernatural. A man must be intelligent in order to apprehend his true end, and free in order to aspire toward it unimpeded."

Alluding in scathing terms to the vices of low-grade politics, he spoke of the "Catholic political huckster" as the most contemptible creature alive. Courage and manliness are, he said, most necessary in this age of the world; and Catholicity properly understood and used requires these virtues as a condition, or brings them out as a result.

"The timid, shrinking creature who cannot move unless he is led is not a typical Catholic."

. . . . . .

"To undertake to be a Christian without acquiring the natural virtues is like studying the higher mathematics without knowing the multiplication table. Either Christianity finds the natural virtues ready at hand, or it produces them as its primary work."

Father Elliott paid a high tribute to the zeal and virtues of the young bishops, and concluded by saying:

"I do not believe that you have exchanged your places as distinguished priests for those of obscure bishops. The modest stillness of private virtue is a fault in a bishop. Do not sink into men of routine, mere officials. Do not become what our enemies falsely accuse our bishops of being, chief clerks in the Pope's ecclesiastical employment bureau. Lead your people in all good works of religion and morality and philanthropy; all that helps to make men both citizens and neighbors, better men as well as Christians. The true bishop is the people's bishop.

"And now I commend you to the favor of heaven. In the name of all here present, and of all the people of your dioceses, I pray God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to give you the fulness of the apostolic graces, and to grant you many fruitful years of the exercise of the apostolic ministry."

Father Walter Elliott is one of our most popular orators. The charm of his preaching seems to lie in the simple earnestness, the evident manliness of the speaker; and while there is no lack of elevated thoughts clothed in beautiful words, there is, at the same time, abundance of homely common-sense in his utterances. From the moment he commences to speak until the close of his sermon, he rivets the attention of his hearers, charming the ear by the melody of his voice, swaying the

heart by the gentle but resistless current of his language, and convincing the mind by the logic of his conclusions.

The wonderful development of the West is nowhere more plainly shown than in the marvellous growth of the Church in that section. The diocese of St. Paul was established in 1850, and placed under the charge of the apostolic Bishop Cretin, who was consecrated Jan. 26, 1851. It consisted, for the most part, in forlorn settlements and missions far from civilization. Bishop Cretin died in 1857, and was succeeded by Right Rev. Thomas L. Grace, who, in 1875, asked for a coadjutor in the person of the Rev. John Ireland, consecrated bishop in the same year. Bishop Grace afterwards resigned and was made titular archbishop *in partibus*. being succeeded in the see of St. Paul by his coadjutor; and in 1888 the see was raised to the dignity of an archdiocese. Although not yet forty years old, it has, including its subdivisions, a Catholic population far exceeding that of the venerable archdiocese of Baltimore, having increased in the last ten years from one hundred and fifteen thousand to nearly two hundred and sixty thousand. Five dioceses have been taken from the original one of St. Paul, those of St. Cloud, Duluth, and Winona, in Minnesota, and Sioux Falls and Jamestown in the Dakotas. Thus the state of Minnesota, which fifty years ago was little more than a savage wilderness, is under the spiritual jurisdiction of three bishops and one archbishop. These prelates are all distinguished for their zeal in the advocacy of good works, especially the cause of temperance, and the conversion of the Indians; and their leader, Archbishop Ireland, is idolized not only by his own flock but by the people of the entire country. The grand ceremony of Dec. 27, 1889, will forever immortalize the first year of the second century of our hierarchy.

AGNES HAMPTON.

The New Industrial Era.

EIGHTEEN years ago, a commission was appointed in Great Britain to investigate the question of the probable duration of the coal supply of the kingdom. Some of the results of this official inquiry, given in a paper read before the Statistical Society, suggest some startling probabilities. At the average rate of increase and consumption which has been going on for the past twenty years, it is computed that the Newcastle coal district will be exhausted in ninety-four years; the South Wales district in seventy-nine years, and the remainder in even less time.

Nothing in the future appears more probable than that within the lifetime of persons now living the industrial supremacy of Great Britain will pass away with the exhaustion of her coal fields. Switzerland, Italy, and the Scandinavian peninsula are destined to become the great manufacturing districts of Europe. This extraordinary industrial revolution will be brought about by the transmission and distribution, by electrical means, of the inexhaustible and permanent water power which is now running to waste in those countries. Indeed this power is already beginning to be successfully utilized by the skill of the electrical engineer.

The Electrical Engineer.

The Ghost-Seer to the Old Familiar Spirits.

* "*Oin adaig do aidchib side ni thiber ar do rige.*"—L. LAIGHEN.

I.

IN my chamber alone am I dreaming — awake with eyes open I dream,
When the night wind is whispering its secrets in the willow wood down by the stream.
With my soul's windows barred 'gainst the real, I am home to the spirits I love,
That throng round my place in my chamber as thick as pine stems in a grove.

II.

Here are faces long known and familiar — they were old once, but old are no more,
For the bodies that shrouded their beauty, they have cast off ere reaching that shore;
They are glad as the faces of stars are — yet sad as being loveless and far
From the warm throbbing hearts of the human — and cold as the smile of a star.

III.

In the flesh once I knew them and loved them — yea, our love spanned the cold stream of death,
I love them though parted from 'mong us, and freed from the fetters of breath;
Fond spirits will fain hold communion with loved ones whose bosoms yet beat,
But only the seer's eyes behold them, and his ears hear the tread of their feet.

IV.

Ah me! how the dead are forgotten ere the lapse of one fast fleeting year;
Yet they built up the power and the glory, all we covet and battle for here.
But the world knows not nor remembers its masters and lords, that have been,
Who spent their great hearts for their fellows — ah! the world, how deceptive and mean!

V.

The spirits throng around but are silent — they speak with the eyes, not the lips,
And I know all their thoughts — as light flashes — though my senses have suffered eclipse;
And I love them with love warm and human, and my love lights their pallor like fire,
Till a melody flows from their soul chords, a sweet song of heavenly desire.

VI.

So I sit all alone, but not lonely — I gaze on the vacant and see —
All the past with its smiles, joy and sunlight comes again at a wish unto me.
Though a mortal I wander through dreamland — and death opes its gates to my gaze,
And I see though but dim through a curtain, the glory of the Ancient of Days.

PAISTIN FIONN.

M. DE CALINAUX is not satisfied. He sent his servant to do an errand, which the faithful but stupid domestic has made a mess of. "You have no common sense," cries M. de Calinaux in a fury. "But, sir" — "Silence! I ought to have remembered that you are nothing but an idiot. The next time I have occasion to send an imbecile to do an errand, I shall not want you; I will go myself."

* "One night of the nights of the Fairy Folk I would not give for thy kingdom."—From the "Book of Leinster."

Great Old Men.

On Sunday, Dec. 29, Mr. W. E. Gladstone celebrated his eightieth birthday. He was born on the 29th of December, 1809, in Liverpool. For many years past the Hawarden Post-Office on that December date has been in very much the same condition as St. Martin's le Grand on Christmas Eve. The complimentary and congratulatory letters and messages to the great Liberal statesman, from every corner of the civilized world, have, as Christmas cards flood the general Post-Office, inundated the little postal station. On Sunday, although the office is, like other rural offices, open, as a rule, on the Sabbath for only two hours in the morning, it was kept available until six o'clock in the evening for the reception of messages for Hawarden Castle, and for their distinguished recipient's acknowledgments. We are glad to say that no birthday anniversary of recent years found him so well, and so cheerful, and so vigorously full of work. His consultation with Mr. Parnell recently lasted for over two hours and a half, and both in physical and mental alertness the Grand Old Man displayed all the powers of the prime of middle age. He looks forward to the General Election, to which he trusts for his return to power in order that he may complete the monument of his life — the work of justice to Ireland — with all the confidence and courage of a stripling, of a subaltern entering on his first campaign. There can be no question that his intense earnestness and his extraordinary vitality will carry him through triumphantly. Von Moltke, the chief marshal of the German Empire, is nine years his senior, and as hale and hearty as a moss trooper. Cardinal Manning, whose immediate personal labors saved London a few short weeks ago from the horrors of a social revolution, and the terrors of a general strike, is a year and a half Mr. Gladstone's senior. Cardinal Newman, the brightest pacific intellect in broad England, is eight years older than him, being only one year junior to the Thor of Germany, the victor of Koneggratz, and the organizer of the magnificent strategic invasion which crowned William, the Hohenzollern, Emperor of United Germany in the Hall of Mirrors at the Palace of Versailles. The old Emperor himself was born twelve years before Mr. Gladstone, and he died only a brief period ago, reigning to the last. Marshal Macmahon, ex-President of the French Republic, who is fit to lead an army to this hour, is a year and a half older than Mr. Gladstone. The Pope is only a year his junior. But we need not catalogue the living celebrities who are octogenarians, for every age of the world supplies plenty of examples of intellectual and bodily vigor sustained long beyond the age which Mr. Gladstone reached on Sunday, in the possession of strength and hope. The day being Sunday it was not marked by any large demonstration, though the enthusiasm of Mr. Gladstone's admirers was not restrained even for one day. But the programme in prospect for the first month of 1890, shows that age has not dulled the fire, nor cramped the energies of the ex-Prime Minister. We wish Mr. Gladstone health and ardor and length of days, to accomplish the beneficent work which he has brought

to the eve of completion in the healing of the wounds of a suffering people, and the reconciliation, on an equally honorable basis, of two nations so long soured against each other by the artifices of a selfish oligarchy. We believe that he will live to see the day of the consummation of his labors resulting in the peaceful progress of Ireland, the renewed strength of his own country, and the assured safety of our common empire.

Father Tom Burke: His Extraordinary Power Over Audiences.

WHAT gave Burke his peculiar charm, especially with the audiences that thronged to hear him, both in this country and in America, was his marvellous dramatic power. When in Rome his Lenten discourses were attended by strangers who could not understand a single word of English, but who were impressed, nevertheless, by his wonderful action, or, rather, acting, in the sense of the word used by Demosthenes. He was such a master of this difficult art that on one occasion, in the midst of friends, he undertook to preach a sensational sermon without uttering a word. His face, expressive of suitable emotions, aided by the movement of his eyes, at one moment darkened by furrowed lines, the next instant seemed lit up with seraphic beauty. His imposing attitudes and gestures defied description. One unspoken sentiment was strengthened by pointing tragically down, another by outstretched hands and eyes raised to heaven.

The mastery of voice and features exhibited by Burke was almost miraculous. In his student days, whenever he got a copy of Punch he employed his vacant moments in endeavoring, by means of a looking-glass, to work his features into the form of some comic portrait which adorned its pages. When in Rome, he would spend hours in the Vatican with a friend, imitating the pose of the statues in the great sculpture galleries. At one moment he was the Dying Gladiator, the next a Sphinx, drawing over his head the white hood of his habit, sometimes a Burmese idol, erect, impassive, with legs crossed in a way which would have puzzled an athlete to imitate. The ancient statues of the Fauns and Satyrs, and other mythological monstrosities, had a strong attraction for him. He would pause and grin and produce with his own features a fac-simile of the figure before him. On one occasion he stood for a long time before the Laocoon and, looking round, found there was no one in sight. "I'll try him," he said to a friend; and in a twinkling there was the Laocoon in flesh and blood, the strength of the terrible struggle, the despair and the agony displayed in the realistic effort of the Dominican. "Is that like him," he cried almost breathless. At that moment a party of ladies and gentlemen appeared, gazing in amazement now at the statue, and then at its imitation. Completely taken aback, Burke could only articulate, "I was trying my hand at the statue," as a kind of explanation, and disappeared as quickly as he could.

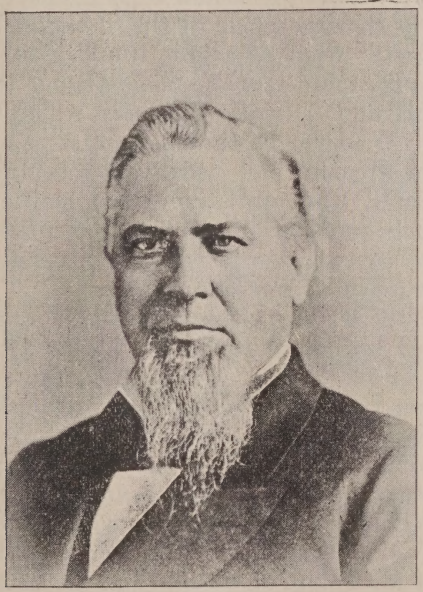
Temple Bar.

An Honored Maine Irishman.

SKETCH OF JAMES TOBIN, RECENTLY DECEASED, WHO SETTLED IN BANGOR, ME., IN 1848.

IN this number of the MAGAZINE it is our painful duty to note the demise of one of its worthy and appreciative patrons, JAMES TOBIN, Esq., of Bangor, Me., and to record some of the estimable qualities of which he was possessed. Through long years of devotion to his native land, to his adopted country and city, and to the best interests of their people, he died honored and loved.

Mr. Tobin was born in the county Kilkenny, in 1826, and while only a lad went from Carrick-on-Suir to Dublin, to serve in a large grocery business, taking out there the usual apprenticeship indentures



JAMES TOBIN.

required for all classes of trade. In 1848, he identified himself with the fiery patriotism which inspired the young manhood of Ireland under the stirring and glowing writings and speeches of Mitchel, Meagher, O'Brien, and their talented co-patriots. Then Dublin became too dangerous a place for him, and, with some friends, he left Ireland, of which he ever spoke, through all the later years of his life, in as affectionate terms as Lever himself. He made way for Bangor when he landed in Boston simply because one friend was going there, and since has always resided (in what he was ever proud to term her), "the Queen City of the East."

He received employment in a clothing store, and, in 1856, entered business in that line for himself, since which time he has paid dollar for dollar, leaving a handsome competence.

Mr. Tobin was a very public-spirited man. He never forgot his

devotion of earlier years to the cause of his suffering native land and to her cherished religion. Rev. Father McSweeney, the beloved pastor of St. John's parish, said that few knew all he gave in his abundance to the cause of religion and charity. He was a warm Fenian, and in recent years was very prominent in supporting the Parnell programme for the redemption of Ireland.

In politics Mr. Tobin was an intense Democrat always, and was sent as delegate at large from Maine to the St. Louis convention of 1888, which renominated Mr. Cleveland for President.

A story was told at one time in Washington and verified, while Cleveland was president, that Gen. P. A. Collins was invited to come to the White House respecting some important appointments to be made in the state of Maine. He was shown the papers and read the endorsements. Mr. Collins was asked what counsel he would give on them. Among other remarks made by the distinguished New England leader, was, "no matter what he might think of other gentlemen endorsing the candidates, there was one name among the endorsers sufficient for all political and patriotic purposes, which was that of James Tobin, of Bangor. Whoever he endorsed must be a good man, and a Democrat sound to the core, and worthy of acceptance by the President and his Cabinet." Some distinguished gentlemen in the "Pine Tree" state owe their positions largely to the interest he manifested in them, and to the appreciation in which Collins always, since 1865, held the deceased subject of our sketch.

Very many of the leading citizens of all denominations of creeds and politics attended his obsequises at St. John's Church, York street, Monday, Jan. 12. Rev. Father McSweeney, the pastor, was too ill to be present, but on the following Sunday prefaced his sermon with an affectionate and venerated tribute to the manliness and estimable qualities of Mr. Tobin. His remains temporarily repose in the cemetery of Mount Pleasant, in a public tomb, built at the expense of the city, which he was chiefly instrumental in securing during one of the many years he served as alderman. His executors and heirs are his brother, Capt. John M. Tobin, of Boston, and his sister, Mrs. Catherine Kelleher, of Bangor. The prayers of his people ascend for him that perpetual light eternal shine on him.

Our Boys and Girls.

THE young lady who goes to school with a pile of books and a novel will not carry off the prize. Nor the boy who plays all the evening, stays up late and leaves his studies for the morning. Boys and girls should rise early in order to better prepare their studies. Make the lessons yourself: do not have others to make them for you. Learn now that you are young. Boys who wish to possess clear heads should not smoke. Nothing injures them more than the pernicious habit of smoking. Never use profane language. Boys should not chew, much less girls. Have a time for everything, as well as a place for everything, and put everything in its place.

Wanted — A Gospel for the Century.

To the Editor of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

THE thoughtful observer of the signs of the times, whether of the clergy or laymen, cannot but listen when a master speaks in such tones of power and richness as is voiced in the Nineteenth Century article by Rev. Wm. Barry; which you published in your current number (December, 1889).

I for one cannot let it pass without a few words of comment, and feel to urge all to a careful consideration of its wise conclusions, and its scholarly treatment. This writer does not come as an alarmist, whining or fault-finding; not as one seeking to shift responsibility in the condition of things. But as with a clear view of duty to God, and with firm grasp upon things that are, and a full knowledge of the lessons of history, he speaks as a prophet, awaking the slumbering custodians of God's altar-fires with a voice of firm authority. He brings with a brotherly hand a remedy for the sick world, and examines with respect the remedies proposed by others. The world is to-day suffering the reaction of *too free* a flight of thought and speculation into which men were forced to take part, by that "insane license of affirmation," of "syllogistic dreams, hanging loose from fact on every side," which are now forgotten.

Right here in New England we behold the effects of that cold inhuman theology which a century since sought to bind the very heart and soul of the individual. It has made the words religion, discipline, and worship odious in the minds of thousands, and they stand aloof from all churches and all religious associations. Who shall say that the kingdom of Jehovah on earth has not been set back by such things, for who can live in a brotherhood who cannot worship and sing praises to Almighty God?

The "fishers of men" have made a mistake, and stand like the fisherman in the Arabian Nights, who opened the copper vessel he found in his net, and a smoke came forth assuming the form of a genii with evil intent. By strategy he induced the genii to reënter the vessel and thus be secured. So to-day the masses of people stand, like the smoke, without form or organization, either indifferent or so strongly prejudiced that they find only curses for the strong organic brotherhood of the Church, and there are those who vainly hope to coax or drive them back into the cold metallic doctrines which are formulated in books "unreadable by any human being."

This can never be. The hungry soul of the agnostic and learned cynic can never return to such dead issues, but demands bread and the living Christ; and only the love of the living God can warm him out of his indifference.

Society must make provision for these new departments of work and thought, and the church universal must be wise in its action and forget not the dual nature of its children, — the natural and the divine. Holding fast to the light of heaven whereby man has risen above the beasts of the fields, and walking close to the human heart, leading

man by easy gradations and loving patience into the broad pastures of that Holy Church whose walls shall melt away and be for all mankind.

The history of American brotherhoods shows us that a community cannot be founded upon a material basis alone, for when men forgets heaven and the worship of the Creator, the Creator and heaven seem almost to forget them.

Neither can the brotherhood thrive upon the "pure oxygen" of a wholly transcendental order. Hand in hand must walk noble science and divine philosophy, for they are one in purpose — to interpret the words of the Father here and hereafter. DR. G. P. WIKSELL.

Hotel Pelham, Boston, Dec. 10, 1889.

A Grand Old Woman.

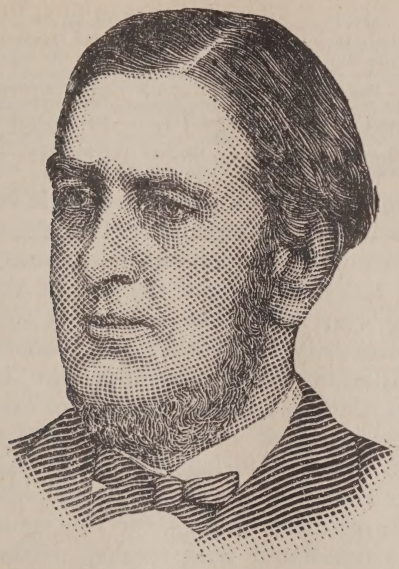
MRS. CATHERINE GLADSTONE, wife of the Grand Old Man, was a Miss Glynne half a century ago. At her marriage she brought her husband to Hawarden castle, over which she has reigned a firm but quiet queen. She is the mother, as her illustrious husband puts it, of a quartet of sons, and a quartet of daughters, and is described as a woman of great moral and mental strength whom a stranger would worship, but never presume to love save at a distance. Her hair is gray but abundant, and resembles satin in texture, so carefully is it brushed over her ears and under a snowy little cap of fine lace and black velvet loops that fall over her neck in the back. She dresses always in black, and her velvet basques are made very high in the collar, and finished with a lace ruche that reaches quite to the pointed, slightly dimpled chin. The only sort of trimming she wears is a set of lace wrist ruffles, with bands of the delicate web laid on the sleeve of the dress, covering it from frill to elbow. Her face is oval in form, and still full in outline, the splendid height of forehead covering more than a third of the facial measurement. She has her own corner in the Hawarden library, where she is surrounded by her favorite authors — all little handable books, Mrs. Chant calls them — and statuettes that crowd space and attention. She writes with a quill, uses more visiting cards for the post than she does note paper, not daring to trust herself with so much good paper unless there is a reason for a letter. On the subject of promiscuous correspondence, to which she is as violently opposed as she is to society kissing, she quotes Thackeray, in Pendennis, who besought his son to never "write himself down an ass" by what he might say. The expressed regret of the satirist that he did not heed such good advice made the impression indelible on this gifted lady's mind. It is her boast that she can keep her temper under any vexation, and keep cool under every circumstance. She is a great lover of flowers and bare floors, keeps her house and every room in it in home-like order.

All her life she has been a frugal eater, but an insatiable drinker, considering tea the water of life, and claret food and medicine, as well as a valuable but harmless tonic. Once after entertaining a party of American ladies she said: "Now that I know the rinsing out they give their stomachs with ice-water, and the intensely hot rooms in which they live and sleep, I am puzzled to know how American women keep not their beauty but their life."

New York World.

Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt.

GLADSTONE'S CONFIDENTIAL COLLEAGUE AND PROBABLE SUCCESSOR.



THE Gladstone anniversary was marked by a very brilliant speech from Sir William Harcourt at Derby. Mr. Gladstone's life began when George the Third was king. During that life England has progressed perhaps more than any other nation in the world. But while the population of England has doubled, the population of Ireland under English rule has been halved. Sir William Harcourt is himself twenty-one years in Parliament, and it was during his time that Mr. Gladstone achieved most of his great constitutional triumphs. Years and experience have confirmed Sir William Harcourt in his loyalty to the Grand Old Man. Sir William was most happy and opportune in his allusions to Ireland. Speaking of the confidence the Irish people repose in their leaders he said, that as proven in the case of O'Connell and other leaders in Ireland, when the Irish people place confidence they do not withdraw it the next moment. They do not suffer their opinions to be changed in a day. When the people of Ireland trust a man who they are really persuaded has their interest at heart, they do not cast him off because he does something which they cannot immediately understand or explain. On the contrary, said Sir Wm. Harcourt, they think that he probably knows what he is about, and what he does is done to serve them. That is the sensible view to take. That is the view the English people have taken of Mr. Gladstone. They are convinced that he has their real interests at heart. It is the secret of his ascendency over them. It is the secret of his ascendency over the Liberal Party. Mr. Gladstone's party is united, is unanimous, is confident. It is the only way a party can win, and the real Liberals of England mean to win at the next election. Sir William Vernon Harcourt was born Oct. 14th, 1827.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER I. — THE PROVISION TRADE.

Doubtful Origin of the Pig.—His Connection with Valor and Sorcery.—The Veneration of Eastern Nations.—Ancient Custom Revived in Oxford.—Heraldic Devices.—Pigs, *pro bono publico*.—St. Anthony's Pigs.—"Blessing the Bacon."—"The Song of the Pig."—Provisions for his Comfort.—His Philosophy.—An Apology for his Habits.—Opinion of Sir Francis Head.—Leigh Hunt.—Diversity of the Pig's Career.—Origin of the Word "Rasher."—Peasants' Love for the Pig.—Foreign Competition.—Quality of Irish Bacon.—Foundation of the trade in Ireland.—John Russell.—"Berwick" Pigs.—Limerick Hams.—Early Days of the Trade.—The "Limerick Liners."—Government Contracts.—The "Cove of Cork."—Progress of the Trade.—The Pig's Conversion into Bacon.—Peep into a Modern Pig Factory.—The "Limerick Cure."—Uses of the Pig.—American Rivalry.—A Futile Scheme.

In the endeavor to prove a good lineage, it is usual to say that a family came over with the Conqueror. The pig, the family friend of the Irish people, did not come with the aristocratic soldier who shines at the head of our old nobility; for the best of reasons: he was here long before William's arrival. The advent of the porcine race into Ireland is lost in obscurity. Whether they came with the Firbolgs, the Belgæ, or the Milesians, remains wrapped in that veil which hides so many vestiges of the past from the gaze of the present. Ireland in the olden time was covered with forests; great acorn-growing trees which nourished the swine. During the first glimpses of Christianity, the old Druids were represented as hunting at midnight, on the storm-riven mountain tops, mounted on pigs, for the souls of hapless travellers. The pig was associated with mighty deeds of valor, and the darkest doings of sorcery. The natives of the Sandwich Islands still sacrifice the pig to Pele, the witch goddess who personifies the crater of Keranea. The Laplanders, even when pressed by hunger, refuse to eat hogs' flesh, believing those animals to be the horses on which magicians ride through the night, bent on unlawful errands. In many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, pigs are still believed to be witches in disguise. The mythology of the East represents that, when the earth was hidden away by the malice of Hinany-Akshana, the god Vishnu assumed the form of a mighty boar, with fiery tusks, and rooted it up from the depths of Patolas, restoring the planet to its proper place, and thus dignifying the pig by associating it with his third visitation. In commemoration of this, Vishnu is represented in Hindu temples with the head of a pig. The Saracens had great veneration for the animal, and gave as their reason for abstinence from swine flesh, that the pig was the brother of mankind. The warlike Moors regard the tooth of a wild boar as a powerful charm against the evil eye. The Scandinavians held the pig in great honor, and the souls of heroes were supposed to feed on the boar of Valhalla.

On Christmas Day, in the Common Hall of Queen's College, Oxford, a boar's head is brought to table, crowned with garlands of bay and laurel, decorated with ribbons and holding an orange, stuck with cloves, between his grinning teeth, which custom, in common with Yule sports, is derived from our northern forefathers, and is entirely of Scandinavian origin. Some of the oldest families in the kingdom bear the device of a boar's head as their crest; notably those of Argyle and Breadalbane in the Scotch, and Clare and Charleville in

the Irish peerage. In the fifteenth century, Edward IV. gave a grant of all masterless pigs to St. Anthony's Hospital, in London. The same monarch, among other privileges, sanctioned the maintenance of a pig at the public expense in every village in England. St. Anthony, remarkable for his love of all God's creatures save heretics, is always represented with a pig at his feet, and even in the fine picture of his death, painted by Rubens, there is a large hog lying under the bed. The pigs of St. Anthony became public pensioners, roaming and foraging everywhere, and a member of the royal family lost his life by one of them running under his horse's feet; after which Anthony's pigs were obliged to wear a bell to warn people of their approach; this bell became the sign of their privilege, and they were then regarded as holy. It is said that the virtues of the Bath waters were first discovered by a pig; one of the herd kept by Prince Baldud, the son of King Ludd. The story of the pig's sacredness was maintained for many years; its last stage was traced to Lincolnshire, where, on a certain day in the year, the custom of "blessing the bacon" was continued, until put down by the clergy on account of the orgies which accompanied it. Egyptians, Mohammedans, Hindoos, and Jews shun pork as an article of food, yet troops of hogs are constantly represented in many of the most ancient pictures and stone designs. In the twelfth century, one of the Welsh bards with the high-sounding name of Lewarch-Ab-Llewelyn, composed the "song of the pig," and Catwig, a poet frequently referred to in the literature of Cymry, concludes a dissertation on morals with: "Thus ends this portion of the saying of the wise; and happy is the man who is as wise as a pig."

The pig has a large family, and is well known in every country in the world. The Irish are not the only people who treat him with respect and attention. In Mexico, when he travels, he is furnished with boots, sewn up with neatly-fitting soles; and, in parts of Germany to-day, he is accommodated with a bedstead, lest his health should be injured by a "lodging on the cold ground."

The pig is well able to take care of himself, and, in his semi-savage state, to get his own living. In the Cordillerean Alps, the wild hogs choose a leader as king, without slaying whom it is impossible to break their ranks; they also form themselves into companies, one of which devotes itself to shaking certain trees in order to bring down otherwise unattainable fruit, while the other party feeds: in this manner the divisions relieve each other alternately. The jungle hog of India makes his bed of meadow grass; this he cuts down with his teeth; when he has collected a large heap, he creeps under it to rest, and so contrives that he can cunningly creep out at the other side, without disturbing the pile. He also manages to secure a loop hole, through which he keeps an eye on his enemies.

The pig is not only sagacious but a sage, for though in the matter of food he is not over nice and hardly temperate, occasionally getting intoxicated on distillery refuse, yet he lives as he foresees his destiny. Other beasts toil and moil for their ungrateful masters, as if they had immortal souls and wanted to gain heaven by their good works. The

pig eats and drinks because to-morrow he dies, and, under the circumstances, no one can deny this to be supreme wisdom. But, he is such a dirty beast! Well, what provision is made for his ablutions? Much of our cleanliness is owing to the conveniences with which we are provided. The pig likes a moist skin, and if he cannot get one without becoming dirty also, he merely puts up with a disagreeable necessity. Besides, wholesome mud is not dirt. There are places in Germany where people take mud baths, and they are not branded as dirty on that account. Our own sparrows in the summer are constantly seen taking dust baths in the roads.

I think I have now "rehabilitated" the pig from the libels ruthlessly flung at him, much in the fashion of the great writers of our own day, whose principle it is to set on their legs those notabilities whom the verdict of history has knocked down. We were once taught to regard Henry VIII. as a detestable human vampire, guilty of the most odious crimes; but, if we are to believe the veracious Mr. Froude, that monarch must have been a mild, gentlemanly youth, whom any mother might invite with confidence to drink tea with her daughters.

The moral and mental philosophy of a pig's existence is ingeniously set forth by Sir Francis Head: "With pigs, as with mankind," he says, "idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do, having no employment, nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, most eagerly (or, as we accuse him, greedily) greets its arrival. Having no business or diversion — nothing to occupy his hours — the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep; which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system — a tyrant which can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself, sleeps, eats again, sleeps, awakes in a fright, screams, struggles against the blue apron, screams, faints, and turns up the white of his little eyes and dies."

From the earliest times recorded in history, herds of pigs were kept by our British and Saxon ancestors, in those districts where acorns and mast-bearing trees abounded. The old Irish pig had long legs, large, erect ears, an attenuated snout and a light body; he was a roaming, restless brute, with porcupine bristles on his back, a hide of rhinocerine thickness and an aspect grim as a wolf. These animals were good for a long run, and could travel considerable distances in search of food. They bore absolutely no resemblance to the sleek, lazy-looking porker who now finds it a labor to cross from his sty to his trough, and who looks like animated lard. The antics of pigs when the wind blows high, gave rise to the notion that they can see the wind, and the quaintly complacent manner in which these animals run off with a sheaf of straw to improve their bed, proves them to be humorists. Leigh Hunt characterizes the pig as an animal "having a peculiar turn of mind; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help, irritable, retrospective, picking objections, and prone to haggle, — a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for alleys."

There is a considerable diversity in his career, and the part he plays in modern life is certainly not heroic. In Minorca, an ass and a hog may be frequently seen yoked to a plough. A Herefordshire farmer, in the last century, rode into St. Albans market in a small cart, drawn by four hogs. The pig has been known to submit to the saddle and bridle. In Italy he is utilized to hunt for truffles. A string is tied to his leg and he is led into fields where those delicacies grow; wherever he stops, smells the soil and roots up the ground, there truffles will be found. But the most singular function he is called on to perform is related by Daniels, in his Rural Sports, where he tells of a pig who was taught to stand game like an ordinary pointer. This susceptibility to teaching would redeem the pig from the oft-repeated charge of stupidity, even if a peep into his keen, clear eye did not at once do so. The pig is an opprobrious term flung at Irishmen, who are regarded by many as the white nigger of the human family. There is no disgrace in the epithet: let them rejoice in it and feel proud of the animal which has done them solid service, and, before I have finished, I will show that the pig may tide the Irish over greater difficulties still. Any enumeration of the uses of the living pig must be a short one; I wish to trace him through the ordeal by which he is made a valuable dead pig.

More than one hundred years ago, bacon formed no inconsiderable item of the Irish larder, and it still holds the field, despite fierce competition from the colonies. A piece of bacon furnished Goldsmith with a simile as forcible as it is true. He wrote:

> "In some Irish houses, where things are so so,
> One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
> But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
> They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in."

The "rasher of bacon" is a common expression in Ireland; it is derived from the rapidity with which this delicacy is prepared for suddenly arrived guests, and possibly forms the commencement of a hospitality which approaches rashness.

When wild pigs passed away, men became civilized and pigs domesticated. The old Irish breed were a lean and cadaverous race, but when housed and fattened they developed into portly looking quadrupeds. In the days when potatoes flourished, pig feeding became a valuable trade; the animals grew to a great size, the larger class weighing something over two hundred weight and taking about two years to attain that size. The smaller kind of pig weighs from one hundred and twelve pounds to one hundred and twenty-six pounds. Pigs come to maturity much earlier than any other description of stock, therefore the animal produce is relatively greater in proportion.

The area of Ireland is about twenty million square miles, and it was estimated in 1865 that there was an average of about one pig to every sixteen acres. In 1841, more than a quarter of a million pigs were owned by the poorer classes. That time has, however, passed away; the number has diminished, owing to the absence of the food supply. The poor idiomatically assert that Indian meal — the staple food of the

peasant — leaves only a clean skillet; that is, nothing for the pig. The potato famine has swept away the food of the national animal. It is no wonder that the people set great value on the pig, for he generally repaid in cash all the outlay on his comfort. The sums realized for them were very great; a Kilkenny farmer was often able to bring home from Waterford Market a sum of two hundred and forty pounds for thirty pigs. Every penny the poor man could save, in purchasing bran or pollard for "the pig, the cratur," he recovered with compound interest. The county of Kilkenny was the pig's paradise. When the peasant stored his winter supply of potatoes, it is said he usually divided it into three lots, — the best for the pigs, the next for seed, and the refuse for the family. A story is told of one enthusiast who gave the pound of candles he brought home from market to the pigs and ate his supper in the dark.

In 1847, Ireland exported about four hundred and eighty thousand live pigs. There was hardly any town of importance in the country without its provision store, which made up pork and bacon for the English market. These smaller concerns have gradually disappeared, and the trade is concentrated in larger places, each of which has its peculiar manufacture. Waterford takes the lead in the London market, but Limerick has established a reputation for one particular class of goods, which are sold at most of the provision shops in the kingdom. America and Hamburg are proving formidable rivals in the pig trade. The advantages of Ireland are two-fold; first, the less variable character of the climate, which contributes to make the fat more solid; next, the cheapness of labor. American bacon can be raised at the low price of three cents per pound, but the quality is inferior, owing to the food on which the animals are nourished. Herds of American swine are driven into a field of maize and allowed to fatten on the green stalks or the raw cobs of corn; this imparts a rankness to the flesh, and, in warm climates, this rankness causes disease. Irish pigs, on the contrary, are usually well treated from their birth; they are not fed on garbage, and one of the results is that no instances of trichinosis are reported. American pigs are driven into the markets of New York and Chicago, where immense slaughter takes place, very little care being taken to separate the prime from the inferior.

Irish manufacturers are holding their own, in spite of foreign competition and change of circumstances. This success arises mainly from the intelligence and enterprise of those engaged in the trade; the names of Messrs. Shaw, Matterson, and Denny being literally household words — known all over the kingdom. The secret of their success is obvious; possessing culture and knowledge, these gentlemen keep pace with the times, adopt the latest improvements of science, and, in consequence, Irish bacon is admittedly the best in the market.

The largest export trade in Ireland is that in cattle; more than half a million being exported annually, and about a million and a half of sheep. There are no exact statistics of the number of pigs, though the trade in them is perhaps the best conducted enterprise in Ireland. When it began in Limerick is unknown; but, about the year 1820, Mr.

John Russell, a Cumberland man, went over to Ireland, and, after remaining a short time in Dublin, settled in Limerick and started the bacon trade. He began business in conjunction with Mr. Matterson, the father of the present proprietor. In 1820 pigs were cheap; they were usually brought to the market dead. It was about then that the title "Berwick" began to be applied to a small class of pig which has ever since been distinguished by that appellation. Mr. Russell adopted a peculiar method of curing hams which he saw practised in the town of Berwick-on-Tweed. Practically the honor of curing the first of the famed Limerick hams belongs to Mr. Russell. Throughout the civilized world, wherever the matutinal rasher is an institution, the Limerick hams take the first place. Of the millions who feast on it, few have the faintest notion of the care, skill, and judgment, as well as capital and enterprise, expended on that rare delicacy before it is ready for the palate. Who is not conversant with that exquisite morsel, alternating bands of creamy amber and faint rose, which makes the morning meal so enjoyable?

The trade started by Mr. Russell was at first pursued only to an insignificant extent; men of enterprise were, in those days, cramped by limited means of communication and want of an efficient banking system. It was then impossible to obtain advances of money to purchase goods before their realization in cash. Limited consignments of bacon to England hardly paid, the time spent in transportation was so tedious. What stimulated the trade was the knowledge that there was in England a good market for hams and bacon. It was Mr. Russell who began the trade with London, and his first attempt brought him as much as a shilling a pound for hams. It was a small business in those days before the introduction of bills, railways, steam-ships, and telegraphs. It was mostly conducted in the winter months, the only time when curing could be carried on. Mr. Russell invested the whole of his capital in the purchase of pigs, and when he shipped the whole to England, he had to wait for the return of his enterprise in money before he could go to work again. It was not all fair sailing with this energetic merchant. In 1836, a fire destroyed his stores valued at forty thousand pounds This serious loss, however, did not crush him; he went to work again and rapidly amassed a large fortune. It was about the time of Mr. Russell's loss that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Matterson went into the bacon trade, to which these respective firms gave an impetus, not only in the city but in the country. Trade with England was at this time in its infancy; it was developed by a system of co-operation; the respective merchants clubbed together to equip a small fleet to ply between London and Limerick. The "Limerick Liners," as they were called, were a small class of ship from one hundred and fifty to three hundred tons. They sailed irregularly, and sometimes took two months to make the voyage. One of the ships went out with a cargo of hams and encountered such severe weather that, when she arrived in London, her cargo was gone, it having been eaten by the captain and crew. Here is one of the shipping notes:

"Shipped, by the grace of God, in good order and well conditioned,

by Joseph Matterson, in, and upon the good ship 'Ariel,' whereof is master under God, for this present voyage, Henry Carter, and now riding at anchor in the river Shannon, and, by God's grace, bound for London, carrying 130 loose hams, weight 15 cwt. 1qr. 23 lbs.; being marked and numbered as in the margin, and are to be delivered in the like good order and well conditioned, at the aforesaid port of London (the act of God, king's enemies, fire, and all other dangers and accidents of the seas, rivers and navigation, of whatever nature and kind soever excepted), with Messrs. H. J. Johnson & Co., or to his assignee; he and they paying freight for the said goods — 25s. per ton, with primage and average accustomed. In witness whereof I, the said master, have affirmed to three bills of lading all this tenor and date, etc. And so, God send the good ship to her desired port of safety. Amen. Limerick, 14th June, 1834,— Henry Carter." The note referred to on the margin specifies that the 130 hams shall be carried in cabin berths. This shows a very pious feeling on the part of the drawers of the bill, and a great regard for their hams; nothing less than "cabin berths" for the much prized edibles.

The trade went on merrily for a number of years, the Limerick bacon becoming so famous as to attract the attention of the government. Some of the merchants secured large contracts for the supply of pork and corned-beef for the navy. "Mess pigs" were purchased at the rate of from 23s. to 30s. per cwt. Among the first provision curers of Cork was Dan Callighan, who supplied the British Navy with beef, and entered into a security for twenty thousand pounds to complete the contract. His son became ambitious of parliamentary honors, and was able to lavish a hundred thousand pounds on his election, in the days when bribery was rampant. The trade was then confined to Ireland; afterwards it was competed for by English curers. Dan junior was a popular man in his day; he represented the city of Cork in Parliament, and was celebrated in the annals of his time as "The Cove of Cork." Those were days when a well-made coat and a full purse were better recommendations to the electors than a plank bed and a glib tongue.

It may not be out of place to remark that the export trade of salt provisions sprung up more from the necessities of a state of war than one of peace.

Under Messrs. Shaw and Matterson, the respective fathers of the present merchants, the bacon trade progressed year by year; they speculated largely, and adopted the latest improvements in their concern. The introduction of the ice process alone enabled the curing to be carried on in the hottest summer as well as it can be accomplished in the winter. Pig killing has advanced steadily, Limerick holding the first position in the trade. The "turnover" of the combined firms engaged in the bacon trade amounted, in 1876, to two millions of money. This progress is mainly owing to the superior class of pigs which are being produced in Limerick, Clare, Kerry, and Tipperary. As long as pigs can be kept lean, level, and long-sided, they cannot be affected to any great extent by foreign competition. Fat pigs are a drug in the market, and breeders are now realizing the fact.

The history of the pig would not be complete without a short sketch of the process by which he is converted into bacon. The person who regards the pig as an unclean animal must get his mind disabused of that idea. If cleanliness be next to godliness, a modern pig factory borders on sanctity. The amazing purity of every portion of the building is absolutely astounding. In the modern pigsty, where a number of animals await their fate with all the content of ignorance, their surroundings are spotlessly clean. The doomed animals are driven into the execution hall, where they are easily and rapidly secured. Before they can realize the strangeness of their surroundings they are caught by one of their hind legs by machinery; whirled aloft to a long round bar of burnished iron, running beside the wall of the building, beneath which is a channel course and open gratings in the floor. Here he is seized by a skilled hand who plunges a knife into his throat, after which he is whisked along the bar to bleed and make room for his comrades, who join him in rapidly increasing rows, the dexterous executioners being able to dispatch about three pigs a minute. There is no prolonged suffering; before the pig can appreciate his position he has become pork. The carcasses, after bleeding, are sent further along the iron bar into the singeing department. The first stage on the journey is the scalding process. Here, a gang of men give a douche bath to soften the hairs, a second body of operatives scrape and clean the skin, first rushing piggy through a blazing, fiery furnace; the carcass returns with every hair burned off, a black, smoking, charred body, with an odor suggestive of the roast crackling which won the heart of Charles Lamb, and according to the never-to-be-forgotten story, endangered the architecture of old China. The carcass, in its new condition, once more sets out on its pilgrimage along the bar, till it reaches another body of operatives, who open the body, disembowel it, remove the entrails, and send it along to the weighing house. When the exact weight of each pig is recorded, it is hung up with a number of its brethren who have undergone similar treatment. The next process to which the defunct porkers are submitted, brings them within a measurable distance of bacon. A gang of workmen, armed with long sharp knives, set to work on the carcasses. A few cuts and the head is severed from the trunk; then, a long slash or two cleaves the body; the carcass is laid open and the backbone is removed. Different classes of pigs undergo different cutting operations; in the case of "Berwicks," the hams are separated from the sides, but in that of the heavier animals they are never divided; the whole side is taken to the English market.

When pigs are thus apportioned, they are wheeled away on small carts to the ice-house vaults. These are immense mysterious chambers into which the light of day never penetrates. Above them extends an iron bolted ceiling, in which rest thousands of tons of ice, the effect of which, even in summer, is to keep the atmosphere almost at freezing point. All the parts of the carcass are piled on each other, with layers of salt between them. The sepulchral gloom and cold of those vaults befit the home of the dead. Familiar spirits are moving about arches

and pillars, the light of their lamps only making the darkness visible. In this state the meat must lie for a certain time before it becomes bacon.

An improved method of refrigeration has been recently invented and patented by Mr. Alex. W. Shaw, which, when adopted, will create a revolution in the preservation of all perishable articles of food. After the several portions have lain in salt for a sufficient time, they are taken out and passed through the hands of a gang of workmen, who cut, pare, and shape the hams to the orthodox size. A good carver can make an unpromising ham a most shapely seductive joint. The knife is used with artistic skill and finish; if in unskilled hands the joint would be less salable. A perfect ham is a work of art.

When dry, the hams are brought into the smoke room and colored as carefully as a meerschaum. The "green hams," cured with salt and spice, according to a certain receipt, are suspended in a chamber heated from beneath; combustibles, of which the principal is sawdust, are set on fire on the tiled floor, and soon a dense smoke of the most pungent and suffocating quality fills the room, and is retained by means of air-tight doors which are fastened for about six hours. By this means, the delicate amber tints and rich pinkish hues are imparted to the flesh, and the faint but exquisite flavor of the "Limerick cure" is given.

Every part of the pig is of use. The heads are steeped in brine, and after seasoning are deemed a delicacy. The fat is converted into lard and boiled by means of steam into oil and poured into bladders. These are dropped into great pans filled with cold water. Here they roll about like huge snowballs until thoroughly chilled. They are then packed securely, like old china or delicate fruit, with a padding of oak husks, and shipped to England and the colonies. The intestines are purified with lime and warm liquid solutions, until they become white, transparent, and free from odor. The blood, formerly valueless, is now sold for manure, of great service as a fertilizer. The feet, or "trotters," are sold "green." The horny tips of the extremities are fashioned into the tops of canes and umbrellas. The backbones and parings are sold to retailers. Other portions of the pig are manufactured by steam machinery, chopped into mince-meat, and passed into a machine like a coffee mill, and re-issue in ropes of sausages, when pigs are cheap. These are the forms which our friend the grunter contributes towards our enjoyment.

But his uses do not end here; the lard is used in numberless ways by the cook, apothecary, and perfumer. All ointments have lard as one of their ingredients and, as for perfumery, if bears, grease, marrow oil, Circassian cream, pomades, and lip salve could speak, they would doubtless have much to say concerning the virtues of the pig. Genuine calves' foot jelly is manufactured from the feet of pigs. About two million pounds of bristles are imported annually, all taken from the top of the hog's back, where alone they are large and strong enough. The bristles which go to make hair-brushes are as different externally from those on the domestic pig as a buffalo from a short-horn. Those large red or black boars are as tall as donkeys, and as active as wild calves.

They are found, for the most part, in the steppes of Russia or the plains of Hungary; some of them are as large as a milch cow; lean, ferocious brutes which can leap a barrier of five feet.

The cattle trade is the largest export trade in Ireland; more than half a million cattle are exported annually, and a million and a half of sheep. Cattle and sheep are exported alive; this means a loss of more than a million sterling per annum, without benefiting the country. Instead of a live meat market, a dead meat market is required. Scotland sends large supplies of dead meat to the London market; Ireland should be able to do the same. In the process of transportation the poor brutes suffer much hardship, the injury being estimated at a loss of thirty shillings a beast; being equivalent to about one million annually.

The cattle trade is capable of vast extension; if crops suitable to the growth of cattle were sown, three times as many could be raised, and a larger amount of employment given. Mr. Shaw, in Limerick, employs over one thousand men. It must, however, be borne in mind that, in the matter of grain and cattle, Ireland has a formidable rival in America. It would be physically impossible for the United Kingdom to compete with the teeming resources of the New World. Cattle raising has not yet been fully developed in America; in the vast regions of the Amazon and the Mississippi, there are over nine hundred million acres upon which they can turn their herds to feed, free of cost. In the provinces of Parana and Rio Grande, and the state of Montevideo, the cattle are half wild; they live and propagate without stables or any assured supply of food. The number has been estimated at over sixty million head of stock. These remain unutilized for want of market, and convenient means of transit. For fifty years to come the cattle supply in America will exceed the demand.

The breed of cattle has not improved in Ireland during the last forty years. The wholesale importation of live stock from that country has crushed several of her most valuable industries, such as hides, leather, tanning, boot-making, horn and comb trades, soap and candle trades, grit, sausage skin, etc. In fact, all the industries which followed the large trade are starved out in consequence of the present method in conducting the enterprise. Here is exhibited a great want of public spirit. In order to resuscitate the meat trade, a number of slaughter-houses should be erected in Ireland, and the railway lines should provide refrigerating vans for the purposes of transportation. In 1884, a futile attempt was made to supply this want. The scheme, however, was defeated by the rapacious conduct of a class of middlemen, who made profit out of the live meat trade, who had shares in the vessels employed in the transportation, and who obstinately set their faces against the change which would benefit the country, but was likely to diminish their sordid gains. The infamy of such conduct should be exposed in the Press and the Houses of Parliament. Without such reformation this valuable industry will be lost to the country.

Chapter II., Railway Autocracy, in our next.

A Remarkable Cure.

THE Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, parish priest of Knock, Ireland, has received information of a remarkable cure at Bloemfontein, South Africa. The information rests on excellent evidence, for which the Rev. Father Bompart, of Bloemontein, vouches. A young man, named Corbect, well known and respected, took ill of diphtheria. The malady was so virulent the doctor announced that he could not live until midnight. He still lingered, however, and the doctor again declared he could not live. A new doctor was then called,— the first having taken diphtheria himself,— but with no better result: he said the young man must die. We quote from the letter to Archdeacon Cavanagh: "Every preparation was made for his approaching death, even to sending for his soutane and surplice to lay him out in, he having been an acolyte from an early age. On July 24 the priest and doctor were again surprised to find him still alive, though evidently in his last moments. The doctor sent more medicine, expressing an opinion that he feared it would not relieve him, as he was already too far gone. The medicine was given, but came back through the nose, as he could not swallow it. Then his mother, with great faith, gave him some cement of Knock, which he swallowed, and, wonderful as it seems, the swelling of the throat went down. Prayers were said at the convent and Mass offered for him, after which he seemed slightly better. On the 25th the doctor expressed his astonishment at not only finding him still alive, but better. He told the family that it would be necessary to amputate the arm to save his life. The poor young man was so startled at the idea of being maimed and a burthen to his family for life, that he preferred dying. His mother (who is a convert) consoled him by telling him that the Blessed Virgin never does things by halves; but that she, through her powerful intercession, would obtain for him not only his health, but also the use of his arm. She, with her usual faith, continued giving him the cement of Knock." In two weeks he was able to take exercise, and the chances were, at the time this letter was written, that he would completely recover.

Join a Religious Society.

IT would be well for every Catholic to belong to some strictly religious society, either to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the Third order of St. Francis, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, or that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and why? St. Bernardine says, that, as a member of such societies, a man lives more holily and falls into sin less frequently and less grievously. He arises from his fall more easily, walks with greater caution, and is more copiously bedewed with showers of grace. He satisfies Divine justice and avoids purgatory with more facility. He expires with greater confidence and resignation, and is crowned more gloriously in the celestial mansions.

A Girl's Stratagem.

Letty La Touche had not sustained the family tradition for beauty, though some held her handsome, and her worst enemy could not say she was plain-looking. She was a tall girl, almost too slender, with a face which seldom by any chance had any color in it, vivid, scarlet lips, and a strange pair of eyes, half gray, half hazel, which were apt to take on a topaz color when their owner was excited. Her mother had been a beauty, and a worthless one. Harry La Touche had never had a happy hour from the time he became possessor of her until he lay, a dying man, on the grass of the Fifteen Acres, shot in a duel, which her heartless coquetries had brought about. Betty remembered him dimly; a fresh-looking, honest-faced fellow, to the last an incongruous presence in the gaming saloons, whither his wife's follies drove him. She remembered his kissing her in the gray dawn of the morning he went out to die, and putting her down so tenderly on her warm pillow. Growing older, she came to learn the story of that day, and it filled her with a great bitterness against her mother, now an elderly butterfly, known in half the cities of Europe. She had dragged her little girl in her train almost from the time she could walk. She was no beauty, her mother said half complacently, and there was no fear of rivalry. However, the bitterness grew and grew, and had become almost insupportable, when Mrs. La Touche took it in her head to bestow her faded person upon a parson ten years her junior, who had been long devoted to her or her jointure. They were in Belgium when this happened, and Betty very gladly shook the dust of the hot little Belgian town off her feet, and travelled homewards to Ireland, where she had not been for twelve years.

It was in the last years of the last century, and the journey was a toilsome and even dangerous one, but it was accomplished safely. She was going to her father's aunt, whose country house was at the outskirts of the city at Inchicore, not far from Phœnix Park, a quiet and little frequented place, though somewhat spoilt by His Majesty's Prison of Kilmainham, in the near vicinity. The packet had been half the week tossing about in the Channel, and Miss La Touche was a bad sailor, so she was a pitiable object enough for her presentation to her great aunt. Still when the coach deposited her at the green-barred gate of her new abode, she felt the life creeping back in her veins and the joy in her heart at the pleasant sight.

A long garden stretched away from the gate, rosy and white with apple blossoms, over which stood up a gray old house framed in creepers, with gabled roof and twisted chimneys, the diamond-paned windows open, and all basking in the morning sun, looking a very haven of rest. Down the long pathway came the stateliest of ladies, in a stiff, dove-colored silk gown, with a lace kerchief crossed on her bosom, and a cap of the same, frail as a cobweb, on soft white hair. Peach-colored ribbons in gay knots adorned cap and kerchief, and matched the mild violet eyes which looked out of her warm fair face. She gathered the

tired girl into such a motherly embrace as she had never known in all her life; then, having dismissed the hackney coach, carried her off into the shady old house, where her maid Hester was waiting with almost as warm a welcome. And then there was a dainty breakfast and a warm bath prepared, and the tired traveller afterwards went to sleep in a room all roses on a green background, and slept nearly through the twenty-four hours, to be awakened only by the songs of the thrushes and blackbirds just outside her window.

She was a fascinating girl, despite her lack of absolute beauty. No belle of the day had more admirers and would-be lovers; but Betty would have none of them in that capacity, though she had plenty of smiles and gay words for them. Some said she was cold and some exacting; but she was neither, as after events proved, only unable to love a man who had displayed mere society qualities. She was now getting on for twenty-six years of age, and her name had been associated with no man's. She gave none of her admirers cause to complain. Her favors, and, occasionally, her disfavors, were quite impartially distributed, and there was no duelling on her account. She was unconventional in an age when what we nowadays would call fastness was almost a convention. She thought her own thoughts and put them into speech, and she chose her own friends. Also, now and then, she made her own enemies. She could be curiously bitter at times, and had a way of flashing out at pretence, at scandal mongering, or anything else that earned her disdain, with a dilatation of her yellow eyes, which occasionally made for her implacable enemies; but she was well loved too, and went on her way unheeding. She took part in all the town's gaieties, dancing at the Rotunda, and driving to take the waters at Leixlip surrounded by a posse of her admirers on horseback, and altogether led a very gay existence.

The high tide of gaiety which the Ruthland Administration had inaugurated had not yet fallen to its ebb. Lord Buckingham was followed by Lord Fitzwilliam, and under this beloved Viceroy the Irish capital was a gay and pleasant place indeed. It was the day of the United Irish Society when the noblest in the land belonged to its ranks, and the proudest dames displayed its favors, and as yet its strength and power and the boldness of its pretensions had not seemed to inspire with anxiety the ruling authorities. But this happy state of things was not for long. In March, 1797, Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, and left Ireland amid the deepest national mourning, his kind rule being replaced by the savage despotism of Lord Camden's viceroyalty. It came like a thunder-clap on the country, when some of the noblest and most beloved among the United Irishmen were seized and imprisoned in Newgate, in the old prison of Kilmainham, in Carrickfergus, and the other strongholds through the country, and the most active agent in the new policy of repression being the newly-appointed Chief Secretary, Robert Stewart, Lord Castlereagh, who had been one of the foremost among the United Irishmen in his native northern province.

Under the new rule the gaieties went on with less heart, but little outward expression of the gloom that had fallen upon the city

in common with the country. The fairest and noblest faces were missing perhaps; but society agreed, as it always does, to bury its dead as discreetly as possible. So martial law not yet being proclaimed, coaches rumbled through the city by night, and link-boys ran shouting with their lights, and the sedan chairmen had not to complain of much diminution of custom. Some, indeed, were too generous to accept the existing state of things; many a gentleman laid aside his ruffles and velvet, and went no more to Court; many a lady folded her brocades sprinkled with shamrocks in dusky drawers strewn with lavender, and put by her gaieties for a better day. But, contrary to all expectations, Betty La Touche went with the tide.

She had made one little protest at first. One night she had overruled all her adoring aunt's objections to appearing at one of the Viceroy's balls. She had come down muffled in her white silk cloak, and while they waited for the coach the gentle old lady had time to notice the feverish excitement in the girl's face. Her own heart was sad enough. She could not see why they should be junketing off to the Castle, with all this misery going on and some of their dearest and most honored friends lying in prison. Betty must have guessed her thoughts, for turning to her suddenly she bent and kissed the sweet withered face.

"Bear with me, my dearest," she said. "Oh, what are you thinking of me? That I am my mother's daughter, perhaps light and hard like her. Bear with me a little, and you will soon understand."

And the tears brimmed over her two bright eyes. So they went off, the old lady's kind heart comforted through all its sense of mystification.

However, Betty's appearance at the ball created considerable commotion. Her white velvet was embroidered thickly with silver shamrocks, and her underskirt was of the rebel green. The shamrock was in her hair, on her breast — everywhere. Miss La Touche was dismayed at this madcap freak, and yet in her brave heart a little proud of it. On the Chief Secretary, whose first appearance this was, under the new *régime*, the effect was far from what Betty had anticipated. As she swept by him and the Viceroy, her haughty head in air, her long train gathered over her arm, her eyes quite golden with anger and excitement, his Lordship swore he had never seen so charming an apparition. "A dangerous little rebel, and one worth knowing, by Heaven," was his comment, which was chronicled and repeated to Betty herself next day.

After this her fire seemed to have died out, and to all the world she looked well in process of taming. On the very first opportunity my Lord Castlereagh had obtained an introduction, and a friendship seemed to grow between the two, to the scandal of many and the wonder of all. His Lordship found time between the cares of State to lavish the *petits soins* on this one charming woman. Not that there was anything to give scandal; scarcely anything even in the way of a flirtation. Betty La Touche was far too haughtily careful of her good name for that. All the world might hear her shower of gay witticisms

as she sat smoothing her yellow silk and opening and shutting her great fan, while the Secretary's handsome and sinister face leaned delightfully over her. Hear the talk of the dowagers.

"Really," says one, a little acrimoniously, "that girl grows more like her mother every day. What can Priscilla La Touche be about to permit it? And her friendship with Lady Edward, and with those poor Ronaynes! Dear, dear! 'tis the way of the world."

"Yet, they say," says her kinder-looking neighbors, "that Lady Edward has much affection for her, and repels with anger those who would carry tales to her. And poor Mrs. Ronayne; they say this girl travels every day to her country house at Drumcondra, to be with her and comfort her for the loss of her son in Kilmainham. And they say also that, by my Lord Castlereagh, she has procured for him in many ways a mitigation of the hardships of his prison."

"By the day she visits the sorrowful," says the other, with a sneer; "by night she charms away the evil humors of my lord. Surely a Christian life."

But Betty is unconscious of the comments of friend or foe. As the evening goes on she grows almost wild in her mirth, a scarlet flush lights into radiance her usually pale face; her eyes have diamonds in their golden depths. and my lord is enchanted. As David with his harp soothed Saul, so does she the hated Chief Secretary — who has many flatterers and no friends, whose hand is against his old companions and theirs against him.

"The little witch's tongue enchants me," he says to an intimate, "till I forget; and, by my soul, an hour of such forgetfulness is sweet."

Only Miss La Touche knows what the wild gaiety costs in the expenditure of strength. After such scenes, once safely in the shelter of her coach, Betty La Touche's sparkle dies out suddenly, leaving a piteously wan face and an exhausted body. Once or twice after they are in the house, behind its tall walls and apple trees, she has broken down in wild fits of hysterical weeping, and often a lifeless day succeeds a disturbed night.

She grows thinner and paler, despite her aunt's strengthening mixtures; but by night the feverish colors and eyes only lend her new attractions, and few see that she is becoming ill. Every day she makes her faithful pilgrimage to Drumcondra, "to get strength," she says to herself, and there her wanness is noticed and anxiously commented upon.

"My child," Mrs. Ronayne says to her one day, "what have you been doing to yourself? How shall I answer my Archie when, God willing, he returns to me and asks how I have cared for his sweetheart? Are not these nightly gaieties too much?"

"My dearest mother," says the girl, lifting her face from the knees on which it was hidden, "I am well, and only thin because I am very anxious. I fear to absent myself from even one event where my Lord Castlereagh shall be, lest he should find some new distraction. There are years and years in which to get well. Now, I have to charm my lord till he be content to pay for his charming."

So for some weeks this continues. One night Betty has been in her most brilliant humor, and for once the mood does not fail her when they have left the ball room. She is still sparkling when they are safe at home in the brown parlor, much in need of a composing draught ere she shall sleep, her aunt thinks. But this night the gaiety is not merely feverish. She comes and kneels by the old lady in a pretty way she has, and begins stroking her face. Then she says, with a wistful tenderness:

"Soft heart and brave soul. Dear, to-night I have won my wage after months of bondage. Look what my lord brought me to the ball."

And she withdraws a signed and sealed document from her bosom. It is an order from Lord Castlereagh that the mother of the prisoner, Archibald Ronayne, shall be admitted to visit him at any time on the presentation of the order, and as often as it is presented.

"My lord thought it no great boon to give me," she says. "He knows my rebel sympathies and my rebel friendships. He even complimented me on the softness of my virtues, which moved me to sympathy with a mother's heart."

"It *was* the thought of a kind heart, child," says the old lady. "It will give his mother as much happiness as she can have while he is a prisoner, and in peril."

"My dear," replies the girl, "it will make another happy, too. Listen while I whisper it to you, and forgive me for being so secret. I was but waiting to tell you. He is my dear love. I think I have loved him always, and he had been my dear husband if he would. He was silent all the time, just for the foolish reason that his lands were impoverished, and I was a rich woman. But I read it in his true eyes. And so when the trouble came I even put aside the woman in me, and, going to him, I besought him that he should make me a proud woman with the name of his wife. And though he was well-nigh beside himself with joy and gratitude — gratitude, ah, me!" she said, with her face flushing and paling, "he would not, because he knew not how the struggle would end; but I vowed that however it should be, no other man would ever call me wife. Think, dear, what I have endured for him these months. Oh, it must have been my share of my mother's flintiness which kept my heart from breaking. And now, dear, shall I leave him to rot in prison? You will be brave, brave heart, while I tell you all my plans. The pass will not take his mother to him: it will take me. Oh, Betty La Touche is a good actress; she has it as her inheritance; and she has things on her toilet table to turn a young woman old. And so, some evening, about the dusk, she, in her cloak, and her bonnet with its veil, shall pass into the prison, and he, God willing, shall come out and be sailing to France ere the Governor of Kilmainham discovers his change of prisoners. Dear, how brave you are; you would not unnerve me. There is no danger to be feared except from his stubborn will; yet even that will I overcome. And I have planned it all: how here you will give him rest and refreshment; and afterwards, there are kind friends who will relieve you of further responsibility. And even my lord, I think,

though he may rage at being outwitted, would scarcely fret to death if a kind fate were so to relieve him of half a score of his illustrious prisoners. And there will be a new life for us all over the sea."

"God grant it," said the older woman devoutly; "though it seems a wild enterprise, yet, perhaps not so wild as it seems. Shall I be less lacking in spirit than you, my child, seeing that my heart, too, bleeds for those brave gentlemen? At least you have set your will to it, a sturdy will as I well know, and we must but trust the issue to God. I would have done as much when I, too, was young, for one I loved. And, God willing, no harm can come to my brave girl. My lord's dread of the town's laughter will oblige him to shield you, if we succeed, though his friendship may fail."

So, in an evening or two, about the wintry dusk, a tall, old lady alighted from her sedan chair at the barred gates of Kilmainham, and, having presented the all-powerful Secretary's permit, was conducted, leaning on her silver-headed staff, down the dark corridors to Ronayne's cell.

"My dearest mother," said the prisoner, jumping up from his studies in an old Greek Testament, and taking the two gloved hands, "this is a happy fortune. I had scarce hoped to see you so soon again," lifting up the heavy veil when the warder had gone tramping down the echoing corridor.

This member of the United Irish Society was a man of thirty-five or so, straight and tall, and brown as a berry — a very goodly specimen of mankind. His gray eyes had not forgotten their merriment, though there was a seriousness about the face which told of grave thought and strenuous endeavors, and perhaps of a steady looking into the future, which must have seemed a troubled one indeed.

"Nay," said a voice which was not his mother's — the silvery, treble voice of a young girl — "not one so dear, perhaps, but one who loves thee so dearly that she must needs go masquerading in that mother's stead, to look upon thy face."

"My dearest, dearest love," he said, "how I have hungered to hear your voice. And how brave of you, my dear one, to come to me like this. My mother has told me of all your tenderness and all your faith. But how shall I thank you for this?"

He was stroking back her hair, which she had taken to wearing after the fashion of the French Revolution, in a short, curly crop. The old woman's bonnet had fallen back, and she had put her clasped hands upon his breast, gazing up at his face with a light of exultation on her own. Away in the prison there was a distant echo of laughter and singing, for the political prisoners were by no means kept in strict isolation, and outside they heard the tread of the sentry, and the occasional clank of his sword in the scabbard. There was a glimpse, through the grated window, of the skeleton boughs of an elm-tree in the Governor's garden, stark against the fading rose of the evening sky; a robin was perched there singing his delicate song of hope that comforts us when the winter is here. In the cell the two lovers were speaking almost in whispers. His face had assumed a great gravity; hers was pleading and wistful, and very pale in the growing dusk.

"Oh, believe me," she was saying, "that your honor is as dear to me as to yourself. For a mere chimera such as this, will you condemn your mother to misery and perhaps to death? For, indeed, she has failed cruelly since they have taken her only son away from her. And me would you condemn to a death in life without you? Your sacred honor is safe with me; I who have loved you because you are the most honorable gentleman in God's world. I am no weak woman to counsel you to safety at honor's cost. You will be gone, and Betty La Touche will be here; and what will they do with her but even open the prison gates and let her go quietly, seeing that my lord's warrant hath wrought all this mischief, and seeing that she has many friends in high places."

"You are tempting me sorely, my dearest one," he said, "and what you say seems wise enough. Yet I should go as a craven forever if one of those about the prison should harm one hair of this dear head. Yet I think they will not; and did not the Scotch lord in Prince Charles Stuart's rising win freedom so through his brave wife, while she also went safe and unharmed? But to-night I will give you no answer, my love. I must consult with one true friend as to whether I may do this thing; and be brave, my child."

And so he sent her away with a misgiving heart. But her feminine ingenuity brought strong allies to her aid. He and his Pamela pleaded so well with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the young leader of the insurrection, that he came to view the matter in their light, and wrote a word to Ronayne to overcome his scruples.

"My friend," the note ran, "lend thy will to that of thy sweetheart. What she wishes may be done with no scruple by thee. She will be as safe as in her own chamber, and what we have at heart will be served by thy presence in the French capital."

And it was signed with his beloved and immortal name. This precious letter Betty carried in her bosom on her next visit to Kilmainham, and it had the desired effect. The visit was shorter than usual, the soldiers thought, who were cleaning their carbines by the outer gates, as the erect old lady passed out, with many a respectful salutation, for there was strong sympathy with the prisoners.

But a few hours later my Lord Carhampton paid an unexpected visit to the prison, and the cells being thrown open for his inspection, instead of Archie Ronayne, and his Greek Testament, there was Betty La Touche — a bewitching picture, half laughing and half weeping, in a charming flowered gown of rose brocade, and, for all the nervous tension of those endless five or six hours, in no mood to be quelled by the Commander of Forces, or any other State official in all Ireland. So there was a tremendous commotion, and the Secretary presently arrived from the Castle, and indicated his character as a gentleman by handing Miss La Touche, with the most deadly courtesy, into a chair, and despatching her to her aunt's house; for, though he was livid with fury, he was too clever not to accept the situation. And there were soldiers despatched here and there, and the port of Dublin was guarded, and the Castle messengers were kept riding all night; but Archie Ronayne, in the French wine ship, was well out in the Channel.

So Betty La Touche fell under a cloud, and was severely excluded from all state festivities. But she became at once a popular heroine, and a street song was composed in her honor and sung at opportune moments at the street corners. And the old friends flocked round her, and many of those who had relatives in prison came and kissed her, and wept while they told her what a brave girl she was. But some of the wits circulated lampoons about my lord, and how little his state-craft availed him against the wiles of the fair; and it was reported that he was furiously angry over the whole business. So lest worse befall there was a flitting, and the old house at Inchicore — it is still standing behind its apple trees, a stone's throw from the narrow street, with its jingling tramcars — was vacated, and Miss Priscilla La Touche, her niece and household, with her widowed friend, Mrs. Ronayne, went away to foreign parts, and were said to have joined the latter's son in Paris. Soon Betty La Touche's wedding was announced; and it was said that the Secretary, when he heard the news, looked black as a thunder-cloud. But they say — what do they say? All such rumors may be baseless, for side by side with this some said that he entertained secretly a half-angry admiration for his whilom friend's daring and skill. But Betty La Touche over seas had nothing to trouble her happy and innocent life, except the heavy troubles of those she and her husband loved at home in Ireland, where they were "Hanging men and women for the wearing of the green."

KATHARINE TYNAN, in Merry England.

The Lesson of "La Grippe."

WE are sorry to notice a disposition to laugh at la grippe — among those who have not had it; those who have, are unanimous in declaring that it is "no joke." A malady so wide-spread, fatal in so many cases, and often so uncontrollable by medical science, ought to inspire serious thoughts,— the most serious reflections we can have. But the whole world is sneezing ,and there are few, it would seem, to say "God bless you!" This symptom is said to have been an infallible sign of "sickness unto death" in the case of a Middle-Age epidemic, and gave rise to the pious ejaculation which was never omitted when any one was heard to sneeze violently. In la grippe the symptom is not so serious, but la grippe itself may turn out to be more serious than we are willing to think. The disease continues to spread, and the phenomenal weather, which is supposed to be favorable to it, also continues, and there is no telling of what it may be the forerunner. Let us not laugh at la grippe; it is not a fit subject of mirth. The inexplicable prevalence of this strange malady brings to our minds the words of St. Gregory. In one of his homilies he reminds us that death knocks warningly at the house of life, but never so warningly as when he knocks with the inconveniences of sickness. If la grippe remind some of us that death is real, that it *must* come, and that the only way to take out its sting is through the Sacrament Christ left us after His Resurrection, there is balm even on its vampire-like wings.

The Ave Maria.

Three Colleges for Negroes.

THE negroes in the South are remarkably well supplied with schools, considering the recent condition of servitude of the race, and the poverty of their former masters since the war.

When the readers of this MAGAZINE consider that it was a crime almost everywhere down South, twenty-five years ago, to teach a bondman to read or write, they will be gratified to learn that, in the sixteen former slave states and the District of Columbia, there are in operation about nineteen thousand primary and grammar schools,* forty-four public and private high schools, thirty-four state and denominational normal schools, eighteen colleges and universities, twenty-three theological seminaries, four schools of law, and three schools of medicine.

This progress, made in the first quarter of the century after the negroes' emancipation, is marvellous. In the history of mankind it is unparalleled. There is no record of any other people, that yesterday, as it were, were held in the bondage of slavery and ignorance, and to-day are reaching up, unshackled and eager, to the highest classical and scientific education.

That the colored people appreciate their opportunities for education is evident from the fact, that, in the South, about one million one hundred thousand of the negro children attend school.

The higher schools are, of course, doing the best work. They dot the South. Here is a summary of them:

Of institutions for secondary instruction, there are four in Alabama, two in Arkansas, two in Florida, nine in Georgia, one in Kentucky, two in Louisiana, two in Mississippi, five in North Carolina, five in South Carolina, three in Tennessee, five in Texas, and four in Virginia.

Of normal schools there are five in Alabama, one in Arkansas, one in Georgia, one in Louisiana, one in Maryland, two in Mississippi, one in Missouri, seven in North Carolina, three in South Carolina, four in Tennessee, one in Texas, four in Virginia, one in West Virginia, and one in the District of Columbia.

Of colleges and universities, there are one in Arkansas, two in Georgia, one in Kentucky, three in Louisiana, two in Mississippi, three in North Carolina, two in South Carolina, three in Tennessee, and one in the District of Columbia.

Of schools of theology, there are three in Alabama, two in Georgia, three in Louisiana, one in Maryland, one in Mississippi, four in North Carolina, two in South Carolina, three in Tennessee, one in Texas, one in Virginia, and two in the District of Columbia.

Of schools of law, there are one in Louisiana, one in South Carolina, one in Tennessee, and one in the District of Columbia.

Of schools of medicine, there are one in North Carolina, one in Tennessee, and one in the District of Columbia.

This is a splendid showing. It is full of hope and encouragement for the colored people of the South.

*In the former free States, there are, besides, about seven hundred public schools for the exclusive use of colored children.

The money used to support the public schools, primary and grammar, for the negro children comes from the state. The academies, normal schools, and colleges, however, are nearly all supported by Northern philanthropists, nearly all of whom are Protestants.

Not many months ago, I was down in North Carolina, and during my sojourn there I had many opportunities of studying the negro question. I was particularly impressed with what I saw and heard of the eagerness of the colored people for education. I visited their university at Charlotte, and made inquiries concerning their two great schools at Raleigh and Salisbury; and here are some of the facts I learned about them:

At the capital of the state the Baptists conduct Shaw University. It has five handsome brick buildings and several acres of land near the heart of the city, and it values its property at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It has six departments of study — the college, the scientific, the theological, the normal, the medical, and the industrial. Its literary faculty includes nine teachers. Its medical department has seven professors. Its industrial school requires six instructors. Last year it had three hundred and sixty students — two hundred and fourteen males, and one hundred and forty-six females.

The curriculum of its college course is thus summarized:

Freshman Year — Geometry; Latin — Prose Composition, Cæsar, Cicero's Orations; Green's History of the English People; Greek — Grammar, Goodwin's Anabasis and Homer's Iliad; Evidences of Christianity; History of the English Language; Botany — Gray's Lessons and Manual; Zoology — Steele's.

Sophomore Year — Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry; Mechanics — Kimble; Latin — Prose Composition, Cicero, Virgil; Greek — Homer's Iliad, Selections from Thucydides and Herodotus, or, French — Grammar, Bocher's, Otto, Hachette's Modern Plays; English Literature; Chemistry.

Junior Year — Latin — Cicero, Livy; Greek — New Testament, or, French; Physics — Kimball; Astronomy — Steele; Logic — Hill's Jevons; Geology, Le Conte; Political Economy — Wayland.

Senior Year — American Literature, or, History of Modern Europe; Elements of Psychology; Science of Rhetoric; Moral Philosophy; History of Philosophy; Constitution of the United States; Latin — Horace; Gallaudet's International Law.

The Theological Department requires two years of study from the graduates of the academical classes, and provides an English Course for those who have not finished their literary studies. Dr. Hovey's Outlines of Theology, and Pendleton's Christian Doctrines are used as text-books. Instruction is given in Evidences of Christianity, Biblical Interpretation, History of Doctrine, Church History, Church Polity, Pastoral Duties and Homiletics.

The Medical Department is open during five months of the year. It claims to have "first-class accommodations for a full course in medicine." The professors are, with one exception, practising physicians in the city of Raleigh.

In the Industrial Department, instruction is given in carpentry, furniture-making, sewing, dress making, cooking, dining-room work, house-painting, glazing, white-washing and kalsomining.

The expenses per month in the preparatory, normal and collegiate departments, are: Board, six dollars; tuition, room rent, fuel and lights, two dollars. "The young ladies will be allowed to do their own washing; but an extra charge of twenty-five cents per month will be made in order to cover expenses of fuel, soap, etc."

Instruction on the organ or piano costs, for two lessons a week, two dollars a month. Fifty cents a month is charged for the use of the piano for practice.

Students who wish to pay a part of their expenses by working for the school, are charged as follows: Young men, six dollars a month; young women, five dollars a month. They work at least, twenty-four hours a month for the institution.

Shaw University opened its doors for the first time, nineteen years ago. It has gone on growing. To-day it can boast that "in the number of its advanced pupils, it is not surpassed by any colored school in the country."

Among its benefactors are John F. Slater, of Norwich Conn., Estey & Sons, of Brattleboro', Vt., and George M. Morse, of Putnam, Conn.

On the brow of a ridge in the western suburbs of Charlotte, N. C., rises the main building of Biddle University. It is a noble brick structure, five stories high. It contains twelve large recitation rooms, two society halls, a library with thirty-four hundred volumes, and a lecture-room capable of seating six hundred persons. It is surrounded by other buildings belonging to the school, which find ample room in its fifty acres of land.

This institution is run by Presbyterians. It was founded nineteen years ago.

It has five departments in operation, — the elementary English, the preparatory, the classical and scientific, the theological and the industrial. Its college course is somewhat higher than Shaw's. Its theological department is open to young men of all so-called Orthodox Protestant denominations. The regular course of preparation for the ministry — which supposes a college course to have preceded it — covers three years, and the practical work of the preacher is joined with opportunity for study, as the theological students are called upon to labor as catechists in the neighboring churches during vacation and term-time.

Biddle University has ten professors in its faculty, and they are all white men but one. It had one hundred and seventy-nine students last year. It is exclusively for young men. It makes no charges for tuition. Its day scholars pay four dollars and a half a year for incidental expenses, and its boarders pay eight dollars a month for their maintenance.

Senator Vance says:

"I am well acquainted with Biddle University, and I think it better cir-

cumstanced to do good than any other institution of the kind in the South. The whole people of the region are fully in accord with its objects."

Its alumni, the first of whom graduated in 1876, have made it famous by their success as teachers, preachers, etc.

Its principal benefactor has been Mrs. Mary D. Biddle, widow of Mayor Henry J. Biddle, of Philadelphia.

Last, but not least, of North Carolina's three colleges for colored youth, is Livingstone College. It is located at Salisbury. It is the most representative, beneficial, and hopeful of the three institutions, because it is conducted by negroes, as well as for negroes.

It was founded eight years ago. It was begun in one room of a minister's parsonage, at Concord, N. C. After two years there, it was moved to its present site, having then three teachers and three students. Its property, in 1882, was worth about six thousand dollars. It now has eleven instructors, two hundred and ten pupils, and real estate, etc., valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

Four courses of study are pursued — the grammar, the normal, the classical, and the theological.

At the head of the institution is the Rev. Joseph C. Price, A. M., D. D., a benefactor of his race, who is professor of oratory, mental and moral science, and theology.

There is no charge for tuition or room rent at Livingstone. Its day scholars pay fifty cents a month for incidental expenses. Its boarders pay six dollars a month.

All the pupils are obliged to work for the institution one hour a day, and the girls do all the housework.

Mr. Stephen Ballard, of New York, has built an industrial hall, in which the young men are taught carpentry, cabinet work, printing, shoe-making, and tailoring. In the printing department an eight-column weekly is set up by the twenty-six young men, who are learning to be compositors. A brick-yard is worked by the young men, and the brick finds a ready sale in Salisbury.

The girls are taught cooking, laundry work, sewing, dress making, fancy needle-work, and the use of sewing-machines.

Among the benefactors of Livingstone College, are Mrs. Mark Hopkins, and Senator Stanford, of California; S. V. White, of New York; E. H. Clapp, A. F. Haywood, S. C. Dizer, and Silas Potter, of Boston; and J. M. Bassett, of Worcester, Mass.

I have written these details of the great work that Protestants are doing for the education of the negroes of the South, illustrated by this outline report of the doings of these three North Carolina colleges, in order to interest the Catholics of the North in this fertile field that lies at their doors; and now, possibly, some reader of this most excellent MAGAZINE may ask me: "How many of the colleges for colored young men are conducted by Catholics?" And the answer is: Not one.

L. W. REILLY.

ROME, Feb. 8, 1890.—Cardinal Pecci, brother of the Pope, who has been ill for several days with pneumonia, died this afternoon.

Commissioner Morgan vs. Senator Vest.

COMMISSIONER MORGAN, in reference to the proposed substitution of the Public School System for the "Contract" Schools says:

"What is good enough for the white man is good enough for the Indian."

Senator Vest says:

"It seems to me that whenever we have been able to find an instrumentality which secures the desired end, it should be adopted and preserved by the government without regard to religious differences."

Commissioner Morgan says:

"I think the teachers selected should be loyal to the government schools, and in thorough sympathy with the Indian Office in its efforts for Indian education.

Senator Vest says:

"Some years ago, when a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs in the Senate, I visited all the Indian tribes in Montana, and I did not find a single day-school that seemed to be doing any good, in the way of Indian education."

The day-schools alluded to are government schools.

Commissioner Morgan says:

"It seems to me, it would be better by far to take American Catholics with experience in the public schools, and with Normal school training for such places in preference to either Jesuits or Sisters educated in foreign lands, who speak the English Language indifferently, etc."

Senator Vest says:

"I have no doubt that the Jesuit Mission Boarding-schools are doing the best work in the West," and after describing the Jesuit School at the St. Ignatius Mission, on the Flat-head reservation, as a conspicuous example of what can be done by patience and systematic energy in the education of Indian children he says: "The Jesuits, especially those of French extraction, possess the largest amount of influence with the Indians. There is something in the French character that pleases and attracts the Indian, while the ceremonial features of the Roman Catholic Church fascinate and awe the savage mind. In addition to this, the Jesuits are devoted solely to the work, and are not induced by the ties of family or society to turn away from the duty before them."

Commissioner Morgan says:

"The Jesuits and Sisters, especially foreigners, should in nowise be preferred, because they know nothing by experience of training of public school work; they are not imbued with American ideas, and can in nowise be regarded as friends of public schools, either as reservations or in civilized communities."

Senator Vest says:

"The proposition of Senator Morgan to establish a system of common schools among the Indians is an idle dream. It will amount to nothing, and if Congress can be induced to adopt it, we will expend millions of dollars without any appreciable result. Where there are now boarding-schools in successful operation they should be continued, and not a dollar should be thrown away, in my judgment, upon day-schools under any circumstances. As to the statement that the Jesuits are inimical to our government, and that they will use their influence as teachers to produce disloyalty among the Indians, I have simply to say, that in my opinion, all such fears are chimerical and groundless. . . . I do not believe that the Jesuits have any political purpose in their mission work among the Indians."

Which opinion of these two men is the more worthy of respect and confidence? Senator Vest is a Presbyterian of high character. He says he is a Protestant by birth and teaching, and has not the slightest prejudice in favor of the Roman Catholic Church. Whether he can say he has not the slightest prejudice against the Church or not, one thing is certain, he is an honest and independent man, and has the courage of his convictions. If he has any prejudices he does not allow them to sway his judgment in opposition to the testimony of patent, undoubted facts. Can the same be said of Commissioner Morgan? We do not wish to do him injustice. He may be honest in his opinion. The difficulty lies in the fact that he set out with a purpose, and in this purpose we do not believe he was alone. He represented a large and influential constituency. He had good backing and the policy was favored by the administration. We have not the slightest doubt that the whole thing was concocted beforehand. We have just as little doubt that the motive which prompted the scheme was jealousy of Catholics, and they went to work with a will. The question with Commissioner Morgan was not, as with Senator Vest, who is doing the best work? What schools are most worthy of patronage? But the case is prejudged. The Contract schools must be abolished. The public school system must supersede them. Catholic teachers must be got rid of as soon as possible. Perhaps they calculated without their host — perhaps not. We shall see. H. L. R.

A Martyr of Charity.

BOUND FOR THE LEPER ISLANDS. — AN INTERVIEW WITH SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE.

On board the steamship Bothnia, which sailed from Liverpool, on the 18th of January, for the other hemisphere, there is a lonely girl passenger. Her name, when she went on board, was Miss A. C. Fowler; but, from the hour when she will step ashore on the leper island, in the South Sea, she will lose her name, and become Sister Rose Gertrude, Superior of the lepers' hospital, at Kalowao. A few days ago, the Prince of Wales, in his speech at the banquet at Metropole, publicly announced that a young lady was going out to nurse the lepers, among whom Father Damien had worked, and suffered, and died a martyr's death, and the day after, our representative called on Miss Fowler at her home in the village of Combe Down, some miles from Bath.

It was a long drive (writes our representative) from Bath to the village on the hills. The night was dark and wild, the sky all torn, and the blustering wind drove the rain against the carriage windows. Sometimes a branch of a fir-tree lashed us from above, as we drove up some steep, black road; the lights of Bath were flickering in the distance, and before us, all was in utter darkness, till we reached the village, at the further end of which Miss Fowler lived with her parents. Her father, the Rev. F. Fowler. has not, as was stated by his Royal Highness, gone over to the Roman Catholic Church, but is a clergyman of the Church of England, well known in Bath, where he has worked for many years as a chaplain of the Infirmary.

I had only a moment to wait in the drawing-room, which seemed the more silent and peaceful for the whirlwind outside, before Miss Fowler came to greet me. A few minutes more and we were deep in a conversation concerning the young lady's heroic undertaking. As she sat opposite to me, her head slightly supported by her small white hand, I was at once struck by the brilliancy of her eyes and the unusual sweetness of her voice. Behind and around her the ornaments and knick-knacks of a drawing-room into which as yet no trace of the modern quasi-artistic element has entered, stood out of the semi-darkness; on the table a white hyacinth, with magnificent blossoms, filled the room with its sweet breath, and quietly and very cheerfully the young lady sat in her arm-chair and gave me a few glimses of her past life and of the future which she had sketched out for herself. What will the lepers say when they greet her on their lovely islands, and find that the English nurse who has come to work out, in the most literal sense, the clause in her favorite exposition of what a Catholic's life should be — namely, that "Suffering is our vow and our profession; love which cannot suffer is unworthy of the name of love" — is a young, fresh beautiful girl with large eyes of the deepest blue, and a fair, rosy complexion! In every movement of her little figure activity and energy are expressed, notwithstanding the occasional dreaminess which comes like a thin veil over the bright face. Mrs. Fowler, a tall, stately lady joined us for a few moments, and then we began our talk at once.

"What made you wish to go in for this particular branch of sick nursing, Miss Fowler?" I asked, and after a moment's pause the answer came: "I have had it in my mind for many years, long before Father Damien's illness and death drew special attention to the Molokai lepers. Seven years ago, shortly after I became a Roman Catholic, I wished to go, but I was too young then. Now I have the necessary ballast and experience, and am able to decide for myself. When young one doesn't know one's own mind, and my friends did not wish me to decide on what I might perhaps afterwards regret."

She is very young still, with her nimble, girlish figure, and her maidenly blushes, this sweetest of "sisters;" but after a few minutes' conversation it becomes very evident that she does indeed know her own mind, and has grasped the full significance of the post which she has undertaken to fill. Presently she continued: "It had always been my wish and my desire to do some of God's work on earth, into which I could throw my whole being, where there was scope for the fullest self-sacrifice, and where I could follow Him who said: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.' But truly," she went on, with a bashful, puzzled look, "I do not think it is at all interesting to anybody besides my own friends to hear anything about me. I am a very unimportant person indeed, and if you publish anything about me I shall feel like the Pharisee standing in the market-place, and that would be very far from what I wish to be. It seems like hypocrisy to make me appear in the light of one who makes a great sacrifice, for it is no sacrifice to me. It is only the fulfilment of a wish I have had for many years. If, as you say, it may draw more sympathy and attention to the lepers, I must have no

objection, but promise me to say nothing till I am gone. I leave on Friday."—"Who put you into communication with the Hawaian Government?"

"Some Hawaian friends and another friend who lives in Paris, and of whose help and sympathy I cannot speak highly enough. When I was studying he gave me type-writing to do for his firm, in order to enable me to buy the medical books I required, and he has been a friend to me in every way he could. The Government at Honolulu accepted me at once, and unconditionally." . . . "Now may I ask, Miss Fowler, when and why you became a Roman Catholic?"—"Certainly. It was when I was quite a child that I first thought how much more beautiful than our Protestant faith was the religion which thought so much about the angels, prayed to them, adored them, and kept them constantly around us, as it were. Later on I inquired deeper into the Roman Catholic religion, and eight years ago I was taken into the Church. You can think that it was not an easy thing to do, and that my father, a clergyman of the church of England, and my mother and none of my friends liked it, but my father was very good, and when he saw I was determined he gave in. It is the same now. My parents are naturally not in favor of my going out to Kalawao, but they do not think it right to put obstacles in my way. I have an elder sister who is just coming home from her work in South Africa, and who feels my going dreadfully, and I have also a younger sister and brother, but I feel that I must leave them; the call has come to me. As Cardinal Manning said when he gave me his blessing before I left London: 'My child, you have had a special call; a great task has been given to you to do; and I would not, could not, prevent you from following the Voice which calls to you.'"

I rose to go; a photograph on which the sweet young nun had written her name and her motto was given to me as a souvenir of our meeting; but as I turned to go she hesitated, her happy eyes became once again very grave and dreamy, and with the hot blood rushing into her cheeks, she handed shyly an old little prayer-book over to me, and turning to the fly-leaf at the end said, in bashful confusion, "I don't know whether I ought to tell you, but unless I do I shall not have explained one of the reasons of my great wish to go and live with and help the lepers." In Miss Fowler's small, clear handwriting a prayer was written on the leaf; the touching, pathetic prayer which is said to have been found on the chest of the Prince Imperial when he was carried dead from the battle field in Zululand, Miss Fowler pointed to the passage, "If Thou only givest on this earth a certain sum of happiness, take, O God. my share and bestow it on the most worthy. . . . If thou seekest vengeance on man, strike me."

"Good-by," she said, as we stood at the door, and looked out into the stormy night. "Good-by, and think sometimes of me; perhaps we may meet again." Perhaps: who knows? Have not men gone forth unscathed from the "burning fiery furnace," and have not the hungry "beasts of the desert" refused to touch the white-robed martyr, but crouched down at her feet, and obeyed her!

Papal Encyclical.

THE DUTIES OF CATHOLICS TO CHURCH AND STATE.

THE Encyclical Letter issued by the Pope on the 10th of January, upon the duties of Catholics, is published. In this document, which is of considerable length, the Pope commences by declaring that great evils are caused by the disregard of the principles of Christian wisdom, to which the people should conform. The enjoyments of this life are too much sought after, while the higher gifts of the spirit are forgotten. Catholics are especially bound so to act, that the Christian life may again flourish. His Holiness, while enjoining the love of country, for which men should lay down their lives, says that Christians should cherish a still higher love for the church, their divine country here below, which inculcates upon them their duties towards God, more sacred than their duties to man. When conflicts arise between the calls of the state and the rights of the church, it is better to obey God, than man. It is only a good Christian who is a good citizen, since he religiously respects the principle of authority, and even when power may dwell with an unworthy depositary, he sees in it a reflex of God. But the Christian cannot submit except for righteous works. The law of God comes before the law of man. The adversaries of God seek to obtain power in order to ensure the triumph of their principles, and in many countries have attacked Catholicism.

Every Catholic (continues the Encyclical) should have his apostleship; but private individuals cannot set themselves up as doctors. They can only preach by the example which they afford, and must, above all things, remain in unity in submitting themselves, not only in matters of dogma, but also in discipline. The Pope has the right of pronouncing with authority upon dogma and morals, and upon the means necessary to obtain salvation. The church regulates the various ideas which prevail under various governments. Where a delimitation of rights and duties may be necessary, the church seconds the state, by respecting its rights. But the church is not in subjection to any political party, and approves all systems of government which respect religion and the Christian discipline of morals. Those who would involve the church in the quarrels of parties, abuse religion. All parties should respect and guarantee religion, and Catholics should, before all things, be solicitous to serve religion well. They should not extend their favors to men hostile to the rights of the church, but in public affairs should support men of probity, capable of rendering service to the Catholic cause.

His Holiness insists upon union among Catholics, and declares that intestine quarrels and dissension have given supremacy to their adversaries. Catholics should be neither timid nor rash. The former category show an excessive indulgence, and exercise a dissimulation attended by pernicious effects, while the latter play a part which they are not entitled to assume, desiring to conduct the affairs of the church according to their own will and their own particular ideas, and not readily accepting what may not agree with their own views.

To act thus is to usurp legitimate authority. Catholics should submit to the Pope and the bishops, and act with prudence, for the political prudence of the Pope himself has to be exercised in regard to civil acts. The laity should submit with respect to the bishop, and the ideas or conduct of a bishop should not be judged by them. The nation will only be strong in so far as they put into practice Christian virtues. Fathers of families should conduct on these Christian precepts the education of their children, and energetically resist all unjust violence directed against their control of such education. The Pope eulogized the Catholics of all nations who found schools, and concludes by declaring that the salvation of society depends upon practical home training in Christian virtue.

The Death of a Noble Woman.

MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON, wife of Charles S. Thompson, Esq., of Pomfret, Conn., died at their residence, Hillside, Pomfret, on the 10th of January, aged seventy-three. She was of an old Boston family, her father, Lemuel Grosvenor, having for many years been deacon of Park Street Church.

She was a woman of great strength of character, which was shown especially in her conversion to the Catholic faith twenty-five years ago, at a time when such a change involved greater sacrifices and an exercise of more moral courage than at the present time, albeit the change is not likely to become popular for a long time to come. Mrs. Thompson was a woman of excellent literary taste, and was the author of several books of considerable literary merit. After her conversion her whole life was devoted to her religion. She was thoroughly versed in the principles of her new faith and joined the Church from a firm and conscientious conviction of its truth, and after a great struggle.

About fifteen years ago, in company with her husband, she made a pilgrimage to Rome and the chief cities of Europe, and other places specially celebrated as shrines of Catholic devotion. It was to her a true pilgrimage, and she entered into it with all the zest and enthusiasm of a most ardent devotee. She had the great pleasure of two or three audiences with the illustrious Pontiff, Pius IX., from whom she obtained the exceptional privilege of having a chapel in her own house, as there was no church nearer than Putnam, about six miles away. She was allowed to have Mass there, and the Blessed Sacrament reserved until the time of her death. Through her instrumentality a very neat country church was built in the town of Pomfret, at the distance of about two miles from her residence, where Mass is now celebrated every Sunday, though they have as yet no resident priest. Until her health became so frail that she could no longer endure the fatigue, she was in the habit of regularly calling together the Catholic children of the neighborhood at her own house for catechetical and religious instruction.

Mrs. Thompson was distinguished for her hospitality and her social qualities. Being comparatively isolated from Catholic society, nothing delighted her more than to open her hospitable mansion, especially dur-

ing the season when Pomfret was thronged with summer visitors, to a constant succession of visits from her Catholic friends, whose society she greatly enjoyed, and who were always delightfully entertained by her interesting conversation and edified by her zeal and enthusiasm for our holy faith. She was indeed a valiant woman. She lived not for this world but for the greater glory of God and the good of her fellow men. Her heart was full of charity, and she was ever ready to respond to the calls for relief of the poor, or for the propagation of the faith. In fine, she was an intelligent and loyal Catholic — a devout and earnest Christian woman, whose memory will not soon be forgotten by her numerous friends who will not cease to pray for the eternal repose of her soul.

The Catholic Review, N. Y.

A Child of Mary.

AN old American general was once asked by a friend how it was that, after so many years spent in the camp, he had come to be so frequent a communicant, receiving several times a week. "My friend," answered the old soldier, "the strangest part of it is, that my change of life was brought about before I ever listened to the word of a priest, and before I had set my foot in a church. After my campaigns, God bestowed on me a pious wife, whose faith I respected, though I did not share it. Before I married her, she was a member of all the pious confraternities of her parish, and she never failed to add to her signature, "Child of Mary." She never took it upon herself to lecture me about God, but I could read her thoughts in her countenance. When she prayed, every morning and night, her countenance beamed with faith and charity; when she returned from the church, where she had received, with a calmness, a sweetness, and a patience, which had in them something of the serenity of heaven, she seemed an angel. When she dressed my wounds I found her like a Sister of Charity.

"Suddenly, I myself was taken with the desire to love the God whom my wife loved so well, and who inspired her with those virtues which formed the joy of my life. One day, I, who had hitherto been without faith, who was such a complete stranger to the practices of religion, so far from the Sacraments, said to her: 'Take me to your confessor.'

"Through the ministry of this man of God, and by the divine grace, I have become what I am, and what I rejoice to be."

X SUDDENLY receives a call, during the Exposition, from a college friend whom he has not seen for years. "It is you?" — "It is I." They embrace, and talk over things of the past. "By the way," says the visitor, "do you remember that, the day we last saw each other, I lent you two dollars?" X looks at him in astonishment, and then, reflecting, begs him to wait. A few moments later he comes back with two dollars and a book, and hands the whole to his friend. "But I did not lend you the book."— "I know it, but it is a prize which I won at college for memory, and which you deserve infinitely more than I."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane in Worcester.

THE AMERICAN CHILD AND THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL.

THERE was a large attendance in Mechanics' Hall on the evening of Jan. 23, to listen to the lecture by Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, on "The American Child and the Christian School."

Manager Griffin called the meeting to order, and introduced Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly as the presiding officer. He said: "There are two classes who make so much talk about the question to be discussed to-night. They are the fanatics and the politicians. The subject, however, is one of such magnitude as to require a true interpreter and guide. In my opinion there could not be one more capable than the distinguished lecturer, who has been the unanimous choice of the Catholic hierarchy, to preside over the highest institution of Catholic learning in the land. On rising,

Bishop Keane

said he was happy on account of his own reception, but more particularly on account of the reception given his subject, and said he would be glad on all occasions to merge his individuality into its discussion. In stating his views on this question he would do it with the greatest respect for those who might differ with him, and would not answer argument with invective. He would not call hard names or stir up unworthy suspicions against them or their motives. This unworthy manner has characterized the general method in which the Catholic question has been assailed. Bishop Keane said he was absolutely certain his cause was the true and right one. He approached not only with charity, but friendliness to all adversaries. He appealed to them to stand on the common ground of love of education, and from this ground to look the

Facts in the Face.

The first fact, and the great characteristic of this epoch, is the zeal for popular education and schools. In all ages and countries much has been done All the countries of the Old World, point with pride to the work of their scholars, but never before has there been such interest in popular education and its greater perfection. It runs parallel with popular rights and representative forms of government. The dignity o the human being is not based on the power of an empire, but on the eternal soul. This was the conflict in the Roman empire for three centuries, and finally right prevailed. The Church taught that all just government was for the good of the governed, and it taught the people they were to obey all legitimate authority. Every assertion of popular rights is a declaration of individual worth. Under a paternal government there is nothing to appeal to the masses. They must have some spur or incentive, and where every individual has to compete with others, every one is nerved to strive for that superiority which is a guaranty of preëminence. Every step toward enlightenment is a step toward schools. Parents can feed and clothe their children, but they are not able to educate them. Education demands association, and every advance in the popular education is an advance in the schools. There was the difficulty in the start of prejudices to be overcome, and there was that also of national boundaries separating countries and forming national hostilities. These divisions among countries made it easy to keep up military rule and absolute and despotic control. Nations are unwilling to be taught by other nations. When the world was ripe for organization of society on a large scale the New World was opened. This country is as large as the whole of Europe, and without a single boundary to cause

National Suspicions.

Men stand on a common ground and look at facts honestly and impartially. Their ideas crystallize in the most perfect forms of government the world ever saw. The American child is born to an inheritance of civil rights nowhere else to be found, and also to responsibilities, which only civil rights can give. He has more responsibilities for good or evil. America appreciates this, and to train him for the fullest development of all good and the least possibility for evil is the purpose. The community is deeply interested. The

home, the church, and the school are the three elements to make character. All recognize the first two, and are beginning to recognize the last, which is the most important. The children spend more time under the influence of the teacher than of the parent or pastor.

How are we to have Christianity in our schools? Too much liberalism is an absurd excess. Christianity is what Christ made it. People came here from every clime, and of every creed. We owe to all a welcome. They are accustomed to every form of government, creed, and political opinion. Our country speaks its American ideas and principles boldly and uncompromisingly. It does injustice to no one, and we put them out in full, knowing that when humanity looks them full in the face, they will need no coercion to make them love them, and our country is moulding the most homogeneous country the sun shines on. If these things are true in social philosophy they are also true of religion. Christianity puts on

No Coercion

but what is beautiful and true, appealing to the heart that was made for it. Do differences among our people hinder from teaching Christianity in our churches? Why should it in our schools? In order to bring all our people together in churches, do we compromise on Christianity? Why, then, for the schools, if not for the churches? Why try to drive people to a sacrifice of conscience in schools, if not in churches? We should agree to differ. The state has authority in the churches, but in religion it has nothing to do. The constitution guarantees freedom of conscience. As long as the state deals only with the secular part, what difference does it make how many sects there are? She encourages all forms.

Bishop Keane said there is no truth in the statements that the Pope holds views contrary to our institutions which we are bound to respect. He has no more to do with temporal affairs than Archbishop Williams, of Boston, has to do with the doings of the Legislature. The ultimate rule of conduct of every Catholic is his conscience. It is not a blind instinct, but an enlightened judgment.

Bishop Keane said he hoped any discussion on this topic would be in a spirit of fairness and liberality, and would result for the benefit of the country.

Lowell, Mass.

THE Opera House was crowded the night of Jan. 26, with members of all denominations to hear Rev. Dr. Keane, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. In the body of the hall were many prominent citizens, including past and present members of the school committee and teachers in public and private schools. The lecturer was introduced by Philip J. Farley, president of the Catholic Union. His subject was the same as that recently treated by him in Worcester, and he commanded the attention of his audience to the close. At its conclusion a brief reception was held.

WE take great pleasure and pride, in recommending to our numerous readers, in town and country, a very popular book that has a wonderful sale; it is Gately's Universal Educator. It is truly the book of the century; it is the most complete educational work ever published, and indispensable in every family. It is for sale by Messrs. Gately & O'Gorman, 592 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and all their agents throughout the country.

THE Boston Daily Globe: Senator Blair thinks his educational bill would pass were it not for the influence of the Jesuits. It will be remembered that Senator Blair was the man who made the original discovery that there is a Jesuit on the staff of every important newspaper. To the imaginative senator from New Hampshire Jesuits are as thick as microbes in the malaria season. We have not heard as yet that he has ascribed the bad weather and the "grip" and the failure of the ice crop to the Jesuits, but we live in hourly expectation that he will do so.

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JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Kindly Lead.

LEAD softly, 'tis a little child
Of few and tender years;
Give him your smiles nor yet demand
The trouble of his tears.
His knowledge of the "right and wrong'
Is but an outline yet,
To be filled in by Love's soft hand,
That he may not forget.

Lead softly through fair childhood's gate,
And up the steps of Time,
The little child God gave to you,
Till, in his manhood's prime,
He turns with benediction fond
Upon his grateful tongue,
For those who clasped with tenderness
His hand when he was young.

The Little Companion.

OR A CHILD'S TALKS WITH OTHER CHILDREN ABOUT RELIGION,

CHAPTER II.

Little Stories about the Saints.

We are the children of Saints, and look for that life which God will give to those who never change their faith from Him. — TOBIAS ii. 18.

I WILL now tell you some little stories about the saints. I will begin with my own patron saint. St. Gertrude was very devoted to the souls in purgatory. When she was dying, she offered up all the indulgences she had ever gained for them. She then had a vision, in which the enemy told her she must be very proud to be so sure of heaven, as to offer all her indulgences for the souls in purgatory. So St. Gertrude was very much troubled, when she had another dream, this time of Our Lord, who told her that because she had been so unselfish, she should not pass through purgatory at all, but go straight to heaven.

I will now tell you how the great St. Ignatius of Loyola was converted. This great Saint was a Spaniard, and he was a soldier. He got wounded one day, and he was ill for a long time. While he was ill he asked for some books to read. He wanted stories about chivalry and war; but as there were none of these books at the castle he was obliged to read the "Lives of the Saints." St. Ignatius saw what a different life he led from theirs, and he gave up the world and founded the Society of Jesus, whose members are called the Jesuits.

St. Francis Xavier was converted by St. Ignatius often saying to him, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" For St. Francis Xavier's great ambition was to make a famous name in the world. St. Aloysius Gonzaga, too, belonged to the Society of Jesus. Ah! what a beautiful saint he was. He used to get up in the middle of the night, and pray for hours in the cold. He was permitted by his confessor to receive Holy Communion every Sunday, so he spent three days of the week in preparation, and the other three in thanksgiving. I will now tell you two stories about St. Teresa. Once, when she was a little girl, the Moors were persecuting the Christians, and she set off with her little brother to the Moors, so that she might be martyred. But she was found and sent back to her home again. Another story about her, is, that one day she met a beautiful little boy, and asked him to tell her his name. "Tell me yours, first," said the child. She then replied, "I am Teresa of Jesus!"—"And I am Jesus of Teresa," answered the child, who was no other than our Lord Himself.

I will tell you a story about the great St. Catherine of Sienna. Our Lord appeared to this Saint one day, with two crowns in His Hands. One crown was of roses, the other was of thorns. Our Lord asked her which one she would have, and told her she would be just as pleasing to him whichever she took. So St. Catherine took the crown of thorns and pressed it on her head saying, "How could I wear a crown of roses, when my lord wore a crown of thorns?" And now I will tell you about St. Dorothy. She was a martyr. The judge who condemned her begged her to renounce her Faith. But she would not, so she was beheaded. But before she died she told the judge that to prove to him her Faith was true, she would send him some roses from heaven. So, soon as she was in heaven, she sent an angel with some roses for the judge. The judge then became a Christian, and he, too, was martyred in his turn.

St. Francis of Assisi was so holy and so kind that every creature loved him, and do you know why? Because he was so full of love for everything God had made. Birds and animals, that were wild and shy with everybody else, would come to St. Francis quite tamely, for they knew he would not hurt them. One day he met a young man who had caught a great number of doves and was going to sell them. St. Francis felt very sorry for these gentle birds, and, looking at them with eyes of pity, he said, "Oh, good young man, I entreat thee to give me those harmless birds, emblems in Scripture of humble, pure, and faithful souls, so that they do not fall into cruel hands, which would put them to death." And the young man at once gave them to St. Francis, who placed them in his bosom and said to them sweetly: "Oh, my little sisters the doves, so simple, so innocent, so pure, why did you let yourselves be caught? I will save you from death and make you nests, that you may increase according to the command of God."

Another time when St. Francis was preaching in the open air he saw on some trees a great many birds; and said to those that were

with him; "Wait for me a little, while I go and preach to my little sisters the birds." All of a sudden the birds all flew round St. Francis and stayed near him while he preached to them, and this is what he said: "My little sisters the birds, you owe much to God your Creator, and ought to sing His praise at all times, and at all places, because He has given you liberty and the air to fly about in; and though you neither spin nor sew He has given you warm clothing for yourselves and your children, besides which He feeds you, though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers to quench your thirst, mountains and valleys in which to take refuge, and trees to build your nests in; so your Creator loves you much having given you such favors. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and try always to praise the Lord." When he had finished his sermon, St. Francis made the sign of the cross, and all the birds rose up into the air, singing, and following the sign of the cross St. Francis had made, they divided themselves into four companies, flying north, south, east, and west. And the fiercest animals became his friends, even the wolf of Agobio. All the people went in fear of the wolf; but as soon as it saw St. Francis, who made the sign of the cross and cried out: "Come here, brother wolf; I command thee in the name of Christ do no harm to any one," it laid down at the feet of the Saint as meekly as a lamb.

All good children are kind to animals and animals love them.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Old Harry and the Cobbler.

KING HENRY the Eighth, of England, was a very wicked prince and apt to behave in a tyrannical manner. However, he was distinguished by some social qualities, which caused the common people to call him Bluff Harry. The following story is related of him:

It was the custom of this monarch, as it was with the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, to walk about in disguise among his subjects, for the purpose of seeing how the laws were observed, and how the constables and watchmen performed their duty. One night, King Henry had been down in the eastern part of London, which is a portion of that city resembling the North End of Boston. He was on his return through the street called the Strand, toward the palace of Whitehall. The day was just breaking, and the street was very still, when he heard a cobbler whistling, inside his shop. The king was desirous of seeing a cobbler who rose early to work, so he kicked against one of the stones of the pavement, and knocked off the heel of his shoe.

He then rapped at the shop door. "Who's there?" said the cobbler. "A customer," answered the king. "Come in," said the cobbler. So the king went in. "What do you want?" asked the cobbler. "Can you mend my shoe?" said the king. "Yes," answered the cobbler. "Sit down, and I'll do your job." So the king borrowed an old shoe of the cobbler, and put it on, while his own was mending.

After they had held a little talk together, the king felt pleased with the good-humor of his companion, and resolved to carry out the adventure a little further. So said he, "Cobbler, is there any ale-house in the neighborhood, where I could get a cup of drink?"—"Yes," said the cobbler, "right over the way."—"Very well," said the king, "I'll step over there, and when my shoe is done, you may bring it to me."

So the king went over to the ale-house, and ordered a pot of beer. By and by came in the cobbler, with the shoe. "What's to pay?" demanded the king. "Two pence," said the cobbler. The king looked at the work, and saw it was well done. "Thou art a very honest fellow," said he; "here is three-pence for thy pains. Come, sit down and let us drink a health to the king."

"With all my heart," said the cobbler. So they sat down together, and drank and sang songs. The cobbler being in a merry mood, "What's your name, good man?" asked he of the king. "Harry Tudor," was the reply. "Where do you live," says the cobbler. "I live at court," said the king. "I suppose you keep shop there," says the cobbler. "No," says the king. "I keep house, and I should like to see you there." The cobbler had no notion who it was to whom he was talking; but he was delighted with the thought of seeing the court. So he thanked the king, and told him he was one of the most civil fellows he had ever seen, and that he would be sure to pay him a visit. So they parted.

Sometime afterwards, the cobbler, having a leisure day, thought of performing the promise he had made to his companion. So he made his wife bring him a clean shirt, comb his head, and brush up his Sunday clothes, telling her he was going to court. The cobbler's wife supposed that one of the king's servants had bespoken a new pair of shoes, and she was in great joy at the thought of her husband's having got such a rare piece of custom. So she dressed him up as fine as she was able.

The cobbler went up the street till he got to Whitehall, where he entered the door of the king's palace, staring at every thing with his eyes wide open. At length he spied a man who appeared to be an officer of the palace. "Mr. Officer," says he, "does Harry Tudor live here?" Now, the king had given orders that, if any one made such an inquiry, he should be brought immediately into the royal presence. When the officer was first accosted by the cobbler, he was going to kick him out the door; but, suddenly recollecting the king's order, he made a low bow to the cobbler, and replied, "Yes, sir; please to walk this way." The cobbler was amazed at the politeness of this personage, and said to himself, "Well, I guess Harry Tudor is pretty well known here."

So the officer went along, and the cobbler followed him through rooms and galleries and halls, full of servants and officers and courtiers, all dressed in the richest court fashions. The cobbler almost stared the eyes out of his head, for he had never seen such magnificence before, in all his life. "Honest fellow," said he to the officer, "where are we going?"—"To Harry Tudor," answered the officer.

So saying, he conducted him into the guard-chamber, which was full of people, even more magnificently dressed than those whom he had first seen.

The cobbler could hardly believe his eyes. "Good Mr. Gentleman Officer," said he, "where are we?"—"This is Harry Tudor's house," replied he, "and these are Harry Tudor's men."—"You have certainly made a mistake," said the cobbler. "The Harry I mean is a plain, merry, honest fellow, and none of your butterfly folks: we drank a pot of beer together, and I mended his shoe." While the poor cobbler was saying this, the officer ushered him into the royal presence.

The king was sitting in state, in his grand presence-room, with his great lords and dignitaries around him. "May it please your majesty," said the officer, "here is one inquiring for Harry Tudor." The poor cobbler, hearing this, was frightened almost out of his wits, for he believed he had committed something like high treason. He turned, and ran for his life; but, not minding which way he was going, ran against everybody in his way, knocking down a dozen great lords. At length, he tumbled heels over head down a flight of stairs, and was caught and carried back to the king.

"Well, honest fellow," said the king, "what dost thou here?"—"May it please your majesty's grace and excellency," replied he, "I am a poor cobbler, and came here to see one Harry Tudor, an honest fellow. I mended his shoe, and he invited me to come and see him."—"Well," said the king, "be not afraid; look well about you, perhaps he is here." So the cobbler got up off his knees, and began staring about him. But he saw nobody that looked like Harry Tudor; and as for the king, his dress so disguised him that he escaped all suspicion. Seeing the cobbler's perplexity, the king was highly diverted; but keeping his countenance, he said to his yeoman of the guard, "Here, take this honest cobbler down into the cellar, and let him drink my health. I will send Harry Tudor to him presently."

So the cobbler went down into the cellar, where they set a mug of beer before him. He had not been there long before the king came to him, dressed the same as when he mended his shoe. The cobbler knew him at once, and was overjoyed to see his old friend, "Aha! honest Harry," said he, "I am right glad to see thee again. Do you know what a scrape I have just got into? When I enquired for you, they carried me to the king, and frightened me out of my five senses."

"Never mind," said the king; "now I have found you we will be merry again."—"So we will, honest Harry," replied the cobbler; and thereupon they fell to chatting and singing songs, and were as merry as grigs.

In the midst of their merriment, the door of the cellar flew open, and in came the nobles, wearing their rich apparel. They all took off their hats, and stood in profound reverence before the cobbler and his companion, who sat upon three-legged stools, drinking beer. The cobbler was now in greater amazement than ever, till, looking more earnestly in the face of Harry Tudor, he discovered him to be the king whom he had seen in the presence chamber. He immediately

fell on his knees, and exclaimed, "Please your majesty, I am an honest cobbler, and meant no harm in the world."

"No," said the king, "and you shall receive no harm. Stand up, honest cobbler." So the king introduced the cobbler to the acquaintance of his courtiers, and they all made merry together. When the night was pretty well advanced, the cobbler begged leave to go home, as his wife was waiting for him. So the king dismissed him with a handsome present, and promised him, moreover, that he should cobble shoes for him as long as he lived.

The Cross: A Hymn of the Middle Ages.

BLESS'D they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way to truth.
To them the Sacred Scriptures now display,
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven.
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's face.
For them He bore
His Father's frown,
For them He wore
The thorny crown;
Nailed to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part—
Nor dare refuse
The Lord your heart,
Lest He declare,—
"I know you not;"
And deep despair
Shall be your lot.
Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust in Him alone Who was crucified.

In the Train.

"GEORGIE, Georgie! mind, your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage." Paterfamilias (quickly snatching the hat from the head of refractory youngster and hiding it behind his back) — "There, now, the hat has gone!" Georgie sets up a howl. After a while the father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." (Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head). "There, it's back again, you see!" While the parents are engaged in conversation Georgie throws his hat out of the window, and says: "Pa, whistle again!"

The Child and the Robbers.

It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him promise never to tell a lie, and said, "Go my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One of them asked the boy what he had got, and he said "forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

He laughed, thinking he jested.

Another asked him the same question, and he received a like answer.

At last the chief called him and he said, "I have told all of your people already, that I have forty dinars sewed in my clothes."

He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and the money found.

"And how came you to tell this?" said he.

"Because," replied the child, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief; "be the same in the path of virtue." And they instantly made a restitution of the spoils, and they vowed repentance on the boy's hand.

A Remarkable Toy.

It is stated that over seventy thousand dolls have been manufactured at Sonnenberg, in Thuringia, and sent to America to be charged with the phonograph. A story of a speaking doll is told by a friend of Edison's, in New York, which points out that these new toys may act as moral teachers to the young. Edison's friend had a little daughter four years old, who, in spite of scoldings and punishment, could not be cured of a habit of telling stories. The father brought home a specially charged doll as a present for the little girl. The child played with the doll for a day without noticing anything different in it from her other dolls; on the morning of the second day, however, the doll made its voice heard. The little girl gave her mother an untruthful answer to a question which was put to her; whereupon the doll, which was in her arms at that moment, said solemnly: "Little girls must never tell lies; never, never, tell lies." The child stared at the doll, and laid it down on the carpet. Since that time she cannot be persuaded to touch her plaything; but the timely warning has cured her more effectually of her bad habit than any whipping or scolding could do.

What the world wants is good examples, not so much advice; advice may be wrong, but examples prove themselves.

A Bright Bird.

HE was an English starling, and was owned by a barber. A starling can be taught to speak very well. This one had been taught to answer certain questions, so that a dialogue like this could be carried on: "Who are you?" — "I'm Joe." — "Where are you from?" — "From Pimlico." — "Who is your master?" — "The Barber." — "What brought you here?" — "Bad company."

Now it came to pass one day that the starling escaped from his cage and flew away to enjoy his liberty. The barber was in despair. Joe was the life of the shop; many a customer had come, attracted by the fame of the bird, and the barber saw his receipts falling off. Then, too, he loved the bird, which had proved so apt a pupil.

But all efforts to find the stray bird were in vain.

Meantime Joe had been enjoying life on his own account. A few days passed very pleasantly, and then, alas! he fell into the snare of the fowler, literally.

A man lived a few miles from the barber's house, who made the snaring of birds his business. Some of the birds he stuffed and sold. Others, again, were sold to hotels near by, to be served up in delicate tid-bits to fastidious guests.

Much to his surprise, Joe found himself one day in the fowler's net, in company with a large number of birds as frightened as himself. The fowler began drawing out the birds, one after another, and wringing their necks. Joe saw that his turn was coming, and something must be done. It was clear that the fowler would not ask questions, so Joe piped out:

"I'm Joe!"

"Hey! what's that?" cried the fowler. "I'm Joe," repeated the bird.

"Are you?" said the astonished fowler. "What brings you here?"

"Bad company," said Joe, promptly.

It is needless to say that Joe's neck was not wrung, and that he was soon restored to his rejoicing master, the barber.

The King and the Cat.

A CERTAIN cat set out to seek his fortune, and travelled through the whole world. At last he came to a country where a cat had never been seen before. The inhabitants were at first frightened by the strange monster; but having observed Puss killing the mice, with which the country was overrun, they plucked up courage, and approaching him, requested that he should come with them before the king. Puss complied willingly enough, and the end of the matter was that he was installed rat-catcher to the king, and a large salary bestowed upon him. The faithfulness with which Puss discharged his duties, raised him high in the royal regard, and a circumstance soon occurred which advanced him still further. The king took his naps

by an open window, and had a plate of cherries placed beside him, that he might eat them when he awoke. A crow from the neighboring forest constantly stole the fruit, nor had all the efforts of the king's servants succeeded in destroying the bird. The cat, however concealed himself in the window haugings, and pounced upon the unlucky marauder and broke his neck. The king was full of gratitude, and ordered that Puss's salary be increased. Soon after a bear came and ravaged the king's flocks. His Majesty commanded Puss to kill him. "I can only do what I am able," pleaded the cat; but the king insisted. While Puss was coming, Bruin attacked the store of a swarm of bees, and was stung to death. "You have done as I knew you would, my dear cat," said the king, and would listen to no explanations. The cat received the Order of the Royal Shoestring.

Next an elephant came and ravaged the crops. The king sent the cat to attack him. "Alas! I can but do as I am able," again pleaded the cat; but there was no moving the king. While the cat was coming, the elephant fell into a pit and was killed.

"You have done as I knew you would," said the king once more; and the cat received the Order of the Royal Penknife, and the care of the Royal Shoe-brush.

A great army marched to subdue the nation; but the king gave himself no uneasiness. "Have we not the cat here?" he asked. "My dear, go and put these troublesome fellows to flight."

"Alas! your majesty," said the unfortunate cat, "I can but do as I am able, and luck will turn at last;" but the king was stubborn as ever. And while the cat was coming, a band of the enemy fell upon him and destroyed him; and they overthrew all the kingdom. The king was taken prisoner and compelled to feed cats all his life. "That ungrateful cat!" he continually exclaimed.

Unspoiled by Greatness.

THE life of Maurice Sully, Bishop of Paris, has many touching incidents. He went to Paris from his poor home in the country when a little boy, to seek his fortune, like many another lad, and begged his bread from door to door. His discouragements were without number; but he conquered them all, and, with the help of some pious people, went from one stage of advancement to another, until he was a learned doctor of divinity. His old mother heard rumors of his greatness, and, taking her staff, she said: "I will walk to Paris and see my boy." So in some way she found the gay city, and inquired of some fine ladies for Doctor Maurice, as he was called. They offered to guide her to him, and threw over her a large woollen mantle, which hid her peasant garb. But when her son saw her he said: "My mother is a poor woman. I cannot believe it is she till I see her old peasant gown." Then she threw off the cloak, and her son embraced her and presented her to his friends, who thought all the more of him for not being ashamed of his poorly dressed old mother. He afterward became Bishop of Paris, and rebuilt the great Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is a most important matter for parents to have their children, of school age, attend the school from the very beginning of the school term. Every day lost in the beginning will prove detrimental to the advancement of children in their studies, an annoyance to teachers, who will have to endeavor to make good the lost time; and a hinderance to the progress of the school.

It would not be a bad idea if parents asked their children, every day they came from school, what their teachers said to them during the day in relation to their studies and conduct. They could in this way keep track of what their children did in school, learn of their success or failure, and be able by their corrections or approvals, to second the teachers in their efforts to educate their children.

Boys and girls should look upon it as a sacred duty to study as hard as they can, when school is opened. First of all, they should do so to please the parents God gave them, and who endured so much for their sakes; and secondly, to prepare themselves for the work of life, which is always hard, no matter even if the riches of the world come to ease it. There must be no neglected hour of study, no occasion let pass by, in which some effort should not be made to have their whole being educated. There would be no need of saying all these things, if the young people could stand in the shoes of the old and see all things as the old people have seen them, and found their true valuation. It is the duty of fathers and mothers to make their children old in virtue, and by the enlightenment of their own experience, teach them how to walk safely through the world to the feet of their Adorable Saviour. This, in truth, is all the duty of Christian parents.

The Reverend Brothers and Sisters take the place of bad parents; and through their efforts the Church of God hopes to lead all of the baptized in Christ into a blessed eternity. Their mission is a noble one; it is the same one Christ Himself came to do.

It has been learned beyond a doubt that instruction at church or at home is not capable of giving children a true knowledge of religion, and yet this is the excuse brought up for their action on every occasion, by parents who send their children to godless schools, and who are charged with neglecting their religious education.

Children should learn in their earliest years to appreciate what our Saviour has done for them, so that each succeeding year with its Christmas may behold them worthy of the joys the time does certainly bring; and that the coming of Christ for them may not have been in vain. If parents were as thoughtful of teaching this to their children as they are in presenting them toys and perishable gifts and pleasures, there would be no darkness or sorrow in the world, but the peace of God which "surpasseth all understanding."

Boston Daily Herald.

WE are very much surprised to notice that our esteemed contemporary, the Boston Herald, endorsed the scandalous misrepresentation of the character and habits of that true martyr of charity, FATHER DAMIEN, who, with a heroic devotion which all the world, Protestant, as well as Catholic, admires and praises, sacrificed his life for the benefit of the poor lepers of Molokai. This is the more surprising in the Herald, because it is but a short time since it published the express contradiction of a Protestant gentleman, Mr. Edward Clifford, who had visited Father Damien and spent enough time with him, and in Honolulu, to satisfy himself as to the spirit and mode of life of this self-denying missionary, as well as of the result of his labors. He says: "I took the trouble when I was in Hawaii to inquire of different persons who were hostile to him, concerning the reports against his character. But I could discover no evidence that was worthy of the slightest respect, and I do not believe that such evidence existed;" and he gives what was probably one secret of the attacks that had been made upon him. He says: "He had made himself very unpopular by his successful war against intoxicating spirits, and I believe that whatever hatred he incurred was the result of his goodness." The Herald says: "It is stated that it was mainly his own fault that he himself became a leper; that his personal habits were so uncleanly that he became an easy prey to the dreaded disease, and made little or no effort to ward it off." In direct contradiction Mr. Clifford says: "As to his personal habits and home life, I can testify that his two little rooms, though poorly furnished, were always fresh and wholesome, though there was not the scrupulous neatness which characterized the dwellings of the Franciscan Sisters. He lived in this respect much as most bachelors would live." He goes on to speak of the great work of improvement and reform which Father Damien accomplished in Molokai, of the high esteem in which he was held by the authorities, and of the very strong attachment shown by the unhappy objects of his care while living, and of their great grief at his death.

As to the outrageously malicious charge that "his moral character and personal habits were open to criticism," it only shows to what lengths of malignant vituperation the jealousy of narrow-minded bigots will carry them. This, however, is not so strange as that a respectable paper like the Herald should openly sanction such conduct, and lend its columns to the spread of the outrageous slanders.

Mr. Clifford is not the only reliable witness to the exalted character of Father Damien. When these slanders were first published in the columns of the Congregationalist, vice-consul Hastings, then in Boston on a visit, gave emphatic testimony to the purity of his life, and the disinterestedness of his labors. The editor of the Herald must have seen this testimony, yet he does not hesitate now to declare that these vile charges against the saintly Damien "are more than substantiated by private letters from parties in the Hawaiian Islands to persons in this country." He deliberately chooses these reports vilifying a man whom all the world admires for his heroic charity in preference to that which vindicates him, and which we know to be reliable. This may be high-toned, reliable journalism; but we confess we cannot see it in that light.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

LETTERS on business connected with the MAGAZINE should be addressed to Patrick Donahoe.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

THE chapters under this heading now appearing in our MAGAZINE show what Ireland is capable of doing under a fostering government, such as Home Rule will develop. The coming Fair in New York should be well represented by the industries and resources of Ireland.

Slavery and Christianity.

THE papers on this important subject will be commenced in the next issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Orangeism in Ontario,

Is the title of an article that will appear in our next MAGAZINE.

LENT begins this year Feb. 19, and closes Sunday, April 6.

JOHN P. LEAHY, ESQ., attorney at law, has removed to 13 School street, rooms 31 and 32.

PATRICK B. WYNN, who has been canvassing for us, is no longer authorized to do any business in connection with this MAGAZINE.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY, the silver-tongued, is in his fifty-eighth year.

ROBERT EMMET'S DAY — March 4.

NEW YORK Catholic Review: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for February is brighter than ever. The list of contributions is large, the topics exceedingly varied and timely. This MAGAZINE grows in interest and popularity every number.

Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers.

WE give in this issue of our MAGAZINE the second paper on this interesting subject. The first part appeared in the MAGAZINE October last. Those who have not seen the first part, and desire to get a clear understanding of the history of that interesting part of the world, should get the first part which we can furnish for twenty cents in stamps.

AMONG the eminent Prelates that have added their names to our subscription list, the present year, is Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco, Cal.

EXAMINE the label on your MAGAZINE when you pay your subscription to see that it is properly credited. It is unnecessary to send a receipt. Please advise us of any change in your address, giving the old as well as the new.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has been famous ever since it was established, for the variety, excellence, and abundance of its articles. It gave good measure in return for its subscribers' money, and judging by the two numbers of this year's volume that have already appeared, it is going to surpass its record in 1890. Its veteran editor, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, is one of the pioneers of Catholic journalism, and at the Catholic Congress he was a central figure of attraction for the members of the press. — *Catholic Columbian.*

THE title and dignity of Monsignor of the First Class has been conferred on the Very Reverend (or as he hereafter will be known) the Right Rev. NICHOLAS CANTWELL, V. G., of the diocese of Philadelphia.

Election of Mayor in Toronto.

In Toronto, that hot-bed of fanaticism, one would think that the handful of bigots known as the "Equal Righters" would find a very great stronghold. Yet such does not appear to have been the case, as was manifested in the election of a Mayor. Two candidates were in the field, Mayor Clarke and Alderman McMillan, the apostle of Equal Righters, both dyed-in-the-wool Orangemen. It was Greek against Greek, but there was not much of a tug of war, as Mayor Clarke completely wiped out his opponent, being returned by a majority of nearly two thousand votes, the largest ever secured by any mayoralty. A few more setbacks, such as the Equal Rights party have received lately in election contests, should open their eyes to the fact, that the intelligent voters of the Dominion want none of their intolerance and fanaticism.

Failures.

The statistics of bankruptcy in the United States and Canada for 1889 do not show a very favorable or prosperous state of affairs for the Dominion. During the year there were 1,764 failures as compared with 1,667 in 1888. The gross liabilities were $14,528,884 as against $13,974,787 in 1888. The central provinces of Ontario and Quebec seem to have suffered most by the trade depression or hard times, as the Maritime provinces appear to have experienced a very favorable year. In the United States the failures increased from 10,679 to 10,882, with a proportionate increase in liabilities. In Canada the proportion of failures was one for every 45 firms or individuals in business, while in the United States it was one for every 97 persons or firms.

Sister Rose Gertrude, a Dominican nun, has decided to devote her life to the lepers. Her name in the world was Amy Fowler, and she is a native of Bath, England. She studied medicine under Pasteur, and worked with him for some time. Sister Gertrude will take with her to the Pacific a large contribution of comforts and necessaries, from charitable persons, for the lepers of Molokai. She sailed Jan. 18th, from Liverpool for New York on her way to the Sandwich Islands. Sister Gertrude is but twenty-seven years old. She is a convert to the Faith. Her father is a clergyman in the Church of England.

Apostates and persons of bad character are being paid by Protestant societies to go about the country denouncing Catholics, whose statements had not only turned out to be worthless and false, but the lecturers themselves had, in several instances, been proved to be men and women of notoriously bad character. The story is told of a "converted" Catholic priest, who was received into the English church by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, but whose papers were several years later found to be forgeries. He complained that these people, men and women, who claimed to be cognizant with Catholicity, were at once taken up, however great impostors they might be, by Protestants, and readily paid and abundantly patronized.

Mr. James Riley appeared before the members of the Grattan Literary Institute, of Hyde Park, and their friends, in the Institute course, on the evening of Jan. 29th, and delivered a most pleasing and instructive lecture on the "Isle of Man." Institute Hall, where the lecture was given, was completely filled with people, so great was the interest taken in the event. Rev. Fathers Chittick and Lyons, and other prominent persons, were present. Mr. Riley held his audience spell-bound, and the closest attention was given to his every sentence, so instructive and entertaining were his words. At its close he was congratulated by many present on his success, and a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered him. The president of the Institute presided and introduced the lecturer. The Institute is highly commended by all classes for its taste and energy in inaugurating this course of entertainments, and it is proving a great success.

Boston Daily Globe: Mr. Gladstone's son has married the daughter of a Home Ruler, and deserves much connubial bliss, along with a great deal of domestic home rule.

THE London Times compromised the suit of Mr. Parnell against it for libel by paying him twenty-five thousand dollars on Feb. 3. It will probably settle in the same way for libelling Mr. Parnell's private secretary, Campbell.

THIRTEEN persons lost their lives by a fire in a Boston tenement house on Feb. 2. The victims were mostly poor Italians.

IT is a mistake to think Mr. PARNELL has captured a bonanza in getting twenty-five thousand dollars from the Times. The case has cost the Times two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and probably Mr. PARNELL much more than he will receive.

THE residence of Secretary of the Navy Tracy, in Washington, was burned on Feb. 3, the Secretary's wife and daughter perishing in the flames, together with one of the servants. Mr. Tracy, another of his daughters, and a grandchild were seriously injured.

THE Grand Reunion of the Y. M. C. A. promises to be a great success. It comes off at Mechanic's Building on the evening of the 17th of February.

THE Pall Mall Gazette says that Mr. Parnell has won a complete victory, both morally and materially. He will carry a conqueror's prestige into the investigation into the charges against him, which will be demanded from Parliament.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal calls the denouement in Mr. Parnell's action, "The Times' Sedan." Nothing in history, it says, is more craven than the course of the Times.

MRS. ALICE COPPINGER, wife of Col. Coppinger, U. S. A., and eldest daughter of James G. Blaine, died of the "grippe," at Washington, Feb. 2. Mrs. Coppinger became a Catholic at the time of her marriage. Among those present at the funeral, were the President, Cardinal Gibbons, and others.

The Late Father Perry, S. J.

THE world of science has sustained a serious loss in the death of Rev. Stephen J. Perry, S. J., who with the late Rev. Father Secchi, of the same society, ranks among the great astronomers of the nineteenth century. The deceased scientist visited Montreal at the time of the meeting of the British association in that city, and was the guest of Father Jones, S. J., at St. Mary's College. Father Perry was an Englishman, and became a Jesuit at Stonyhurst College, Eng., in 1853, at the age of twenty. He was for several years Director of the Meteorological and Astronomical Observatory of Stonyhurst College. In 1868, he undertook a magnetic survey of the west of France, and the following year the same work was done for the east of France. He was chosen head of several British Government expeditions in the interest of astronomical progress — among them that to Cadiz, to observe the total eclipse of the sun in December, 1870; and that to Kerguelen, Iceland, in 1874, to observe the transit of Venus. At the time of his death he was returning on board H. M. S., "Comus," to British Guiana, from the Sala Islands, whither he had been sent by the English Government to take observations of the eclipse of the 22d ult. He was a devoted priest and eminent scientist. May his soul rest in peace.

THE management of the Hotel Winthrop present their compliments to the travelling public, and invite their attention to the cosiest hotel in Boston.

Its quiet comfort, sanitary excellence, and central location make it most desirable for transient visitors and tourists, while it is unexcelled as a residence for ladies and families.

It is located on Beacon Hill, the most elevated site in Boston, close to the new Court House, new State House, and Boston Common.

It is sufficiently retired from the public streets to avoid the noise and bustle to be found in houses located therein.

It is noted for its high class of patronage, its excellent cuisine, and its moderate prices.

P. J. Keleher, Proprietor, L. F. Cobb, Manager.

The Annual Reunion and Banquet

Of the Alumni Association of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., was held in one of the large dining halls at the Parker House, Boston, evening of the 16th of January. Between forty and fifty gentlemen, many of them clergymen, were in attendance. The dinner was quite elaborate. At its conclusion President Rev. T. J. Conaty, D. D., called the company to order. He was received with much enthusiasm. He said, among other things: "We are assembled here to-night for an informal chat about our recollections of college life, or of things which have happened to us or to our friends since those pleasant days. We have been educated by the Jesuits, and although this is not a popular time for us to speak in their behalf, we feel that we love the Jesuits, and that we owe a great deal to the Jesuits. Thanks be to God that we have been under the teachings of the Jesuits." Father Conaty concluded with glowing compliments to Holy Cross College, and sat down amid much applause.

Rev. Michael O'Kane, S. J., the president of the college followed. He said that he wished to appear on this informal occasion without the usual dignity of the college president. Continuing he said: "Young men who are in the pursuit of literary knowledge are seeking Holy Cross. I do not need to tell you that when they have finished they will be better adapted to assume responsible positions in the mercantile or professsional walks of life. This fact has gone abroad in the community, and to-day we are in the height of prosperity, having two hundred and forty-nine students. We have thirty-one students in the class of philosophy, forty-one in the department of rhetoric, forty-two in poetry, in first humanity, twenty-nine. I am ready to challenge any Catholic college in the country in these four classes. In the name of the faculty, I invite you, and all other members of the alumni, to be present with us at the banquet on commencement day." (Applause.)

Judge Fallon, of South Boston, who had been introduced as the "oldest boy of us all," alluded to his connection with the Boston School Board, and the fact that he had been charged with being a Jesuit. He said that whatever learning or character he possessed he owed to the Jesuits.

Rev. Father Robert Fulton, S. J., spoke of his early days in Worcester. "When we get as old as Harvard," he said, "perhaps we shall have as many students at Holy Cross, and perhaps as much fame."

Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Marlboro, said he was born in the "City of Pork and Beans." He alluded to pleasant days at Holy Cross College.

Father Wallace, of Lewiston, Me., Father McSweeney, of Bangor, Me., Rev. Dr. T. D. Bevins, of Holyoke, Secretary Richard H. Mooney, Dr. Frank Rogers, Father William Rogers, and Father Scanlon followed with brief and entertaining remarks. The evening was passed in a very agreeable manner. There were many absent for various causes, sickness being the principal one.

Our Holy Father, the Pope, has issued a decree empowering the bishops in all countries recently visited by the influenza, to absolve the faithful from fasting until further notice.

Up to date, the London Times is said to have spent $1,000,000 in its war on Mr. Parnell, and it has passed a dividend. The worst of it is, it hasn't got anything to show for its outlay except a damaged reputation.

The new bishop-elect of Derry Rt. Rev. John Keys O'Doherty, is a Derry man, "native, and to the manner born," and the first native of the city or immediate locality, who has worn the mitre in the ancient See of St. Eugene. Bishop O'Doherty has long been distinguished in literature. His life otherwise has been one of retirement, and personally he has taken little part in public affairs. He was a Dunboyne student, of exceptionally brilliant attainments, and had long been marked out as the future bishop of his native diocese.

The National Line cattle steamer Erin, from New York for London, with a crew of ninety men, is missing, and is supposed to have foundered in the Atlantic hurricane.

Aiding the Construction of the Newfoundland Cathedral.

REV. JOHN ROE, of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, is at present in Boston collecting funds for the building of a new cathedral to replace the old one, destroyed by fire, Sept. 2, of last year. The town of Harbor Grace is situated on the east coast of Newfoundland, where the Bay of Conception opens into the Atlantic. The prevailing industry in that city, second in importance to St. John's, the capital, consists in the seal and cod fisheries, which, of late years, have greatly declined. In the summer months the greater part of the population is away at the fisheries, leaving the town in a state of impressive quietness, only interrupted by the arrival of the daily train from St. John's, and the fortnightly advent of the Labrador mail steamer with the intelligence of the success or failure of the absent fishermen.

Before the late fire, the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, a magnificent structure, was the chief point of interest in the town. Its corner-stone was laid in 1852, and it was completed by the present Bishop of Harbor Grace, Dr. Macdonald, who was consecrated in 1881. In less than four hours this grand and imposing structure was swept out of existence by the fire fiend, and with it went the hard-earned gifts of the poor, as well as the donations of the rich, and the Catholics of Harbor Grace were left without a church. Times have greatly changed since the recently destroyed cathedral was built, and it will be next to impossible to restore it in its pristine splendor; but the Catholics of Harbor Grace hope that their brethren in other parts of the world will come to their aid, and enable them to erect at least a moderate structure where it will be possible for them to perform their devotions. Rev. Father Roe is at present stopping with the Redemptorist Fathers at Roxbury.

MRS. DR. WALKER, 18 Springfield street, Boston, prepares a medicine entirely under her own supervision, that cures la grippe, coughs, colds, and consumption, and all impurities of the blood.

Bonnie Dunraven.

WE stated in our last issue that the N. Y. Freeman's Journal was publishing Bonnie Dunraven. Now the N. O. Morning Star has commenced its publication. Next Messrs. Noonan & Company publish it entire in pamphlet form, for 25 cents. Any one getting a new subscriber to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, gets two copies, (one for each) free gratis. Send in your order to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

IT is not generally known that in this city there is a flourishing Irish Literary and Historical Society, with headquarters at 34 Essex street. Half a dozen competent instructors give lessons in the language, literature, and history of the Island of Saints and scholars. Every Sunday afternoon, the musical strains of the old mother tongue can be heard, both in prose and verse. Persons wishing to join this society, can readily do so by coming to the Hall, 34 Essex street, any Sunday afternoon. No objection to creed or sex, but no atheists. Mr. James R. Kent, Financial Secretary, will give all the information required, having a large supply of Gaelic and other books for sale.

IN the year 1884, Senator Vest, of Missouri, a Presbyterian by the way, spoke in the United States Senate as follows: "Now as to education, in all my wandering in Montana last summer, I saw but one ray of light on the subject of Indian education. I am a Protestant, born one, educated one, expect to die one; but I say now that the system adopted by the Jesuits is the only practicable system for the education of the Indians, and the only one that has resulted in anything at all."

IT is announced that Mr. Justin McCarthy is to edit a series of political pamphlets for the Authors' Co-operative Company, and is to write one himself upon the subject, "Why I am a Home Ruler."

THE Catholic directory for 1890 gives the following statistics for bishops, priests, churches, chapels and stations in England and Wales: Bishops, 16; priests, 2,444; churches, chapels and stations, 1,312. There are in Scotland, 4 bishops, 347 priests, and 329 churches, chapels and stations.

Got More than They Bargained For.

THE ways of Providence are wonderful! How otherwise could we account for a Presbyterian congregation taking part even unconsciously in saying the Hail Mary. Here is how it happened: Emma Juch was recently solicited to sing at a noted Presbyterian church in Washington, and the announcement that the great operatic artist would sing, naturally drew a large audience. President Harrison and his wife, with the elite of Washington society being present, Miss Juch sang Gounod's charming Ave Marie, to which the congregation listened spellbound. Upon discovering the nature of the words and their ultra-Roman Catholic character, dismay and consternation seized the covenanters, and they were horrified to know that in a Calvinistic congregation the Mother of Jesus had been supplicated to intercede for the forgiveness of their sins.

Grand Reception of Prelates.

DULUTH (Minn.) Herald: It is the intense zeal the Roman Catholic feels for his religion which makes Catholicity such a growing power. Whoever saw a Protestant bishop received with such a pageantry and homage as was accorded Archbishop Ireland and Bishop McGolrick, on their arrival in Duluth? Why, these two men were received with as deep respect and veneration as was the Saviour when he made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, with the only difference that they rode in a luxurious carriage, while Christ was content to make his way on a meek and lowly ass.

WILLIAM COLLINS,

POET and prose-writer for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and other publications, is dead. Obituary notice in our next.

RECORDER SMYTH, of New York City, is a Galway man, and was born in that county of Ireland in 1832. There are seventy-five thousand natives of Galway in New York City, one of the best known of whom is the Rev. John Larkin, pastor of the Church of the Holy Innocents in West Thirty-seventh street.

The Church in New York.

THE statistics given of the Catholic Archdiocese of New York up to 1890, show the following figures: Catholic population, 800,000; churches with resident priests, 152; without, 44; total, 196. The chapels number 64; stations without churches regularly visited, 48. Priests: Secular, 323; not affiliated, 27; regular, 146; total, 496. Brothers, including novices and postulants, 391. Religious women, including novices and postulants, 2,268. Seminaries, 2, with 262 students. Colleges, 4, with 1,167 students. Academies for boys, 18, with 1,116 students. Academies for girls, 32, with 2,405 students. Orphanage schools, 7, with 1,710 students. Industrial and reform schools, 10, with 3,547 pupils. This city has 50 parochial schools attended by 15,367 boys, and 50 schools attended by 15,772 girls. The country districts of the diocese have 30 schools attended by 3,721 boys, and 30 schools attended by 4,023 girls. Homes for destitute and wayward children, 19, with 10,250 inmates; hospitals, 6, with 5,127 inmates; homes for the aged, 3, with 806 inmates; insane asylums, 1, with 56 inmates; foundling asylums, 1, with 1,670 inmates. There are 44 conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, with 1,200 members.

Canada's Aged Premier.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, Premier of Canada, reached his seventy-fifth year on the 11th of January, having been born on Jan. 11, 1815, at Glasgow, Scotland. Early in the day he commenced receiving congratulatory telegrams and letters. He passed the day in hard work and acknowledging congratulations. Sir John has been in public life over fifty years.

THE increase in the number of parochial schools is as steady as it is remarkable. It goes to show that when the Church speaks, her words are heard. New Catholic schools are springing up everywhere, and it will be but a short time before the finding of a Catholic church without a school adjoining will be impossible.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY comes on Monday this year.

Home Rulers Heard From.

DETROIT, Jan. 31.—The following cablegram was received to-day by President Fitzgerald of the Irish National League in America:

DUBLIN, Jan. 29, 1890.—Parnell strongly advises that no convention be held by league in America at present. General election pending; urge our friends to redouble their efforts to place us in position for the contest.

T. HARRINGTON, M. P., *Secretary.*
J. E. KENNY, *Treasurer.*

The following cable was sent from here to-day:

Dr. E. J. KENNY, TREASURER IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE, DUBLIN.
I send to-day £2,000. O'REILLY.

The Jesuits and Home Rule.

AT last we have discovered who are the originators and real promoters of the Home Rule policy. Mr. Karl Blind lets out the secret in an article published in the current number of the Fortnightly Review. It is all an "Ultramontane conspiracy" hatched by the Jesuits who control the Pope. Mr. Parnell is the mere puppet of the "Romish" plotters. Mr. Karl Blind takes up a number of pages of the magazine in imparting this dreadful news, interspersing his narrative with appropriate allusions to "priestly allies," "ignorant monks and Sisters," "Giordano Bruno," etc. And the Fortnightly Review, which claims to be a leading magazine, prints this rigmarole as a serious contribution on an important subject! Surely these are the days of inanities, says the Liverpool Catholic Times.

MR. GLADSTONE proposes to make an attack on the foreign policy of the government, on the opening of Parliament, and is in consultation with his colleagues of the Liberal party on the subject. His plan is to ask Lord Salisbury why he has allowed Germany to acquire a paramount position in East Africa, which may interfere with England's general interests and paralyze her power in the whole of Africa. He will compare her attitude toward Germany and her domineering treatment of Portugal.

The Grand Old Man at Chester.

MR. GLADSTONE, at a meeting in Chester, Eng., among other things said that he commended Scotland's unvarying support of Liberalism. If Scotland demanded Home Rule, neither Tories nor dissident Liberals would blow the war trumpets against it in the name either of the union or the integrity of the empire. Scotland had a good claim to Home Rule, because the Tory majority assisted a handful of Scotch members to outvote the Scotch majority. The conflict for Home Rule is a terrific struggle of powerful influence on one side against conviction on the other side. It is the principle of Liberalism to trust the people, qualified by prudence; it is the principle of Toryism to distrust the people, qualified by fear. He was confident of the ultimate judgment of the country. If ready to meet dissolution, but without impatience for it, it was because he felt strongly the justice of the cause and knew it must triumph.

A Valiant Woman.

MOTHER SUPERIOR M. FRANCES, of the Order of Servite Sisters, who presides over an educational convent orphanage in Chicago, was very indignant when she heard that the order was to receive part of the proceeds of a fistic exhibition. "We are shocked, horrified!" said she, with considerable warmth. "The idea of connecting our order with a prize fight. No one was authorized to use our names on the show bills."

Machine for Buttering Bread.

THE latest and most unique invention is a machine for buttering bread. It is used in connection with a patent bread cutter, and is intended for use in prisons, workhouses, and other reformatory institutions. There is a cylindrical-shaped brush which is fed with butter and lays a thin layer on the bread as it comes from the cutter. The machine can be worked by hand, steam, or electricity, and has a capacity of cutting and buttering seven hundred and fifty loaves of bread an hour. The saving of bread and of butter, and the decrease in the quantity of crumbs, is said to be very large.

Will Wonders Ever Cease?

It has been discovered that by means of the circulating blood any organ of an animal can be paralyzed or stimulated into renewed activity if the proper material is administered. Cocaine, which has revolutionized delicate surgical operations, is only one of the results of this discovery. The use of Atropine by oculists is a remarkable example. For it matters not how administered [even if injected into the big toe], the first effect seen is the enlarging of the pupil of the eye. Another application of this discovery, as practical as any, was the idea that the great loss suffered by poultry raisers, owing to the fact that hens stop laying during cold weather, when eggs are worth fifty cents per dozen, could be overcome, if the ovaries of the hen could be reached and stimulated to egg-producing activity. The experiment was crowned with success, and the chemical compounds deficient in the ovaries of the hens, at this season, are now very important components of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay. And with its aid some of our most successful egg-raisers believe it is as easy to obtain plenty of eggs in mid-winter as to raise early vegetables. Last December the poultry Editor of the N. E. Farmer said to a subscriber, "the office of Sheridan's Condition Powder is to animate the ovaries. A hen to lay profitably must be in *condition*. I use Sheridan's Powder because I believe that hens can be *made* to lay even in winter by using it, and fully twice as much profit can be made in a year from a flock of fowls where it is used." Is not that good evidence? Then force your hens to laying now, or later you will reflect:

"How wise we are when the chance is gone,
And a glance we backward cast!
We know just the thing we should have done,
When the time for doing it's past."

For 50 cents I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send two 25 cent packs; five packs for $1.00; or for $1.20, one large 2 1-4 pound can of Sheridan's Powder, post-paid; six cans for $5.00, express prepaid. The best poultry paper — Farm-Poultry one year, and a can of Powder for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cents.

Much Truth in a Few Words.

The Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, pastor of St. Gregory's Church, Milton, Mass., preached lately on "Christian Marriage," taking his text from the wedding at Cana of Galilee. He concluded his discourse with these words: "I have spoken to you to-day on Christain marriage, and by this I mean marriage among Catholics only, for there is no safety or security for the marriage tie outside the Catholic Church. I have not spoken of mixed marriages at all, because there is no place provided for them in the economy of the church. The church wishes to discourage them as much as possible, for this reason, that against one that turns out well, we find ten that are a continual source of trouble in the Church. I say this without the slightest disrespect to the Protestant party, for we often find the Protestant party the better of the two. But Protestantism and Catholicity are not congenial one to the other, and never can be successfully mated in matrimony. Neither have I spoken of the disgraceful divorce laws of the present day, because among Christians there is no such thing as absolute divorce. 'What God hath joined together let not man put asunder,' is good enough for us Catholics, and we ask no amendment to this or any other portion of the Word of God."

Prayer to St. Roch.

Special Protector Against Epidemics.

O great St. Roch, deliver us, we beseech thee, from the scourges of God. Through thy intercession preserve our bodies from contagious diseases, and our souls from the contagion of sin. Obtain for us salubrious air; but, above all, purity of heart. Assist us to make good use of health; to bear suffering with patience; and, after thy example, to live in the practice of penance and charity, that we may one day enjoy the happiness which thou hast merited by thy virtues. St. Roch pray for us; (three times).

Merciful Jesus, lover of souls, I pray Thee by the agony of Thy most Sacred Heart, and by the woes of thy Immaculate Mother, wash in Thy blood, the sinners of the whole world, who are now in their agony, and to die this day. *Amen.* Heart of Jesus, once in agony, pity the dying. [This prayer said an indulgence one hundred days each time. Plenary indulgence once a month, when said every day three times at three distinct intervals.]

Safety Against Fire. — We have not said enough about the value and virtue of the Magneso-Calcite fire proofing, advertised in another part of our magazine. We highly recommend it to builders, and the reverend clergy throughout the country, for its protective qualities from fire.

Look here, Friend, are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

my 90

OLD IRELAND.

By James McTeer.

I.

It is of the land that gave me birth
That I think of here to-night,
And of her hills and valleys
So beautiful and bright;
Where the sun in the morning shines
So lovely and grand
O'er the hills, and dales, and mountains
Of dear old Ireland.

CHORUS.

Old Ireland, the land of my birth,
Where is there a land so fair;
You might travel the wide world all over
And none with her could compare.

II.

Though oppressed and downtrodden
She has been for years past,
She has fought long for liberty
And will have it at last;
And I hope I will live
If it ever shall be,
To see Ireland a nation,
Proud, victorious, and free.

Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y.,

RECENTLY called upon Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle. The two gentlemen had a long talk on religious and political questions: Mr. Gladstone said: "Talk about questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christian men. During the many years I was in the cabinet I was brought into association with sixty master minds, and all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with divine revelation."

After luncheon the two men linked arms and took a walk over Gladstone's vast estate, its proprietor commenting on his wonderful trees, as though they were human beings. He then inquired eagerly if Americans paid proper attention to tree culture.

Dr. Talmage asked Mr. Gladstone if the cause of Irish Home Rule would be victorious. Mr. Gladstone brightened and responded emphatically, "Yes, when next election comes." He continued: "It seems to be a dispensation of God that I should be engaged in battle. At my time of life I should be resting. I never had any option in these matters. I dislike contest, but when Ireland, once the refuge of persecuted Englishmen, showed herself ready to adopt a righteous constitution, and do her full duty, I hesitated not a moment to espouse her cause."

Concerning America he said: "No one outside of the United States is bound to love it more than I am."

Pointing to numerous beautiful gifts from America he went on to say: "Everywhere I have practical expression of the tender thoughtfulness and kindness of the American people."

Towards evening, when bidding Dr. Talmage farewell, Mr. Gladstone pressed into his hand some books and pamphlets containing autographic inscriptions, and also a copy of his own Latin rendering of his favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages," and said: "Give my highest regards to President Harrison, and express to Mr. Blaine my deepest sympathy with him on account of the loss of his beloved son.

BISMARCK has met with his first serious reverse in the German Reichstag. The Anti-Socialist Bill has been rejected. We are glad a check has been put to this wholesale banishment of political agitators. Let every nation take care of its own lunatics, well remarks the Western Watchman.

Four Little Angels.

FOUR little white coffins stood one day in the parlor of the desolated home of Mr. William J. Boyle, of Fall River, Mass. They held the bodies of his four little children, Walter, aged five, Willie, four, Emma, two, and the baby, Clara, nine months old, who had died within two days of pneumonia. The bereaved mother was dazed with grief. The father showed to a sympathizing friend a gilt frame containing the portraits of the whole family. This, he said, was the only memento he had of his once happy family. Three white hearses carried the babies to the grave. This is a case seldom paralleled in the annals of sorrow, and fathers and mothers everywhere must suffer in hearing of it. The parents have the consolation of knowing that they have four angels in heaven praying for them.

Letters Well Worth Receiving.

AMONG the numerous letters received since our last issue are the following. We want more of the same sort:

NATIONAL CEMETERY, YORKTOWN, VA.,
Jan. 8, 1890.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.: *Sir*,—Enclosed please find postal note in payment for your magazine, $2. Many happy new years to the old captain of the old Pilot. Very respectfully,

THOS. RIDGE, *Sup't Nat. Cem.*

NASHVILLE, TENN., Jan. 25, 1890.

MR. DONAHOE: Enclosed find postal note for the sum of two dollars ($2), being my subscription for the year ending with the September number of this year. It is a welcome visitor at my habitation; may it flourish like a green bay tree, or the cedars of Lebanon. May it be an inheritance to the faithful after we have departed, it is to be hoped, to a happy eternity Yours repectfully, JERRY BUCKLEY.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL., Jan. 3, 1890.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.: *Dear Sir*,—Enclosed please find postal note for three dollars and seventy-five cents, one year's subscription for Magazine, from the following persons: J. O'Leary, and Michael McHugh, of Lehachapsi; and William Kelly, of Bakersfield. The last named is a new subscriber. Hoping to be able to send you more new names shortly, and wishing you a happy new year. Yours, in Christ,

PATRICK M. BANNON,

UNIONVILLE, MASS., Jan. 8, 1890.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.: *Dear Sir*,—Enclosed find two dollars ($2), my indebtedness to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for 1889. The magazine is, I assure you, always a most welcome and longed-for visitor at my home, and I would not now be without it. It was particularly pleasing last month on account of the beautiful picture and sketch of our great namesake, of New York; for, although we spell our name in a different way, I am sure our origin is the same. Wishing you, sir, a long and happy life, I am, yours sincerely,

CORNELIUS O'DONOGHUE.

FORT WAYNE, IND., Jan. 27, 1890.

Dear Sir,—We received the sample magazine for December, and are so pleased with it that I send you two dollars for a years' subscription, although I am not a Catholic; but my husband is, and a good Christian too. I never was so pleased with a magazine before. My husband would like to have the picture of Christ before Pilate, and wants to know how much it will cost, as we cannot get a subscriber just now. Respectfully yours,

MRS. CHAS. BAUMGRATZ.

PORT ARTHUR, CANADA, Jan. 27, 1890.

MR. DONAHOE: *Sir*,—Please find enclosed P. O. order for $2, one year's subscription for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, from January, 1890. Whilst in this country during the sixties, I was a reader of the Boston Pilot, which was a stanch upholder of Ireland's cause. I am happy to renew the acquaintance, as I presume you are the same publisher. Yours respectfully,

DENIS DWYER.

We might add many more letters did space permit.

INFORMATION wanted of Michael Flynn, a native of the county Cork. He left Ireland when young, and went to Philadelphia where he got married to an American girl. Is a harness-maker by trade. Any information of him will be thankfully received by Mrs. Mary Dobe, Ballard Vale, Mass. 3t

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HOUSE and sign painting, decorating in oil and water, frescoing, tinting, and whitening, — everything connected with the art, — skilfully performed, and promptly attended to, by one of our best and oldest mechanics of the South End, Mr. P. Golden, 75 West Dedham street, Boston.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

PARLOR SUITS, chamber sets, parlor stoves and ranges, carpets, bedding, crockery ware, and everything necessary for house furnishing, can be procured at Rossborough & Symonds, 727 Washington St., Boston, Mass., at the lowest prices, cash, or easy payments.

Important to the Clergy.

Having agents in all the principal book centres of Europe, amongst which are Leipsic, Paris, London, Rome, and Madrid, Mr. Schoenhof has excellent facilities to procure books not in stock promptly and at lowest prices. *Works for church libraries free of duty.* Send for Catalogues. Subscription Agency for Foreign Periodicals.

CARL SCHOENHOF,

FOREIGN BOOKSELLER AND IMPORTER,

144 Tremont Street, Boston. my90.

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."— *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

William Hughes, Detroit, Mich.

SOUVENIR VOLUME, ILLUSTRATED. Three great events in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, the Centenary celebration, Proceedings of the First American Catholic Congress, Dedication of the Catholic University. Price, $2.50.

Published with the approval of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

This book should be in every Catholic family and handed down to future generations. The book forms a volume of 114 pages, imperial octavo, is well printed, handsomely bound, and every way worthy of the great events it describes.

The work contains the only authorized report of the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States, the Proceedings of the First American Catholic Congress, including the papers read, speeches made, resolutions adopted, names of delegates, and the ceremonies attending the dedication of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. A noticeable feature of the volume is the portraits of our Holy Father, the Pope; the Most Rev. Archbishops, and the Rt. Rev. Bishops of the country; chronologically arranged, and executed in the highest style of the engraver's art. Also, prominent laymen. The illustrations alone in the work cost upwards of $1,000.

This handsome work, bound in cloth, bevelled edges, etc., is sold at $2.50 per copy.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY ALMANAC AND ORDO, for the year of our Lord, 1890. Issued quarterly, with full official reports of all Dioceses, Vicariates, Prefectures, etc., in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Ireland, England, and Scotland. The Hierarchy in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Australia. Bound in paper [this is the fifty-eighth annual publication], $1.25; cloth, $1.50. The United States Catholic Directory. for 1890, containing all the Dioceses in the country, as furnished by the Archbishops and Bishops. Paper, 40c., bound, 60c.

The above book is indispensable in every Catholic house. Everything in relation to the Church, its institutions, statistics, etc., can be found.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

DEUS LUX MEA. Solemnities of the Dedication and Opening of the Catholic University of America, Nov. 13th, 1889.

This is a very interesting account of the dedication, the sermon of Bishop Gilmore, the Banquet, etc.

THE MONTH. A Catholic Magazine and Review, the English Organ of the Jesuit Fathers. Price $4 a year.

The Messrs. Murphy & Co. issue a reprint edition of this very interesting Magazine.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL RESEARCHES, for January, is an interesting number. Its editor and publisher is Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin; its facts and researches are interesting to every Catholic. Address, 1711 Samson St., Philadelphia, Pa. Only $1 a year.

SERMONS AND LECTURES. By the Rev. Michael B. Buckley, of Cork, Ireland. Edited by his sister, Kate Buckley. With a memoir of his life, by the Rev. Charles Davis, Skibbereen, diocese of Ross. Dedicated to the Irish people at home and abroad.

Those who have heard and read these sermons and lectures speak of them in the most exalted manner. The late John Francis Maguire, M.P. for Cork, thus speaks of them: "His sermons could not be otherwise than pleasing to all; for while they were splendid displays of pulpit eloquence, enriched by study, made solid by research, and vivified by a bright imagination and a graceful fancy, they were wholly free from controversial aridity, and breathed the spirit of the widest charity — the true spirit of the Catholic Church." The book comprises a large volume of some four hundred and fifty pages, well bound; and is sold for $2, by Miss Buckley, 34 Dover street, and by Messrs. Noonan & Co. Sent free by mail. The book contains a good portrait of the author, and other illustrations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BONNIE DUNRAVEN. By Victor O'Donovan Power. Price, 25c.

We have received a copy of this most excellent novel which we hail with lively satisfaction. So long as novels are read, that long will it be necessary for Catholic publishers to endeavor to counteract the poison coming in a steady stream from the presses of

secular publishers who care more for dollars and cents than they do for the moral or spiritual welfare of the people. Messrs. Noonan & Co. are reliable publishers and deserve liberal support. — *Church News.*

A copy of the above book given to any one sending $2 for a year's subscription to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

THE YOUNG CATHOLIC MESSENGER published at Dayton, O., is an eight-page illustrated paper, and is published at the low price of fifty cents a year, published twice a month. We have received a bound copy of the fifth volume. No family having children should be without a popular juvenile paper. The parent who will not take one or other of our numerous papers for youth is derelict in his duty to his children.

All the above books can be had at Messrs. Noonan & Co., 19 and 21 Boylston Street.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal.—"There's Red Enough in that Flag for Me," words by C. E. Franklin, music by Anna F. Cassidy. "Little Annie Rooney," by Michael Nolan. "Still as the Night," by Carl Bohm. "My Sweet and Pretty May," by Richard Stahl. "O My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose," Mixed Quartette, by J. C. Warren. "Turkeys in the Tree Top," Comic Duet, by C. A. White. "Mehitable Jones," words, by C. A. White, music by D. L. White.

Instrumental. — "A Summer's Dream Waltz," by Frank Palma. "Frivolity Schottische," by Thos. J. Ryan, "La Marjolaine for Violin and Piano, and Violin, Cornet, and Piano, by Pierre Duvernet. "The Echo of Lucerne," by Brinley Richards. "Easter Lilies Waltzes," by C. A. White. Russia Army Grand March," by D. L. White. "Rip Rap Galop de Concert," by Frederic E. White. "On Bush and Tree, Polka Brillant," by C. D. Blake. "Ever of Thee Nocturne," by Stephen Hellmn. "Danse Espagnole," by Frederic E. White. "Mia Bella Waltz," by Otto Roeder., "Tocatelle," by A. Dupont. "Amour et Printemps, Waltz," by E. Waldtufel. "High Fly Scottische," by Frederic E. White.

BUY your carpets of Thos. O'Callaghan & Co., 599 and 601 Washington street, Boston, Mass., — the best and most varied assortment, the best material, the best bargains, and the best place in Boston. If you want to save money, buy your carpets of Thos. O'Callaghan & Co., 599 & 601 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Conscience.

CARDINAL NEWMAN says he became a Catholic by faithfully following his conscience, even while that conscience was erroneous; he made a further remark, that a false conscience, faithfully followed, led him right at last. If any Protestant came to him and said it would be against his conscience to become a Catholic, he would say he could not come round now; his duty would be to get his conscience enlightened, and be so guided into the way of truth.

Pushing into Sister Provinces.

LE Spectateur (Canadian paper), in an article on the progress of French-Canadian Catholicism in Ontario, states that the construction of railways, and the opening of new routes, are so many means to help the French-Canadian race of Quebec to advance into the sister provinces, carrying with it the great banner of the Church. The article says: "In view of the visible progress, which goes on increasing daily, the alarm has been given in the press of Toronto, that formidable citadel of the sons of Henry VIII. and Knox. Taking as a pretext the indemnity given to the Jesuits by the Quebec government, the Orange hordes, fanaticized by their ministers at bay, started the anti-Jesuit agitation, which at bottom is anti-Catholic and anti-French. But let our enemies learn this, that no earthly power can take away his language and his faith from the true French-Canadian. Before a century is over, the province of Ontario will be as French as that of Quebec."

SECRETARY PROCTOR has purchased of the heirs of the late Gen. James Shields for ten thousand dollars, the sword worn by the general during the late war, and it will be placed among the relics of the War Department.

WE call special attention to the advertisement, in another column of our MAGAZINE, to the Canton Knitted Mattress, and highly recommend it to all public institutions, public hospitals, hotels, and private families; it is equal, if not superior, to curled hair, and sold for one-third the price, the factory is at Canton, Mass., where they are manufactured in large quantities.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

MOST REV. DR. MCEVILLY, of Tuam, Ireland, died on Jan. 31.

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of Rev. Edward P. Byrne has caused great regret in Boston, Mass., especially at the West End, where as a boy and young man he lived, and at the North End, where he was first sent after his ordination to the priesthood, and remained for several years. The deceased was a well-known and popular priest of the archdiocese of Boston. While on a sick call to a dying person some weeks ago he contracted a very severe cold, which resulted in pneumonia, from which he died Sunday, Jan. 5, at the residence of his mother in Charlestown, Mass.

THE Rev. Benedict J. Sestini, S.J., died at the Novitiate in Frederick, Md., on Jan. 17, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. He was born in Florence, Italy, in 1816; but being expelled from his native country, in 1848, by the revolution, he came to America. He taught astronomy and mathematics in Woodstock and Georgetown Colleges, and published several astronomical works. He originated the publication of The Messenger of the Sacred Heart. He had been in the Novitiate in Frederick nearly six years. He was also something of an artist, and painted some frescoes of a scientific character in the library of the Woodstock College.

REV. MARTIN CAVANAGH, of St. Joseph's Church, Lynn, Mass., died at the residence of Father Harrington, rector of the church, Jan. 17th, of pneumonia. The parish is in deep grief over the death of this noble priest, who was born in Amesbury, Mass., in 1863. After primary training in the public schools he entered the Villanova College, in Philadelphia, where he won first honors in his class. He then entered the Grand Seminary of Montreal. From Montreal he entered St. John's College, at Brighton, graduating with honors. A little over two and a half years ago he was ordained, and sent by Archbishop Williams to St. Joseph's Church as assistant rector. During the late fire many families were rendered almost destitute, and for their needs he has often deprived himself even of the necessities of life that their wants might be supplied. He leaves a widowed mother, a sister, and one brother, in Amesbury. His funeral was a wonderful exhibition of the reverence in which he was held.

THE announcement of the death of the venerable Father Thomas Geoghegan, P.P., which occurred at Kilcock on St. Stephen's Day, will be read with much regret. The pious and popular priest was seventy-five years of age. He had served in the parish as curate for a long period, and returned as pastor on the death of Father Treacy, which took place on the 25th of May, 1862. His life was one of zeal and devotion to the interests of the Church and of his people. The funeral obsequies were largely attended. A large number of priests were present at the Solemn Office, in addition to the Right Rev. Dr. Comerford, Coadjutor-Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

GREAT regret was felt among the people of Dundalk by the intelligence of the death in France of the respected Superior of St. Mary's College. By all classes his death, at the early age of forty-seven years, is sincerely deplored, and by none more than the pupils, past and present, and by the Fathers of the the College, which, under his able and skilful administration, has rapidly advanced to a high place amongst the educational establishments in Ireland.

SISTERS.

SISTER SIMPLICIA, the superior of Carney Hospital, on Telegraph Hill, South Boston, died on the night of the 18th of January, after many days of patient suffering. Previous to her religious life she was known as Julia Rigney. She was born sixty years ago in Kings County, Ireland, and came to this country when a young girl. Her parents located at St. Louis, Mo., where deceased has many relatives and friends now residing. It was thirty-seven years ago that she entered the order of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and since then her life has

been a series of sacrifices and a constant struggle to alleviate the suffering, comfort the distressed, and encourage the hopeless. She entered the community of Sisters at St. Joseph's Academy, the mother home of the sisterhood in this country, at Emmittsburg, Md. She had then every reason to remain a member of the social world. She had a happy home at St. Louis, loving friends were summoning her to enter society with them, and all the enticing elements that make attractive the social sphere surrounded her, then an accomplished young lady. All these she refused, because she could not see how in that way she could be of service to mankind. She chose between a life of charity and of hard work for the suffering, and a life of ease and comfort. Though the former was full of privations, sacrifices, and responsibilities, she chose it, and nobly and faithfully has she discharged the duties that she assumed. Having clothed herself with the habit of this order of mercy she was assigned to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, at Buffalo, N. Y. There she served for several years, gaining a well-earned reputation for faithfulness and untiring devotion to her work. So well did she labor that her abilities were recognized, and in 1865 she was placed in charge of the Infant Asylum, at Buffalo. When she took charge of that institution it was in a sad state of decline, and Sister Simplicia put it upon a solid footing. Here she displayed great executive powers, and on July 2, 1869, she was given the charge of the Carney Hospital. When she was installed as the sister superior of the institution it was staggering under a debt of ninety thousand dollars, and propositions were being made to sell the building under the hammer. Sister Simplicia was indefatigable in her labors. Nights and days she worked, dividing her time between her suffering charges and the business of saving the hospital from being taken away for debt. A short while ago she announced the raising of the debt, and began the fund for the new additions. But the price of these labors has been her health, and finally her life. She was overworked, and the stupendous tasks that she undertook undermined her constitution. In April, 1888, she was first taken sick, and since then she has been ailing, although never relaxing her efforts to aid the sick, assist the poor, and further the interests and the capacities of the institution over which she was the executive. Her illness grew into a lung trouble, and lately pneumonia developed. She was a lady of great mental powers, and her death is a sad loss to the community. The funeral took place on the 20th from the Gate of Heaven Church, where impressive services took place. Many Sisters of Charity and prominent clergymen, physicians and lay people were present.

Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Blenkinsop of SS. Peter and Paul's, South Boston, assisted by Rev. Father Scanlon, S. J., of St. Mary's, North End, as deacon, and Rev. Father Lee of Revere, as subdeacon. The master of ceremonies was Rev. Father O'Connor. Rev. Father Scanlon delivered the eulogy. After speaking in glowing terms of the many virtues of Sister Simplicia, he said there are none who will miss the good superioress more than the sick, the suffering, the poor, and the afflicted, to whom she was an angel of mercy and gentleness.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. JAMES KERNAN, a well-known and esteemed citizen of Cambridge, Mass., died on Jan. 17, at the ripe old age of seventy-six years.

WE regret to learn the death at St. John, N. B., of Susan J., beloved wife of John W. O'Ryan, and daughter of Margaret, and the late Patrick McBriarty, aged thirty-three years. We deeply sympathize with our good friend, Mr. O'Ryan, in his sad bereavement.

THE respectful sympathy of his many friends is extended to the Rev. John O'Brien, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Cambridge, Mass., in the bereavement which he has sustained in the death of his mother, Mrs. Margaret O'Brien. The funeral took place from the Church of St. Thomas, Mitteneague, Mass., Jan. 22, the Rev. John O'Brien celebrating the Mass of Requiem. May she rest in peace!

MRS. CATHERINE FITZMAURICE, who died recently at Newtownsandes, county Kerry, Ire., was the mother of

four well-known American priests—the Very Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, D.D., rector of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary; the Rev. Edmund W. Fitzmaurice, of Hazelton, Pa.; the Rev. James J. Fitzmaurice, rector of St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia; and the Rev. Francis P. Fitzmaurice, assistant at St. John the Baptist's, Manayunk. She was a devout, modest, zealous Christian woman, whose children rise up and call her blessed.

To Mrs. M. E. F. on the death of her daughter Annie Fay, Cambridgeport, Mass.

SAD mother, bereft and sorrowing,
Thy darling one hath flown;
She hath gone to dwell in paradise,
And left thee here alone.

Grim death hath come to thy happy home,
Like some relentless foe,
And taken away thy darling child,
And steeped thy soul in woe.

I know the pain and sorrow felt,
When from loved ones we must part!
I know the bitter pain which death
Inflicts upon the heart!

Can nothing then sustain us,
Hath no one then the power
To comfort, or to soothe our grief,
In dark affliction's hour?

Yes, there's One who in His love
Hath said, "Come unto me,"
And I will lift thy burden up:
Yes, I will comfort thee."

Thy Saviour who extends His arms
To Thee, grief-stricken soul,
'Tis He can heal thy broken heart,
And he will make it whole.

Mother bereft and sorrowing,
Lift up your tear-dimmed eyes:
And see your darling Annie
With God, beyond the skies.

Bound for Rome.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN, of New York, sailed for Havre on the afternoon of Jan. 18th, on La Bourgogne of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique. The scenes at the departure of the outgoing fleet resembled those of a sailing day in April more than one in midwinter. If the prayers and well wishes of the Catholic clergy of New York and vicinity can obtain extra blessings, the good ship La Bourgogne, which carries Archbishop Corrigan to the port of Havre, will have a phenomenal and most prosperous voyage. Over eighty clergymen, including several monsignors and a large number of distinguished laymen, were at the dock to bid the Archbishop and his secretary, Father Charles McDonnell, godspeed. The length of Archbishop Corgan's absence will depend on himself. He will be away two months at least, and it is possible that he may not return for six months. During his absence his duties will be discharged by Vicar-General Preston. The Archbishop will go to Paris direct from Havre, thence by rail to Rome, where he arrived in the early part of February.

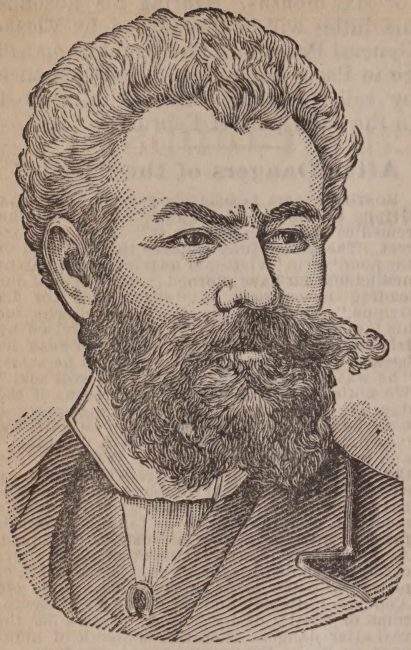
After Dangers of the "Grip."

BOSTON papers facetiously remark that "La Grippe is seldom fatal unless you use all the remedies recommended for it." They are correct. The writer fully believes that the end of the poor "grip" victim, if he tried all the patent medicines that have adorned (?) the pages of our leading newspapers as "sure cures for La Grippe," would be like Mark Twain, who for his famous cold tried every remedy advised by friends, until his stomach became so weak he began to vomit and continued until, as he avers, "he was like to throw up his immortal soul." We notice one of the leading advertisers of the day has been conspicuous at this opportune time by the absence of any claim to cure the "grip." They certainly deserve a "chromo," and we feel like giving them a free "ad" for their compassion upon our readers. The more so for the reason that probably more people have used their remedy, that good old family medicine, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, for this foreign influenza, than all others combined. And why not? Certainly no other will relieve catarrhal colds, coughs, bronchial troubles, or neuralgic pains as promptly as that same old Anodyne Liniment, and the above are all symptoms or results of La Grippe. Herein lies the real after dangers from this epidemic of influenza; it leaves the mucous membrane lining of the nose, throat, and bronchial tubes tender and very susceptible to the catarrh, bronchial troubles, and pneumonia, which come with February and March, in our northern climate. We shall still pin our faith to a remedy for this after danger which acts promptly to allay inflammation; for therein lies the chief dangers from throat and lung troubles. And surely a remedy that has the friends that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has, after eighty years' trial by a critical public, and has been used for the "grip" more extensively than all the advertised remedies, deserves, as we said, a medal, and has before it, we hope, a prosperous year as an octogenarian. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., the manufacturers, will send a valuable pamphlet free.

The Cardinal Manning Fund.

ABOUT three thousand pounds has up to the present been subscribed towards Cardinal Manning's Episcopal silver jubilee fund. The jubilee is to be celebrated in June next, by which time it is hoped that the fund will have been increased to about nine thousand pounds, with which sum it is proposed to free the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, the Cardinal's own church, and present it to him as a public offering. It was his Eminence's own wish that the testimonial should take this form.

THE TRIUMPH OF PARNELL over the London Times will give joy to every friend of Ireland throughout the world.



M. De Munkacsy.

PAINTER OF THE GREAT PICTURE, "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

MICHAEL DE MUNKACSY'S career is one of the most extraordinary and astonishing ever witnessed. The cradle of the great painter stood in the modest dwelling of his poor parents at Munkacs, an out-of-the-way town, far in the interior of Hungary: and to-day his easel stands in one of the finest residences of the Avenue de Villers, in Paris, in one of the most fashionable quarters of the Capital of Fine Art. "Milton," "The Dying Mozart," and, above all, the painting, "Christ Before Pilate," will live forever.

The ovations with which the American people greeted "Christ Before Pilate" are unique in the annals of the history of art. Just as unique is the price, over one hundred thousand dollars, which was paid for this creation of a living artist. It is true that the artistic and pecuniary success which his paintings obtained in European cities was also unparalleled, for it never had occurred before that the receipts for the exhibition of a painting amounted to the enormous sums of several hundred thousand francs.

His masterpiece is "Christ Before Pilate," and no other picture is oftener mentioned at the present time. The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, knighted M. de Munkacsy in recognition of the great genius displayed in that marvellous picture "Christ Before Pilate." Every one can get an accurate reproduction of this most renowned painting of modern times by subscribing for this MAGAZINE, at the regular price. See our offer in another column.

The John Gilmary Shea Fund.

THE following additional subscriptions have been received by Rev. P. A. Treacy, Burlington, N. J., for the John Gilmary Shea Testimonial Fund:

Bishop O'Reilly, Springfield, Mass.	$50.00
Bishop Mullen, Erie, Pa.	25.00
Bishop Flasch, La Crosse, Wis.	20.00
Bishop Wadhams, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	10 00
Bishop Hogan, Kansas City, Mo.	20.00
Bishop Bonacum, Lincoln, Neb.	25.00
Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, D. D., V. G., Boston, Mass.	25.00
Rev. Jesuit Fathers, St. Peter's, Jersey City, N. J.	25.00
Rev. Wm. H. Duncan, S. J., Boston, Mass.	25.00
Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J. Chicago, Ill.	25.00
Rev. E. A. McGurk, S. J., Washington, D. C.	5.00
John B. Regan, 42 Essex St., Boston, Mass.	10.00

THROUGH THE CATHOLIC REVIEW.

Rev. M. Dolan, Newton, Mass.	50.00
Rev. L. D. Senez, Jersey City, N. J.	25.00

HON. JEREMIAH F. SULLIVAN, the new mayor of Holyoke, Mass., was born in the county Cork, Ire., in 1840. He has been a resident of Holyoke since his boyhood. When about twenty-five years old Mr. Sullivan went into partnership with his employer, J. F. Allyn, in the meat business. The partnership continued for eighteen years under the firm name of J. F. Allyn & Co., and in 1884 Mr. Sullivan bought out Mr. Allyn, and has conducted the business alone ever since. He has always been an ardent apostle of temperance, being a member of the St. Jerome Temperance Society since its foundation. He was the first treasurer of the society, serving in that capacity many years. Mayor Sullivan has always been a stanch Democrat.

DOCTOR A. M. DAM, 405 Columbus avenue, Boston, has a very large practice. If you have heart disease call on him. If you have sickness of any kind call on him.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, APRIL, 1890. No. 4.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Shall We Educate Our Sons in Protestant Institutions?

THE formation of a Catholic Club by the Catholic students of Yale University, New Haven, Conn., has called forth extensive comment by the Catholic press of the country. This is undoubtedly a very curious and significant fact, and suggests some very serious questions. That a hundred Catholic students in a Protestant university, in the very centre of Puritandom, should, with the approbation of the college authorities, unite together for the purpose of forming a distinctively Catholic Club, professedly for mutual protection and encouragement in the practice of their religion, is one of the striking facts that indicate the remarkable change that has taken place in public sentiment toward the Catholic Church during the last few years. It is not for us to judge the motives of the college authorities in thus sanctioning and even encouraging the formation of this Catholic Club. We are at least not likely to err in concluding that they are not unwilling to encourage Catholic young men to come to Yale for their education.

But back of all this, a more important question suggests itself, and presses for a satisfactory solution. Why are those hundred Catholic young men there? Why have they gone to a Protestant institution for their education? Are there no Catholic colleges in the country of a high order where they could obtain practically as good an education as that which is given at Yale, or, for that matter, at any other Protestant college in the country? Did it never occur to those young men, or to their parents, that education in a Protestant university would be necessarily attended with temptations both to faith and morals? Is it wise to throw our young men deliberately into the way of temptation without some serious, pressing necessity? If there were no good

Catholic colleges in the country, there would be at least some show of reason in sending young men of talent and promise to an institution where their talents could be properly developed; and, in that case, the young men would, of course, act wisely in banding together for mutual encouragement in the practice of their religion. But this is not the case.

It might seem invidious for us to mention names of particular institutions; but it would be an easy matter to designate a number of Catholic colleges in the country where an education can be obtained for the great purposes of life, certainly not inferior to that of Yale or Harvard. Even if it were not so, the very serious question arises whether these young men who frequent Protestant colleges are loyal Catholics? To be a loyal Catholic one must, above all things and before all things, prefer spiritual interests to temporal advantage. The nature of true education is determined by the end of man. If we were created for this world only, then this world — its interests and its pleasures — might bound the measure of our aspirations, and constitute the grand motive of our conduct. But there is a certain brief and piquant sentence, uttered by our Lord, — often repeated, but, we fear, seldom fully appreciated — to which we do well to take heed, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice and all these things shall be added unto you." That is, if we make our spiritual interests the object of our highest wishes — our chief ambition and most ardent pursuits — all necessary temporal blessings shall be supplied to us. That grand principle contains the supreme motive of a thorough Christian education. In the presence of that grand motive all temporal interests and ambitions pale and sink into utter insignificance. In the light of that principle it is an obvious corollary that the Catholic who deliberately frequents or sends his child to an educational institution at the hazard of his faith and morals, especially when he has the opportunity of sending him to an institution designed to teach the faith and encourage good morals, is certainly a very inconsistent man, and we do not think it a want of charity to charge him with being disloyal to the religion which he professes.

It is really a sad and discouraging thought that when zealous Catholics throughout the country, in obedience not only to the law of the Church but also to the dictates of conscience and a reasonable prudence, are laboring to provide their co-religionists with the means of a good Catholic education, there are so many who not only do not appreciate or sympathize with those efforts, but actually throw all their influence on the side of the enemies of the Church. Instead of fighting in the ranks of their friends they are found arrayed against them in the ranks of the enemy: In this warfare we contend there is no neutral ground, no compromise. "They that are not with me," said our Lord, "are against me," and "He that gathereth not with me scattereth," and in still more solemn and awful words He commanded that recalcitrant members who refused to hear the Church should be treated as heathens and publicans. May the good Lord deliver us all from such a terrible fate.

H. L. R.

Orangeism in Ontario.

SWIFT has been severely criticised by those who like to preserve some small share of respect for our common manhood, for having introduced into his famous fiction, Gulliver's Travels, a human minded monster, to which he gave the strange and unmusical name of Yahoo. I have no fault to find with the justice of these criticisms. To be effective, satire must be broad-based in truth. The satire in the voyage to the country of the Yahoo, is conveyed by a clumsy vehicle of improbable fiction, and is in itself so savagely misanthropical and revoltingly gross, that it stands solitary and apart in the literature of the world. Strange to say, the portion of Gulliver's Travels which contains the repulsive description of the Yahoo, essentially differs in tone and feeling from the other divisions of the book. This remarkable differentiation between parts of the same work, leads me to believe not only that the pages on the unspeakable Yahoos bear somewhat the same relation to the mind of the great Irish satirist as the pathetic and painful scenes in the Timon of Athens hold to the mind of the great English poet, and indicate a period of acute misanthropy in his career; but also that, with the prescience and prevision of genius, he wished to record in this terrible production a prophecy and a warning of the harm which was to be wrought to his country and his people by an oath-bound body of men, whose corporate and even individual actions were to resemble, if they did not surpass, in sheer outrageousness, the acts of the bestial and degraded Yahoos.

If I entertained a doubt as to the absolute identity of the monster created by Swift with the cringing henchman and obsequious flunky of Irish landlordism, the Orangeman, it would spring from the charity displayed in the portraiture of the former. The Yahoo had the aspect of a monster, and the kind heart of a humanized being, while the converse too generally holds true of the Orangeman. For this reason, I cannot institute a comparison between the savagely fanatical follower of the Dutch usurper and his part prototype in Swift, without an abject and formal apology to the Yahoo.

I have been moved to these speculations by the brutal and wanton attack recently made upon Archbishop Walsh by the Orangemen of Toronto. If the malice of any offence depends chiefly on the dignity and unoffensiveness of the person offended, no language at my command can adequately express the wicked vileness of this startling incident. The occasion was, as many of my readers already know, the official entry of Archbishop Walsh into the city of Toronto. A great crowd awaited his Grace, who is beloved by his people, and gave him a reception worthy of his high character and station. A procession was formed and set out on its way towards the archiepiscopal residence. Toronto is the head-quarters of Orangeism in Canada. The second city of the Dominion is also a hot-bed of Yahooism. The Orangemen soon made their presence unmistakably evident to the processionists. The Yahoos, at an early stage of the proceedings, began

to evince their hostility towards the Archbishop by hooting and vociferation; but soon adapted a more effective method of attack. A few missiles were at first hurled towards the carriage; these were soon changed to showers; the carriage windows were riddled, and his Grace was struck with a large stone on the arm, sustaining an ugly wound. The Protestant coachman who drove his Grace was also struck, and almost hurled from the driver's seat. There was not a policeman anywhere around. The procession, it seems, swerved a block or two from the preconcerted route, and as the guardians of the peace in the Belfast of Canada are notoriously lacking in indurance or inclination whenever the safety and lives of mere Catholics depend upon their exertions, they did not go to the trouble of following it. This bare description of the outrage presents a picture which is to be hoped cannot be matched elsewhere. The attack was as wanton as it was brutal. There was absolutely not one valid reason which can be urged in palliation of a most disgusting offence against toleration and the laws of the land. Archbishop Walsh is a singularly quiet, unoffensive, and unobtrusive ecclesiastic, as highly respected by the better class of Protestants, as he is revered by the Catholics. In one word, then, the sole cause of the attack was his religion — his crime was his creed.

There was not a single arrest made on the evening of the attack, nor for many days afterwards. Fortunately, it is unnecessary for the lodgemen, who belong to the Toronto police force, to violate the oaths of their societies, and injure their ultimate prospects of promotion in police and Orange circles — they mean about the same — by placing one of their stone-throwing confederates in the dock, that the public might determine the order of the culprit. Given certain condition, and probabilities conspire in the experienced public mind, until they form perfect convictions. Whenever and wherever an exceptionally fiendish attack is made upon the property or persons of unoffending Catholics, such, for example, as the clubbing of a religious procession, the wrecking of an orphanage, whose only defenders are Sisters of Charity, the attempted murder of an Irish representative, or the stoning of an archbishop — whenever such scandals as those are perpetrated in Western Ontario, which is not seldom, the news has only to be known, to have the culprits correctly surmised by the people of Canada.

In the present instance, however, the Toronto police, after much delay, and greatly to the surprise of those who knew them best, actually arrested a fellow named McIntosh, as one of the gang that stoned Archbishop Walsh. What followed this enterprise of the faithful and disinterested police of Toronto, is so illustrative of the manners of the Yahoo, that it deserves to be noted. McIntosh was tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars, or go to jail for sixty days. He failed to produce the money, and was sent to prison, but not for long. His brother Young Britons made a collection, paid the fine, and, in a few hours, McIntosh was once more free, and a hero. Yahoodom resolved to celebrate the liberation of their latest glorious martyr by a procession. The amiable monsters sallied

forth with fife and drum, and a triumphal chariot, wherein to carry the hero through the city upon which his deeds reflected so much glory. The hero-worshippers also carried transparencies, of which the following were the eminently appropriate devices, as we learn from the *Irish-Canadian*, which journal, it may be said, maintains almost single-handed, a determined war against secret societies, not in Rome and Chicago, but here in Canada, where they are infinitely more powerful and pestiferous. The mottoes set in the transparencies were these: "We worship Jehovah, the God of Christians, and not the Pancake God of Rome. No surrender. No Walsh Rule here. No Popery. Boys, do your duty. McIntosh, to please the Italian Ass' Representative, is not in jail to-night. Billy alive yet." Those choice scraps contain a large amount of Orange doctrine, and hence, their value. "Fortified in this way with the letter and the spirit of the stone-thrower's gospel," says the *Irish-Canadian*, "the procession started to the enlivening strains of 'The Protestant Boys,' 'The Boyne Water,' and other airs of a high Orange flavor." The newspaper describes how the rabble was carefully protected by the police, draws a sarcastic contrast between the conduct of the latter on this, and on the occasion of the ruffianly attack, and closes with this pregnant sentence: "But have we no law to stop this ruffianism? If we have not, the city should forthwith pass such a law; and, if the city will not move in the matter, then the Catholics should go to the Local Legislature, and demand such legislation as will secure them against the insults of the Orange rabble." The last suggestion is, it seems to me, the most practical, for the sufficient reason that the city will not act in the matter. But why apply to the Local Legislature? The Catholics of other Canadian cities, as well as those of Toronto, frequently suffer from Orange aggression, and it is, therefore, a Federal, and not a Provincial measure that is required, to compel the unruly followers of King William to conform to the demands of order and good citizenship.

Before proceeding farther, it is only just to acquit the Protestants of this country of the slightest sympathy with the Orange Association. So far are they as a body from abetting it in any way, that I am of the opinion if its existence depended upon their votes its life would be brief. The Lodgemen are all Protestants, it is true; and one of the principal objects of the Orange Association is, we are told, to secure and maintain Protestant ascendency. But the majority of our separated brethren properly believe that their Church is perfectly able to take care of herself without such *striking* arguments as paving-stones being brought into requisition to subdue her enemies. They are too humane to employ lithologic polemics in dealing even with an Archbishop, and they are too sensible to desire ascendency of any sort. The Protestant and the Orangeman acts very differently in all such matters. The former uses argument, or what passes for argument; the latter uses violence. The former endeavors to appeal to the reason of his opponents; the latter cracks their heads. The former advances like an honest enemy in the open field; the latter sustains an underhanded guerilla warfare, treacherous, mean and murderous.

Finally, the former has convictions which he respects, and is on that account willing to respect the feelings and convictions of others; the latter has only antipathy and aversion, and, hence, his sole argument is an assault.

The accomplices and instigators of the Orange Association among our Protestant fellow-countrymen are not numerous. They may be roughly divided into two classes, neither of which greatly signifies in a community. We have, first, the shallow and ignorant sensational preacher, whose fondest delight is to thump the pulpit before a crowd of Orangemen. And we have next the unscrupulous politician who purchases his way into place and power by pandering to the fanaticism of the Orange faction. The public man who deliberately plays upon the worst passions in the human breast for his own selfish objects, and the minister of the gospel who makes use of his office to obtain applause and a generous money collection, by abusing his neighbors, are worthy of each other and of the Orange order, and no worse need be affirmed of them.

There is another class from which the Orangemen recruit their ranks — the professional demagogues. An advice recently given by a representative type of this sort of social pest is so pertinent and symbolic of its kind that it must not be omitted. Goldwin Smith, the soured ex-Oxford professor and renegade English Liberal, who, after having been "damped" out of a dozen different communities, to use a horticultural term, at length found a fitting environment, a relict and a fortune amid the congenial "orange-blossom bowers" of Toronto, wrote the other day in one of his literary sarabands: "If Orangeism will not get its head out of the lap of Delilah and again do its first work, it ought, if it has any respect for the shades of the illustrious dead, to cease to take in vain the name of a hero." This talk is only nonsense. Orangeism will not leave the lap of Delilah, by which grossly sensual figure is meant, I presume, our most paternal Tory government. But let us examine the nature of this "first work" which Orangeism is so strenuously urged to "again do" by the itinerant scribbler, who viciously devotes the leisure he enjoys on money amassed by a better man to striving to stir up bitterness and strife among his neighbors.

The unreasoning bigotry out of which Orangeism emerged has, like a mortal plague, long afflicted the home of our forefathers. This statement will not sound new to the Irish readers of this MAGAZINE. The Orange Society proper was founded in Ireland in the autumn of 1795, three years before continual misgovernment and the constant outrages of the Orange "Yeomanry," billeted at "free quarters" on the people, drove the Irish peasantry into open rebellion. The "first work" of the reprehensible Orange Confederacy was — murder. Let Mr. Lecky relate the harrowing details. "In 1795 the Orangemen came into existence," says this Protestant historian, "and signalized themselves by spreading riot over a great part of the north of Ireland. The battle of the Diamond, in which they defeated a large body of Catholics, and in which forty-eight men were killed, took place in

December of this year, and, being sedulously commemorated by the Orangemen, it produced an intense and enduring animosity. Many Catholics were compelled to emigrate from the county Armagh, and took refuge in Connaught." What was the crime of which the Catholics who perished at the Diamond or were hounded into Connaught were guilty? Their sole offence, in the words of Lord Gosford, governor of the county of Armagh at the time, was "simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith." Such was the nature of "first work" which the Orangemen of Ontario are implored to "again do" by Mr. Goldwin Smith.

The object of the Orange Society was, according to the views of its members, to preserve the English connection, and maintain the Protestant religion. The Orangemen have always made a boast of their loyalty, but from the first they placed a narrow limit to its manifestation by making it strictly conditional upon the practice of a certain faith by the reigning monarch. From the date of the Battle of the Diamond till the opening of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the history of Orangeism is a tissue of excesses, too frightful to particularize — depredations, wreckings, assassination, and nameless outrages upon females — committed by the ferocious Pans of the Lodges. The Rebellion began, and from beginning to end we find the Orangemen wading knee deep in Papist gore, to use one of their favorite forms of speech. Throughout the contest, to speak briefly, the unpatriotic society issued its decretals in blood, and executed them with fire and sword. For the rest of the terrible story the reader is referred to the recent article of Mr. Gladstone, "Plain Speaking on the Irish Union," or to the history by the Rev. Mr. Gordon, a Protestant clergyman. I shall not enter here upon the number and nature of the barbarous tortures inflicted by the Orangemen upon their Catholic victim after the outbreak, more than to bulk them in one fell generalization, of which I do not hesitate to affirm that the most depraved demon from the uttermost bottom of the seventh hell could not have invented a worse or greater variety. It is well to bear in mind, though, that down to this date the Orangemen steadfastly continued the murderous "work" with which they set out.

The present century dawned, and Orangeism girded up its gory loins for more fiendish efforts. Its atrocities were worse than Turkish. A disgust of its inhuman truculence it was that stung the noble Protestant heart of Robert Emmet to fury, and nerved his arm to strike a heroic but ineffectual blow for religious toleration and natural liberty. William Conyngham Plunket, afterwards Lord Chancellor of that Ireland whose cause he betrayed, was the violent and unfeeling state prosecutor of the martyr, at whose paternal board the former often sat, a welcome guest. Plunket subsequently made a slight reparation to his injured country, by telling a little, — a very little, — of the truth concerning her worst enemies. "It might be true," said Plunket, referring to the Orangemen, "that the evil was less among the higher classes, but among the lower these associations of Protestants degenerated into the most brutal and offensive assertion of supe-

riority over the whole Catholic body." Lord Plunket also strongly condemns the Orange passion for processions and demonstrations — processions and demonstrations, be it remembered, having a tendency then even more than now, to excite angry feeling, and produce riot and disorder and bloodshed.

In his vitally interesting "Life of Thomas Drummond," just published, Mr. Barry O'Brien presents us with a long and frightful list in perfect sequence of atrocious outrages and crimes committed on unoffending Catholic men, women, and children in every year, in each month of every year, in each week of every month, and in almost each day of every week, between the date of Plunket's speech, which I have just quoted, and the period when Orange "loyalty" reached a most appropriate anti-climax in the notorious Fairman Plot. The Fairman Plot, a documentary account of which occupies many pages in the autobiographical sketch of Mr. Drummond, was, briefly, a conspiracy of great magnitude and widely extended ramifications, for changing the succession to the Crown, from the young Princess Victoria, two years only before her accession to the throne in 1837, to the hoary libertine, the Duke of Cumberland, the Grand Master of the Orange Institution of the Empire. Loyalty such as this is in consonance with the feeling as understood by the Yahoo mind.

No one acquainted with the magnificent career of Daniel O'Connell need be told of the constant but unavailing opposition offered to Irish liberty by the Orange Society during the period of Catholic emancipation. It terminated in a choice example of bluster, and of the peculiar "loyalty" of which Orangemen are excessively proud. When O'Connell, by the sheer force of his unsurpassed individuality, revived self-reliance and self-respect among his down-trodden people, and compelled a reluctant administration and an unwilling monarch to concede emancipation to the Catholics, the fanatical bigots of the Orange lodges were beside themselves with rage. They threatened that if the Catholics were accorded the rights of citizens there would be civil war. The Catholics were emancipated, but civil war did not follow. The time for the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland arrived, and the Orangemen once more began to swagger. They threatened that if the king dared to sign the charter of religious equality, they "would kick the crown into the Boyne." Well, the charter was signed, but the crown was not kicked into the Boyne.

Descending to the present time, we find the condition of the Orange Society in Ireland resembles that of the condemned felon on the gallows, with the fatal noose around his neck and only a moment between him and utter annihilation. It has been condemned by the public opinion of the three kingdoms, and as that opinion grows more democratic, as it is certain to do, the condemnation will become more emphasized; for Orangeism and Democracy are diametrically opposed. The days of the Orange Society in Great Britain are numbered. Bankrupt landlords, briefless attorneys, brainless clergymen, compose its motley rank and file in Ireland. Falstaff's ragged brigade would cut a better figure before the world. The attorneys to a man, and

the majority of the clergymen are the creatures of the landlords, upon whom they, in a great measure, depend for a livelihood. As for the Protestant farmers of the North, they have learned a lesson in wisdom from the Land League, and, let us hope, from their consciences, and they are willing to throw in their lot with their Catholic countrymen under the protecting ægis of a national Parliament.

The Orange Institution was formed in Ireland, as I have already said, to maintain Protestant ascendency and the political union with England. Where, now, are the Protestant ascendency and the political union? "Protestant ascendency," says Lord Powerscourt, in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, "Protestant ascendency is now a thing of the past." The disastrous "union" with England cannot, by any possibility, exist another decade, to give it the longest possible lease of life. Thus, Orangeism in Ireland has failed in its two prime objects. All the loud talk of the Johnsons, Kanes, and Hannas about "lining the ditches" with Orange riflemen, on the adoption of Home Rule which we sometimes read in the newspapers, may be set down as gas and gammon. Those doughty lay and clerical warriors would, unless they are universally belied, much rather line their digestive organs with whiskey. Men must have principles before they can die for them. Were the roughs of Belfast prevailed upon by their unprincipled leaders to take their guns and decorate the ditches with their precious persons, it is more than hinted by persons well acquainted with Ulster, that a few barrels of "mountain dew," placed conveniently on draught within reach of the thirsty warriors, would soon render the valiant garrisons of the ditches quite unfit for battle. Besides, if Home Rule were granted, and the Orangemen persisted in their threats, they would be simply rebelling against the government, in consequence of which they would be compelled to cope with the Imperial army — an enterprise they would hesitate before undertaking.

The Orange Order was transplanted from Ireland, in 1829, to the garrison town of Quebec, through the instrumentality of the British army then commanded by "the bloody" Duke of Cumberland. From thence it spread in the course of time to the Great Republic. The history of active Orangeism in the United States is brief and bloody. Its first great manifestation took the form of the aptly-named Know-Nothing movement. This statement is corroborated by that bombastic text-book of Know-Nothingism, The Sons of the Soil, copies of which are now scarce. The Know-Nothings had all the essential Orange qualities intrinsic to them; for they were ignorant, bigoted, and fanatical to a detestable degree. Vulgar abuse of unoffending citizens, attacks upon unarmed Catholics, the destruction of convents and churches, incendiaries here and there, murder in many places — these tragic headings briefly summarize the career of Know-Nothingism, until American common-sense stamped it out. The great riots of New York, in 1871, by which sixty lives were sacrificed, is the last important entry in the roll of glorious deeds that redound to the honor of Orangeism in republican America. Since that fatal date public opinion has, as in England,

pronounced against the loathsome conspiracy. At the present moment, its ruthless spirit is confined to the rapidly decreasing intellectual caverns, and moral dark places of the commonwealth, where it abides, like the repulsive monster in the famous opera of *Siegfried*, more a subject for jest than for terror.

To call this scant and incomplete outline of the progress of Orangeism in other lands besides Canada a digression from the main subject of this paper, would be, in my opinion, to misname it. Some idea of what may be called the descent of Orangeism is essential to Catholics in America. I am aware that Irish Catholics, particularly those of them resident in Canada, too often forget, for reasons that reflect no credit on their patriotic self-abnegation, that the Orange Society has been in the past one of the most prolific causes of their people's misfortunes. Hence, the notes which I have here set down will repay the trouble of perusal. I may state that I had another powerful reason for making those notes. Lord Palmerston, the great English statesman, addressing an Orange delegation, in 1857, frankly stated that "The association did not belong to the present age." Contrast this unmincing denunciation of Orangeism, by Lord Palmerston, with the bearing of our Canadian statesmen towards the villainous Order in this country. That at least one of our political parties has given too much countenance to Orangeism as Orangeism cannot be denied. Instead of constantly discouraging an influence so untoward and replete with evils for this divided and distracted country, one division of our colonial political world actually showers favors upon the bandogs of the Orange Lodges. Perhaps obscurantic Orangeism and retrogressive Toryism hold too much in common to be successfully kept apart. It may be, also, that the temptation of commanding the power accruing from about sixty thousand Lodge directed votes was more than a statesman, famous for his opportunism, and himself an Orangeman, could withstand. Be the reason what it may, the truth is that in Ontario, the home and forcing house of Canadian "big drummery," Orangeism and Conservatism or Toryism, are very nearly, if not quite, convertible terms. In such circumstances, one would think the duty of Irish Catholics admitted of neither doubt nor choice. Yet, our Irish Catholic voters do not seem to realize their position, and, as one of their number, I find it impossible to make this confession without regret.

The Hon. Edward Blake, speaking as leader of the Liberal Opposition, in the Federal House of Commons, while the Orange Incorporation Bill was under discussion, during the session of 1884, demonstrated the close connection that exists between Orangeism and Conservatism, in an exhaustive speech of which captivating rhetoric, manly patriotism, and political honesty formed the principal ingredients. In proof that the Orange Society in Ontario is almost wholly political, Mr. Blake said: "I maintain that the order is political in Ontario, and I say that the objections to state recognition are doubly strong; in point of fact they receive their chief vitality when they are applied to secret political organizations." By quoting at great length the

utterances of leading Orangemen, Mr. Blake formulated an indictment against the society as the constant ally of the Conservative party, which it is impossible successfully to rebut. He proved his case out of the mouth of Orangeism itself. Proof was piled upon proof by him until he made his contention manifest with the almost visible logic of a mathematical demonstration. Thus, we have it from the lips of an honorable Protestant statesman that the Orange Society plots and schemes in the dark for political ends. It has also been pointed out to us in a manner that defies contradiction, the Conservative Party and the Orange Association are one in thought, word and action. The Irish Catholic members, who sit on the government benches in the Federal House, are dull, timid, and resourceless. Were they endowed with the proper qualifications of Catholic representatives they would not continue to support a government which is identified with Orangeism, and in whose cabinet, and there alone, among all the governments of earth, Orangeism *per se* is accorded a special representation. It would be far preferable for Irish Catholics not to have one of their faith in the Canadian Parliament than to be continually misrepresented.

That astute diplomatist, Lord Dufferin, properly sized the hypocritical lip-loyalty of the Canadian Orangemen. He remembered, maybe, their treatment of his predecessor, Lord Elgin, whom they assailed in the streets of Montreal, as if he had been a mere Catholic Archbishop, "one of the Italian ass's representatives." Or his mind might have gone back to the time when the ultra-loyal Orangemen, of Kingston, heaped the most ruffianly opprobrium on the Prince of Wales, because he had the good sense not to land and pass under the triumphal arches which they had erected. Most likely of all, Lord Dufferin relied upon his experience in the North of Ireland — and, in truth, he states that he did — when making the following plea for toleration, just prior to his departure from this country. "What can be more Cain-like and insane," Lord Dufferin asks, "than to import into this country — unsullied, as it is, by any evil record of civil strife — a stainless paradise, fresh and bright from the hands of its Maker, where all have been freely admitted upon equal terms, — the bloodthirsty strife and brutal quarrels of the Old World? Divided as you are, into various powerful religious communities, none of whom are entitled to claim either pre-eminence or ascendency over the other, but each of which reckons amongst its adherents enormous masses of the population, what hope can you have, except in mutual forbearance and a generous liberality of sentiment? Why, your very existence depends upon the disappearance of these ancient feuds. Be wise, therefore, in time, I say, while it is still time, for it is the property of these hateful quarrels to feed on their own excesses; if once engendered, they widen their bloody circuit from year to year, till they engulf the entire community in internecine strife." Lord Dufferin cast his pearls before swine. Since his time, the Orange Association has never ceased to create strife in the loosely-strung-together group of colonies which bears the name of the Canadian Dominion. For some years, the Orange Society has annually petitioned the Federal Parliament

for permission to become incorporated; that is to say, to legally hold the title to property as an association instead of through the instrumentality of boards and committees of private members. This request at first blush appears to be extremely modest; but any one at all acquainted with the insidious methods of the Orange Society will recognize in this wily demand the application of the thin end of the wedge, the beginning of a series of claims each of which would be more extravagant than its predecessor. The Canadian branch of the Order has already more constitutional power and protection accorded to it than it deserves. Down till the present, the ministry has refrained from commanding its followers to support the petition. The "exigencies of party," the only moral guide which the ministry follows, did not require the adoption of the Orange incorporation measure. But circumstances have been greatly altered in this connection by an incident of gravity which lately occurred. Some time since, the Liberal Government at Quebec did a deferred act of justice to the Jesuits, by granting them a small compensation for property of which they were plundered long ago, and the Conservative Federal government, at Ottawa, found themselves compelled by the Constitution to "allow" the Bill. The confirmation of the "Jesuits' Estates Act" gave mortal offence to the Orange faction who desired to have it vetoed. Some of their orators subsequently declared that the Society would no longer support the government, and that "they would not humiliate themselves by begging concessions from a ministry that had countenanced the horrible Society of Jesus." What a bucolic Canadian legislator, who recently died, once said of another matter may be safely affirmed of both these statements: "There ain't nothing to them." As to the first, the government will make it worth the while of the impecunious Order to give them its immaculate support, and after the higgling always inseparable from such bargains is over, it will be seen that Cerebus will not quarrel with his cake. I am painfully aware of the fate of latter day prophets; but in this contingency I have no hesitation in venturing to predict, not only that the Orangemen will once more crave Parliament for the permission to become a corporate body, but that if the thoroughly sympathetic ministry does not absolutely strike its flag and surrender, its members will do all that they dare to mollify the wrath and placate the ruffled temper of their trusty allies and respected colleagues. Should matters really turn out as here forecast, they will serve to illustrate a peculiar phase of the manner in which we are governed, and which too frequently demonstrates that when our legislature is forced to recognize or perform an act of abstract justice in the interest of one division of the people, it must forthwith commit itself to several acts of concrete wrong to satisfy the remaining divisions.

A question surges spontaneously to the lips: What are the Catholics going to do about it? The policy of inaction has been tried and found wanting. Orangemen, like weeds, will become more numerous unless they are effectively and finally checked. This is a matter upon which all Catholics, except, perhaps, the ingrained partymen, can make

common cause. Only as politicians do the Orangemen wield much force. Their social influence is limited. Their processions, as a rule, are ludicrous. People laugh at a few scores of excited individuals essaying to destroy their enemies and perpetuate religion by tramping through the dust, under the burning glare of a July sun, blowing penny whistles, and pounding bass drums. Those drums, how perfectly they symbolize your Orangeman! The drum is *bass*, the Orangeman is *base*. The drum is covered with sheep-skin, the Orangeman also is covered with sheep-skin. The drum is hollow and noisy, and so is the Orangeman. Finally, the drum, like the Orangeman, is a mortal foe of concert and harmony unless *well beaten*. Everything in this world has its humorous side, if we but knew where to find it. In some features Orangeism may be considered as positively comic. Its formula is "God save the Queen." It cannot turn on its heel as a society without chanting that old doggerel. No man of good-will could find it in his heart to question the tuneful request. Many entertain the opinion that the Queen has occasion for being saved. So far as Catholics are concerned, they pray for the Queen of England in common with all other sinners each time they attend Mass. But there is a time for everything, and the pertinacity with which Orangemen pray Heaven to "save the Queen," in season and out of season, irresistibly appeals to the Catholic's sense of the ridiculous. The truth is, they know full well that the Orangemen are not entirely sincere, and that their loyalty "droppeth from the lips," as St. Paul wrote of the hypocrites of his day.

I have already had something to say about the manner in which the lodgemen demonstrate their loyalty. One more instance of this amiable weakness. At this moment there hangs in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, at Ottawa, a full-length portrait of Queen Victoria. This painting is pierced by a bullet hole, and the bullet which made the hole came from a pistol fired by an Orangeman on the eventful night when this tried Association of ultra-loyal men burned her majesty's Parliament in Montreal. The Queen, in her turn, might well pray to be "saved" from all such loyalty. Unfortunately, however, the Orange Association is as dangerous as a political factor as it is otherwise ridiculous. So long as Orangemen confine themselves to parading, they may very properly be allowed to wear out their *soles* in the good of their cause. But when they aspire to political power, while planning and plotting the injury of the Catholic citizens, the oath-bound schemers should be made understand that they live in a civilized country and an age of toleration. So long as Catholics are denied their constitutional and social rights by Orangeism, I shall continue to believe in a separately organized Irish Catholic vote. Orangeism and Toryism must be separated. This union is the really serious aspect of Orangeism; the source whence it draws its strength and its audacity. This much understood, it follows that the undivided efforts of every Catholic in Ontario should be directed to sundering the bonds that unite Orangeism to Toryism. There is another point. Orangeism, to use Cowper's words —

"Shines in the dark, but ushered into day
The smell remains, the lustre dies away."

The secret and oath-bound combination of ignorance and hatred, cant and hypocrisy, intolerance and crime, may well love darkness, for it has only to be observed in the broad light of day to be condemned by every honest man. Now, this secrecy is precisely what it should not be allowed to enjoy. The windows must be opened upon the murk penetralia of the lodge. Catholics have only to conserve their power on a platform, which might be laid down at a great inter-colonial congress, to obtain those two requisites. The Irish Catholics of the Dominion are sufficiently numerous and influential to materially curb the evil propensities of the Orange Yahoo, although it cannot be denied that their position is greatly weakened by the want of harmony and of energy, the want of adequate parliamentary representation, and the want of an unsubsidized, free, and capable newspaper press.

KINGSTON, ONT., February, 1890. WILLIAM DALE HARRIS.

The Passionist Order

Is admirably suited to meet the exigencies of our age. It is one of the youngest in the Church, and yet it has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth. Benedict XIV., in approving the Order said: "This is the last in the Church, whereas it should have been the first." Its great work in America is well known. Its monasteries and churches, particularly the edifice at West Hoboken, N. J., are known all over the land. The founder of the Order, St. Paul of the Cross, was born on the 3d of January, 1694, a few weeks before the birth of Voltaire. As St. Ignatius was raised up as the champion of the old orthodox faith in Luther's time, so was St. Paul of the Cross, in Voltaire's. He and his sons were to guard and defend the mysteries of the Incarnation by preaching the Passion of our Lord, and thus counteract and end the evil wherewith Voltaire and his followers would strive to infect the world. There are houses of the Order to-day in Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, England, Ireland, the United States, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Chili and Australia. The Propaganda has given the Bulgarian Mission to the Order, and there are in that Province one Passionist Archbishop and two Suffragan Passionist Bishops, and everywhere they aim at bringing home to the faithful the mystery of the Passion of the Incarnate Word. The Fathers have an elegant chapel on Avenue Hoch, in Paris, and charge of the Irish, English and American Catholics living in that city. They likewise attend to the English-speaking people in Mexico City, Buenos Ayres and Chili, under the direction of Dr. James Kent Stone, known in the Order as "Father Fidelis." The growth of the Order and its work in our own country are phenomenal, and the efficiency of its missionary work, and the character of its devoted priests, bespeak for it a great future.

THERE is no one in the world who can possess a single virtue if he does not begin to die to himself.— *St. Francis.*

A Masonic Republic.

THE so-called revolution in Brazil is simply the uprising of the Masonic body, and the substitution of the government of the Craft for that of the House of Braganza. This accounts for the hostility to the Church manifested by the new government. Masonry in Italy and Spain, and in all countries once subject to Spanish rule, is simply a disguised conspiracy against religion. The deposed emperor had it in his power to check the growth of this nefarious sect; at any rate, he was not obliged to throw his empire into their hands, as he did. He has reaped the fruit of his folly, and can thank only himself for his misfortunes.

The government of Brazil is the first successful attempt of the Freemasons to usurp political power. The Republic is a Masonic institution. It is for this reason that the governments of the world are slow to recognize it. Even the United States refuses to accredit a representative to the fledgling power. Its first acts are sufficiently indicative of its future policy. They have brought a bill into the provisional congress to disestablish the Church. This does not mean much upon a cursory glance; but it is full of significance to one acquainted with the former history of Brazil. The Church was disestablished in that country long ago, as far as the practical ends of all disestablishment goes; that is, the Church property was confiscated and sold, and the proceeds covered into the treasury of the empire. For the sake of decency the bishops were allowed a little less than a half million dollars for the support of all the religious and charitable institutions in the whole empire of Brazil. This secondary disestablishment simply means the repudiation of this obligation. Other repressive measures are soon to follow, and before long we shall have an open persecution of the Church in all the provinces. We are not sorry for this, as some such misfortune is necessary to bring the Church in all Spanish-speaking countries to a sense of independence, and to precipitate to the bottom, where they belong, the devilish elements she at present holds in solution. Catholicity without intelligence or morality, is little better than Protestantism.

We do not care to see the novel-reading Dom Pedro back on the throne. Let the Republic fight out her own salvation, and if there are not enough Catholics in the land to take care of the Church, let her fare as she does in Italy and France, and hang up her harps by the waters, and be mute when she reflects on the glorious achievements of Teutonic, Irish and American Catholics, and the peace their valor has won.

Western Watchman, St. Louis.

THE Lord has given me such faith when in His temples, that simply adoring Him, I say: "We adore Thee, most holy Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, here and in all Thy temples, and bless Thee, because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world."— *St. Francis.*

St. Patrick's Day, 1890.

St. Patrick's Day again has come,
With glorious recollections freighted;
Again we hear the fife and drum
With all our ardor unabated!

Our race continues still to wield
The magic power it ever wielded,
As first when Christian anthems pealed
On Pagan ears and Druids yielded!

Erin smiles in sable robe;
Albion tries her worst resources,
Her power the mightiest in the globe,
She musters vainly all her forces.

The gibbet and the pitchcap, too,
The sworn, packed, and perjured jury —
She plied them all to punish you,
My Erin; but you scorned her fury!

Her cruel hands already red
With Irish blood, you still withstand her,
Though hurling at your chieftain's head
At last the poisoned shaft of slander!

At last! And this the means *at last*
Adopted by a pompous power
To crush a race that never cast
Its lot where cravens quail and cower!

The world applauds the Irish cause,
Admires our leader's dauntless manner,
The more so since, spite England's "laws,"
Victory perches on his banner!

And so St. Patrick's Day comes round
Once more to thrill our souls with gladness.
Altho', at times, fierce storms frowned
That well might drive most men to madness

Behold the secret! Victory wreathes
Fresh laurels, with each grand endeavor,
Because St Patrick's spirit breathes
The same within us now as ever!

New York. Thomas J. McGeoghegan.

It is not well to praise a man before his death, since no one knows how he will end. If, at any moment, God should withdraw from me the treasures of His grace, that He has loaned me until now, what would remain to me, but a body and a soul which the infidel as well as the Christian possesses? — *St. Francis.*

A Paper on History.*

It is, indeed, eminently wise and proper that a prominent place should be given to the study of history by the members of this Association. The love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our power, the memory of our own deeds, of those of our own time, and of those who have preceded us. The child listens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and then he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels; in riper years he applies himself to history, or to that which he takes for history — to authorized romance; and, even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men and in past ages, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passion always.

What is history? In the most correct use of the word, it means the prose narrative of past events, as probably true as the fallibility of human testimony will allow. This definition takes no account of chronicles in verse which were not uncommon in the Middle Ages. With this exception the definition is fairly exact, both in what it comprehends and what it excludes. Obviously prose narrative is not history when it deals with fictitious events, as in the case of the novel; and verse narrative, even when it deals with true events (as in the account of the battle of Salamis in the Persæ of Æschylus, or William le Breton's metrical chronicle of the reign of Philip Augustus), is either more or less than history.

History, it has been said, is philosophy teaching by examples. Unhappily, what the philosophy gains in soundness and depth the examples generally lose in vividness. It has been observed by Macaulay, that a perfect historian must possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque. Yet he must control it so absolutely as to content himself with the materials which he finds, and to refrain from supplying deficiencies of his own. He must be absolutely impartial, a profound and ingenious reasoner. He must possess sufficient self-command to abstain from casting his facts in the mould of his hypothesis. Measured by this standard, we need not think it strange that almost all historians have failed, either in the narrative or in the speculative department of history. And nowhere has this failure, it seems to me, been greater than in Church history.

It is, perhaps, an exaggeration to say that history, as written during the last three hundred years, has been a conspiracy against the Catholic Church. But as far as the saying applies to historians who have written in English, with a few notable exceptions, there is only too much truth in the charge.

"The best historians of later times," writes Lord Macaulay, "have been seduced from truth, not by their imagination, but by their

* This paper was read before the Father Mathew's Association of Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 17, 1889, by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. Mary of Mercy's Church.

reason. They have fallen into the error of distorting facts to suit general principles. They arrive at a theory from looking at some of the phenomena, and the remaining phenomena they strain or curtail to suit the theory." And the same critic observes that it is not necessary that they should assert what is absolutely false; for all questions in morals and politics are questions of comparison and degree. Any proposition which does not involve a contradiction in terms may, by possibility, be true; and if all the circumstances which raise a probability in its favor be stated and enforced, and those which lead to an opposite conclusion be omitted, or lightly passed over, it may appear to be demonstrated. In every human character and transaction there is a mixture of good and evil: a little exaggeration, a little suppression, a judicious use of epithets, a watchful and searching scepticism with respect to the evidence on one side, a convenient credulity with respect to every report or tradition on the other, may make a saint of Henry the Eighth of England, or a libertine of George Washington. Nowhere does this species of misrepresentation more abound than in our modern English and American historians, especially when they come in contact with the Catholic Church. Hume and Gibbon, Macaulay himself says, are deserving of severe censure; and to those may be added other names little less distinguished. Even Bancroft, seemingly fair and impartial as he is, is open to the same serious charge. In the latest edition of his history, he strains points to take back in part, at least, the proud record of Catholic Maryland, as contrasted with the other colonies, on the question of civil and religious liberty. When the historian begins to practise all the arts of the controversialist he then ceases to be trustworthy. He is no longer a safe guide. The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of the age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact; he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. This is what is demanded of the historian, and few, if any, have answered the requirements. The world will sooner see another Homer or Shakespeare than the perfect historian.

All that has been said so far applies to history in its general sense. The principles laid down must be followed by every historian worthy of the name. But if history be "philosophy teaching by example," surely that kind is the most excellent, and the more attentively to be studied, whose lessons are the most elevated in their character and important in their bearing.

On this principle *Church History* is much more deserving of our thought than secular or profane; for while the latter treats of human events — the part that man plays on this world's stage, his motives and the influence upon society of his actions, — the former deals with the foundation and varied fortunes of a divine institution, set up in this world, though not of it — the Church of God. Widely different are the interests bound up with secular history from the interests that concern the Church. The one is limited to time; the other extends into and embraces eternity. A knowledge of profane history teaches

many lessons that may help to promote man's welfare in this world; but Church History furnishes us with precepts and examples which, if followed, will bring us to eternal happiness in the next.

Cicero has laid this rule — that history should be "the witness of the ages, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the oracle of life, the interpreter of the past." But as the American translators of the able work of Abbé Darras, — The History of the Catholic Church, — remark in the introduction, "instead of being 'the torch of truth,' history has been the lurid beacon of error; instead of being 'the witness of ages,' and 'the interpreter of the past,' it has been too often but the time-serving witness of men's present theories or prejudices, and the interpreter of men's present opinions."

Passion obscures and prejudice distorts the facts of the past, until, instead of standing forth in the dignity of native truth, they are made to pass before us, as phantoms dimly revealed through the hazy atmosphere of the present. While this is true of secular history, it is more strikingly true of Church history. Under the hands of a certain class of writers Church history has become, not a reliable record of facts, as they really occurred with their surroundings, but an elaborate adaptation, where the facts are not violently distorted by religious prejudice of these facts, to what the philosophers of history regard as the exigencies of modern progress and civilization.

Men write down their own theories and prejudices, and call the production the Philosophy of History. Had the fixed purpose of this class been to blacken the good and to brighten the bad, they would scarcely have written differently. Almost every enemy of Catholicity is exalted; the schismatic and heretic are hailed as heroes and human benefactors, whilst every champion of truth and holiness is crucified with his divine Lord and Master. Every one of those scandals in the Church, which our Blessed Lord foretold should come, and which therefore need not surprise His true disciples, is carefully brought out and grossly magnified; while most of the counterbalancing evidences of holiness of life and good accomplished are either suppressed or sneered at as superstitions, by these modern *Christian* and sceptical philosophers of history.

Rev. Dr. Lingard, in the preliminary notice to his admirable history of England, speaking on this subject, well observes:

"It is long since I disclaimed any pretensions to that which has been called the philosophy of history, but might, with more propriety, be termed the philosophy of romance. Novelists, speculatists, and philosophists always assume the privilege of being acquainted with the secret motives of those whose conduct and characters they describe; but writers of history know nothing more respecting motives than the little which their authorities have disclosed, or the facts necessarily suggest. If they indulge in fanciful conjectures; if they profess to detect the hidden springs of every action, the origin and consequences of every event, they may display acuteness of investigation, profound knowledge of the human heart, and great ingenuity of invention; but no reliance can be placed on the fidelity of their statements."

And the same eminent authority continues:

"In their eagerness they are apt to measure fact and theory by the same

visionary standard; they dispute or overlook every adverse or troublesome authority, and then borrow from imagination whatever may be wanting for the support or embellishment of their new doctrine. They come before us as philosophers who undertake to teach from the records of history; they are, in reality, literary empirics, who disfigure history to make it accord with their philosophy." "Nor," continues Dr. Lingard, "do I hesitate to proclaim my belief that no writers have proved more successful in the perversion of historic truth than speculative and philosophical historians."

Mr. Froude is a notable example of this class. In ecclesiastical history numerous writers are open to the same censure. To mention only a few, Milner and Burnet; Gieseler, whose work has been translated into English, and Mosheim, though at times fair and plausible, are in the same category.

It is not difficult to understand how English-speaking students of history have been entirely at the mercy of this class of historians for the last three hundred years. Our English histories of the Church have been written by infidel and Protestant writers. The text-books in our public schools, and non-Catholic Colleges and Universities, are compiled by men whose minds were blinded by passion and prejudice. Only the other day in the Athens of America was the professor of history in its high school estopped from teaching his pupils that an indulgence was a permission to sin, and that indulgences were a matter of barter and sale in the Catholic Church. And this same professor set up as his defence that the history approved for his use in the school so taught! In our own enlightened city of natural gas we are not so much surprised that these things should be said in certain quarters; but in the cultured city of Boston, with its Evangelical Committee of one hundred spreading the light of truth, who would look for anything so monstrously false and absurd as this! And yet this is only one of many instances that may be cited in proof of De Maistre's statement that "History, especially Church History, has been a grand conspiracy against truth."

Because this is so all the more need have we Catholics of studying history aright, in order that we may correct what is false and perverted and thus help others, perhaps, to understand the truth.

Fortunately, in our day we have what our forefathers in the faith had not,— the means of access to the true sources of Church History. The great libraries of the world, and especially the Archives of the Vatican, with its rich store of manuscripts and documents, are open to scholars. And as a direct and immediate consequence of this, already the verdict of the past is being reversed on some of the most important points of history, especially regarding the character of a few of the Popes, the Middle Ages, and the epoch known as the so-called Reformation.

Here it may not be out of place to indicate the chief histories of the Church. Confining ourselves to Church histories written in modern times, and to such as have come from Catholics, we shall speak only of histories which deal with the fortunes of the whole Church, as distinct from the particular branches which have flourished in this or that nation.

Bishop Hefele, in a learned essay in the German Catholic Cyclopædia, divides the history of the Church into three epochs. The first period (A) comprises the ancient historians down to the time of Charlemagne, crowned Roman Emperor in 800. During this period the Greeks and Romans were the chief representatives of civilization and Catholic Christianity. The second period (B) from Charlemagne to the rise of Protestantism, embraces the whole of the Middle Ages, during which the German and Latin races were united in one Church, and under one head, viz: the Pope. The third period (C) extends from the sixteenth century to the present day.

Eusebius, Socrates, Sozomen, Theodoret, among the Greeks; Rufinus, Sulpitius, Severus, Orosius, and Cassiodorus, among the Latins, are standard authorities on the first period of Church history. Mostly all of these works have modern translations.

The second period has of general histories (1) ten books of Church History by Haymo; (2) a Church history in twenty-four books, by the Dominican Bartholomew of Luca; and the great Church history of the Middle Ages, written by Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, in the fifteenth century.

But the invention of printing and the so-called Reformation gave a new interest to Church history. And this third period is most fruitful in historical literature. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the famous work of the Magdeburg Centuriators began to be written and published. This was a history of the Church, written in an intensely Lutheran spirit. The director of the work was Matthias Flacius, who had a number of learned men working under his direction collecting materials, etc., and he had the financial support of the German Protestant princes. To meet the impression the Centuries were likely to make, Cæsar Baronius, afterwards Cardinal, began his Ecclesiastical Annals, a work of stupendous learning, and a treasure house of valuable documents, so that, at this day, as Hefele says, Protestants use it a hundred times for once that they have recourse to the forgotten Magdeburg Centuries. This great work of Cardinal Baronius was continued by other historians after his death.

The greatest names in the golden age of ecclesiastical learning, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are (1) Natalis Alexander. His great work comprises the history of the Jewish and Christian Church to the end of the sixteenth century, in thirty octave volumes. (2) Fleury's History, which comes down to 1414, in twenty-four volumes. In spite of his Gallicanism, he is highly commended by Cardinal Newman and Bishop Hefele. (3) Tillemont is, perhaps, the most learned and accurate of all Church historians. The readers of Gibbon are aware how highly he valued Tillemont, and how much he is indebted to him. These were all French historians. Among the later Church historians of France may be mentioned Rohrbacker, who has written An Universal History of the Church, Choisy, Bercastel, and Darras. Among the Germans we have the voluminous work of Stolberg, and its continuation by Kerz and Brischar. Dr. Dollinger's

compendium, Möhler's lectures on Church history, the compendium of Abzog, a most useful work, of which we have now an English translation. Cardinal Hergenröther has published a Church history of much learning, but heavy in style; and the manual of Kraus is said to be indispensable to the student; and the history of the Councils of the Church in seven volumes, by Bishop Hefele, is said to be the best book on the subject, and has received the highest praise.

In English, we have no Catholic Church history worthy of the name. Those of Gahan, Reeve, and Pise, are mere abridgments, while particular portions of the subject only have been treated of with much success, by Dodd, Challoner, Butler, Lingard, Archbishop Spaulding, Shea, Hassan, Lambing, Rock, Northcote, and Cardinal Newman. Perhaps the most accessible and popular history for us, is the excellent translation of the Abbé Darras' History of the Church, which can be ordered through any Catholic bookseller.

With these rather extended remarks on the general subject of history, the qualities of the true historian, the difficulties that present themselves when we come to study the history of the Church, and reference to the standard Catholic historians, I have, it is to be hoped, prepared the way for entering upon the study of Church history. Let us deal, in a separate paper, with the topic assigned for this evening — the establishment of Christianity, and its history during the life-time of the apostles — a subject most worthy of our attention.

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Les Fleurs de St. Patrice.

THE traditions and monuments which are bound up with the beautiful legend of *Les Fleurs de St. Patrice* are historically as important as they are poetical. The subjoined account is from the pen of Mgr. Chevallier, President of the Archæological Society of Touraine, and it was sent to the writer by his lamented friend, M. Fleurat, Curé de St. Patrice.

We have already observed how, in Ireland, natural monuments are a distinguishing feature of St. Patrick's history, and it is certainly very remarkable that the same characteristic should attach to the record of his life in France, where, year after year, thousands come to gather those winter flowers which are believed to be an undying witness of St. Patrick's connection with St. Martin of Tours.

It seems as if nature would fain repay St. Patrick for the way in which he had honored the inanimate creation, when he made high mountains his altars, and "bound to himself" the elements as attendants in the service of his Lord.

On the banks of the Loire, a few leagues from Tours, a very remarkable phenomenon is repeated year by year, and from time immemorial, one concerning which science as yet has given no satisfactory explanation. This phenomenon, too little known, consists in the blossoming, in the midst of the rigors of winter, of the blackthorn,

prunus spinosa, commonly called the sloe. We have lately verified this circumstance with our own eyes, and can vouch for its truth without fear of contradiction. We can appeal to the testimony of thousands, who, at the end of December in each year, are eye-witnesses to its repetition, and we have ourselves gathered these extraordinary flowers. This remarkable shrub is to be found at *St. Patrice*, upon the slope of a hill not far from the Chateau de Rochecotte. The circulation of the sap, which should be suspended in winter, is plainly revealed by the moist state of the bark, which easily separates from the wood which it covers. The buds swell, the flowers expand as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odorous and snowlike flowers, while a few leaves more timidly venture to expose their delicate verdure to the icy north wind. Shall I venture to add? to the flowers succeed the fruit, and at the beginning of January a small berry appears attached to a long peduncle in the midst of the withered and discolored petals, which soon shrivels and dries up.

This singular growth of flowers is almost unknown, although it has been repeated every year from time immemorial. The oldest inhabitants of *St. Patrice* have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season may be, and such has also been the ancient tradition of their forefathers, while the legend we are about to relate appears to attribute a very remote origin to the fact; but, as the shrub itself appears quite young, it is probable that it is renewed from the roots. However, this phenomenon is limited to the locality and to the shrub in question. Cuttings transplanted elsewhere have only blossomed in the spring, and the hawthorns which grow amidst the soles do not manifest any circulation of sap.

The incredulous will object that, after all, this circumstance is not more extraordinary than the flowering of the lilac in November, when the buds by an unwary mistake suppose that, in the still mild temperature, they have found the soft breath of spring. Our readers must not be deceived; the blackthorn of St. Patrick grows, develops, and bears fruit in the midst of the rigors of winter in the most icy temperature. This year the flowers were in bloom from Christmas until the first of January, that is, at a time when the thermometer was almost always below freezing point. Although growing on the slope of a hill, this shrub is in no way sheltered from the north wind, its branches are encrusted with hoar-frost; the icy north-east wind blows violently amongst them, and it often happens that the shrub is loaded at one and the same time with the snow of winter, and the snow of its own flowers.

(The author refuses the hypothesis of the proximity of a thermal spring; the ground, he observes, remains covered with snow, and the other shrubs do not blossom.)

The inhabitants of *St. Patrice* record an ancient tradition which in its simplicity is full of freshness and poetry. St. Patrick, it is said, being on his way from Ireland to join St. Martin in Gaul, attached by the fame of that Saint's sanctity and miracles, and having arrived at the bank of the Loire, near the spot where the church now bearing

his name has been built, rested under a shrub. It was Christmas time, when the cold was intense. In honor of the Saint, the shrub expanded its branches, and shaking off the snow which rested on them, by an unheard-of prodigy arrayed itself in flowers white as the snow itself. St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and on reaching the opposite bank, another blackthorn under which he rested at once burst out into flowers. Since that time, says the chronicle, the two shrubs have never ceased to blossom at Christmas, in honor of St. Patrick."

When the present writer visited *St. Patrice* in August, 1881, he was struck by the extraordinary beauty and luxuriance of the foliage on the tree; it was so dense from the ground upwards that it was impossible to distinguish the stem, and he could understand how, when it flowers at Christmas, it supplies the country round with trophies of St. Patrick. It also appears that they are objects of religious veneration, as we learn that M. Dupont always kept a branch of the *Fleurs de St. Patrice* hung up in his room. The whole neighborhood is redolent of St. Patrick. The railway stops at the *Station St. Patrice*, the *Commune* is also named after the Saint, while at about thirty yards from the tree stands the ancient parish church dedicated to the Apostle of Ireland. From the style of its architecture it is clear that this church dates from the tenth or eleventh century, and in the *Cartulaire de l'Abbaye de Noyers*, beginning with the year 1035, we find no less than thirty charters relating to this church, and the parish and cemetery attached to it.

REV. W. B. MORRIS.

A Dirty Blackguard Punished.

WHEN No. 6 east-bound Scioto Valley passenger train left Columbus recently, in the ladies' coach were seated three Sisters of Charity. Around the stove were standing a loud-gabbling crowd of college students, and a short, flash-looking fellow with a loud vulgar mouth. A few seats away sat a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman who attracted no attention. When the conductor passed through collecting fares, he passed the Sisters without asking for their pass or fare for the moment. One of them quickly rose, followed him and presented their credentials which the conductor punched and passed out of the car. As soon as he was out of hearing, the flash chap, leering at the college boys for approval, made a vile, sneering, brutal remark about the three Sisters, too low to repeat, but loud enough to shock all the ladies within hearing. Quick as if shot, the quiet gentleman arose, revealing a well-knit, wonderfully proportioned frame, and with a quick stride demanded sternly, "What was that remark you made of those ladies?"—"What the h—l is that to you?" and the fellow drew back his fist to pass a blow. "It's a lot to me!" and like a flash a hard brown fist shot out, and down went the blackguard crashing six feet down the aisle, a good kick following. The conductor hurrying back, marched the discomfited churl from the car, and the ladies, although quite scared, thanked the quiet man with much feeling, making him blush like a girl. The three Sisters who, of course, could say nothing, sat silent spectators of their defender's manly act, with the tears running down their cheeks.

Chillicothe (O.) News.

Slavery and Christianity.

FIRST PART.

From the German of Stoeckl.

FROM the heart of Africa has issued forth a thrilling appeal for aid to European Christianity. Cardinal Lavigerie, of Algiers, has lifted up his voice, and laid before us a frightful picture of slavery as it prevails in Africa at the present day. The Mahomedan Arabs are engaged in the work of hunting down and selling into slavery the negroes of the country, and have fastened their deadly gripe on the very vitals of the unfortunate race. Various accounts from other sources, from missionaries and from African explorers, have supplemented the story which he tells. Cardinal Lavigerie appeals to European Christianity for aid against this abomination of desolation. The head of the Church, Leo XIII., has strengthened the appeal by his words, and from every quarter a sympathetic response has been evoked.

In this way public attention has been fixed once more on that abnormal and deplorable phenomenon in the life of the human race,— the institution of slavery. It cannot, therefore, be untimely to show how it was that slavery entered into the history of mankind, and the attitude which Christianity assumed towards it from the beginning.

I.

In this one respect man stands superior to all other beings of this visible world — that he is endowed with reason and free-will; is, in a word, a *personal* being. Personality is the fundamental character stamped on man in virtue of his higher nature. No other being, in the domain of the physical world, shares with him this lofty pre-eminence. Therefore, in virtue of his superior nature, the *right of personality* appertains originally to man; the right, that is, to assert his dignity as a person, against all other men, and to be recognized and treated as such by all. This is the *first* right appertaining to man in virtue of his higher nature. All other natural rights are conditioned by this; without assuming this original right they would be unthinkable. With it they stand and fall. Those who deny man this right to personality deny him, at the same time, all other natural, human rights whatsoever, without exception.

And this, precisely, it is, which comes to pass through the institution of slavery. The slave is denied the right to personality; the slave is of no account as a person, but as mere *thing — mancipium.* In this lies the very essential nature of slavery. The slave, though like others a human person, is degraded to the level of a mere chattel; he is deprived of the original right to personality, which every man brings with him into the world, and so becomes a slave.

Thereupon, everything else that might improve the position of the slave in society was swept away.

In the first place, all remaining human rights were denied the

slave. No right of his to personal freedom was acknowledged; he could in nowise control himself or his actions as he saw fit; he was absolutely in the power of him whom he called his master. He did not possess the right to combine with others for the attainment of any object; the right of association was wholly withheld from him. He had no right to his life: a slave could be ill-used, mutilated, or slain at will. He had no right to develop his mental powers, no right to moral and religious training, no right to marriage: in a word, he was a stranger to all natural, human rights.

In the second place, he was reckoned as a mere chattel among the possessions of his master, an inventoried article of property like a horse, or a domestic animal; and as all such articles of property could be made over to another by sale, exchange, or inheritance, so also the slave. To the owner belonged also the most absolute right of use and disposal over his slave. He could sell, lend, or set free the slave by slaying him: treat him, in a word, like any other article of his property.

In the third place, the slave was valued only as an instrument in the hand of his owner. He could also use him for any purpose he saw fit; and as an instrument is cast aside when outworn, so could the master abandon the slave to his fate when unfit for service. On the other hand, the condition of the slave was not improved by any existing moral obligation; it was a matter of indifference to the master whether he treated his slave mildly or harshly; if mildly, moral considerations were not the determining motive, but self-interest, since it concerned him to provide for the maintenance and working capacity of his slave, who represented so much capital — the amount of his purchase-money; and as one does not destroy an instrument, but seeks to preserve it intact, since it cost money, so also with the slave when treated gently by his master.

In this, therefore, consists the essential nature of slavery. The denial of personality, and of the right to personality, the degradation of the person to the level of a mere thing, absolute control over this thing, unrestricted by law, complete subjection to the arbitrary will of the owner, — this it was which constituted the essential nature of slavery. Thus also, it was, that from the beginning, slavery made its entrance into human history.

II.

The question next arises, to what causes should we trace back the origin of the institution of slavery? That every man can and should lay claim naturally to the right of personality, and to all other rights springing therefrom, and that no one can be justified in depriving a man of that right, is a truth so elementary and self-evident, that it is scarcely conceivable how it came to pass that such a truth should have wholly disappeared from the conscience of the human race. Where are we to seek for the causes of this nameless aberration?

A declaration of the Synod of Aix-la-Chapelle, in the year 816, affords a right solution of the question. This Synod refers to slavery

as the offspring of original sin, an effect of the lust of power, cupidity, and cruelty, which flowed from that sin, a sister of the fratricidal Cain (Harduin, Coll. Conc. t. 4, p. 1115). And, in fact, a phenomenon such as slavery, opposed to all reason, and trampling on all right, points, of necessity, to a catastrophe, by which the whole race of mankind stepped beyond the bounds of their normal spiritual and moral constitution, and the might of unreason and of evil held controlling sway. The wild passions which slumber in the breast of man, must, by this catastrophe, have been unchained, and reason and will uprooted in the onward rush of these passions. Only thus is it conceivable that men should wage war against each other; that the weak should be oppressed, plundered, and robbed of their rights by the strong, and reduced finally to that level of absolute lawlessness which we find realized in slavery. The passions, especially the lust of power, cupidity, cruelty, once they slip their chains, lead, as experience shows, to the excess of evil; and they alone can account for that excess of wickedness which is reached in slavery. In this sense, it is quite correct to describe slavery as the offspring of original sin.

And here arises another point of view. Since the fall, labor is the allotted destiny of man. By means of labor must man wrest from nature all that is needful to support life, and render it agreeable. But labor has no attraction for the natural man; it is a burden, and, whenever he can, he seeks to evade it, and cast it on some one else. And when he succeeds in compelling some one else to work for him, a feeling of pride leads him to look down on such a one, and despise him. Freedom from the necessity of labor comes to be valued as something honorable and advantageous; labor, on the other hand, is regarded as disgraceful.

Throughout the whole pagan world of antiquity, labor was despised, and looked on as something degrading. It was inevitable that this contempt for labor should be transferred to those who had to toil under its yoke, in order to gain the means of subsistence. The disrepute in which they were held, led next to their oppression; they were denied equal rights with freemen, and once this downward path was entered on, the stage was soon reached in which the working classes lost all rights, and were dragged down into slavery. Thus did the contempt for labor, and for the laboring class, have much to do with the origin, the development, and the diffusion of slavery.

Thus, also, by degrees, the conception took definite form, that the slave, in himself, and by nature, a being of an inferior order, was destined by his Maker or by fate to labor, and to the service of others, on account of his ignobler and more material nature. In other words, the idea took shape that there existed naturally two different classes of men, one of whom was destined to freedom, and to the attainment of the higher aims of life, while the other class, on the contrary, was doomed to servitude, and the performance of menial labor in the service of the higher classes.

Finally, among the original causes of slavery, should be enumerated the wars which nations waged against each other. When it

happened that one country conquered and subdued another, it not infrequently came to pass that the victors settled down in the conquered territory, laid claim to the possession of the land, and reduced the inhabitants to slavery. In other wars it was the prisoners, who, according to the existing rights of war, sank into the condition of slaves. Sometimes even freemen, who, in war, fell into the hands of their conquerors, had to bend their necks under the hard yoke of slavery.

III.

In the old pagan world slavery was an institution which everywhere prevailed. We find it, more or less, firmly established among all nations. Among some it existed in a mild form, among others, under a much more severe, sometimes the severest form. It was so intimately bound up with the political and social framework of the old pagan world, that it may be regarded as constituting an essential part thereof. The institution was looked on as something self-established; no one dreamt of calling in question its intrinsic right to exist.

As a rule, the number of slaves was considerably greater than the number of freemen. In the Grecian province of Attica, the census of Demetrius Phalereus gave twenty thousand citizens, ten thousand metics, and four hundred thousand slaves. This does not take into into account the female slaves. In Sparta were thirty-six thousand citizens, two hundred and forty thousand helots, and one hundred and twenty thousand perioeci, whose condition differed from slavery, in that their owners could not put them to death, or sell them apart from the land. In Corinth were four hundred and sixty thousand, in Ægina four hundred and seventy thousand. In Rome, the number of slaves was still greater.

In Greece, the condition of the slaves was comparatively favorable; most so in Athens, where the state granted them certain civic rights. Foreign-born slaves could not be put to death, and, in costume and outward appearance, even to the manner of wearing the hair, were not distinguishable from freemen. The master could not slay his slave, but could, at will, abuse, torture, and mutilate him. Several thousands worked in the mines, chained together. When treated with extreme harshness, the slave had it in his power to fly for refuge to some altar or asylum, such as the Theseion, where he could appeal to the sympathies of the people, and ask to be sold to some other master.

The testimony of a slave before a court of justice was given under torture. What the oath was to the freeman, torture was to the slave, except that the latter method was deemed much the more certain and satisfactory. A master, when accused, could offer his slaves for the "question," or demand, for the same purpose, the slaves of another. Female slaves were, in this respect, subject to the same ill-usage as the males.

But hardest and most cruel of all was the lot of slaves in Rome. The notion that the slave was not a person, but a mere thing, firmly prevailed in Rome. The slave could be sold, given away, lent, pledged,

exchanged. His earnings belonged to the master. His union with a woman was not a marriage, but, as it was called, *contubernium*. The master could rack and murder his slave, at will; no one could hinder him, no one bring him to judgment. The tortures to which slaves were subjected were manifold and cruel; crucifixion was the ordinary mode of death. "Everything is allowable against a slave" was a principle of law. When a freeman abused the slave of some one else, the owner could not prosecute him at law.

It was no unusual thing for a Roman lady to have two hundred female slaves in attendance upon her, and the treatment which they received at her hands, especially when engaged in the business of the toilet, almost surpasses belief. The mistress was armed with a sharp-pointed iron dagger, with which she punctured the flesh of her slaves at every oversight, or display of awkwardness, or when, owing to lack of skill, they failed to beautify natural defects, and conceal the ravages of time and excess. On such occasions, the palace of a Roman lady presented the appearance of a slaughter-house, the floors being bespattered with blood. A cruel but not unusual punishment was to chain a female slave to a block, which she was compelled to drag around with her day and night for weeks together. This was the ordinary punishment, when the slave had aroused the jealousy of her mistress. Female slaves were wholly at the mercy of the lawless passions of their master; nor could intercourse with them be imputed to him as adultery.

The slaves who cultivated the land worked together, chained by the feet, and were housed for the night in an underground cave — *ergastulum*, as it was called. Inhuman beyond expression was the treatment those slaves received, who sought to escape the ill-usage of their master by flying from the city, or from his country villa. The pursuit and capture of such slaves was a special business in itself; those engaged in it being known as *fugitivarii*. The captured slaves were branded on the forehead with the letters F. H. E.— *Fugitivus Hic Est*. Their labors were doubled, as also the discipline of the lash to which they were subjected. When the life of the slave was of slight account to the master, he was cast into the amphitheatre as the prey of wild beasts. In Rome, there was no asylum to which the slave could fly for protection.

As it was seldom the case that the master committed a crime without the knowledge or the aid of the slave, on such occasions there was an urgent reason for putting such a dangerous witness out of the way, or at least ensuring his silence by cutting off his tongue. Was the master of the house murdered by one of his slaves, all the others who lived under the same roof suffered the death-penalty. In the reign of Nero, when Pedanius Secundus was killed by one of his slaves, four hundred slaves were put to death for not having prevented the murder of their master. It often happened that a slave's hands were hacked off for having broken a vase, and Augustus himself caused the steward of his household, Eros, to be crucified on the yard-arm of a ship, for having cooked and eaten a fighting quail, famous for its many victories.

The merchant who bought slaves in some military camp, or from pirates, offered them for sale in the cities from a wooden platform. A written notice round their necks stated whether they were sound and free from defect. In the shops of the slave-merchants, where the most beautiful male and female slaves were to be found, they were exhibited naked whenever the purchasers saw fit to demand it. The offspring of a female slave was a slave by birth, and belonged to the owner of the mother, no matter who the father might be, so that it must have often happened that of two brothers, one was the slave of the other.

As in Greece, so also in Rome, the evidence of a slave was not admissible in a court of justice, unless given under torture. In Rome, no slave could enter a complaint or testify against his master, except in a few special cases. When, however, the master was on trial for some crime, it was allowable to put the slave to the torture in order to extract evidence in his master's behalf. Torture was in general use when a slave was charged with crime.

But the most inhuman practice of all was that of arraying slaves against each other, for a fight to the death, in the combats of the amphitheatre. To train slaves as gladiators, to sell or hire them out for the same purpose, was a profitable business carried on by the Lanistæ. Practised in the beginning at the funeral games of private citizens, in the last century of the republic, gladiatorial combats came to be held as a public pastime, the expenses of which were defrayed from the funds of the state. The management of these brutal exhibitions was one of the chief functions of the Ædiles. It was also quite common for wealthy and distinguished citizens to treat the people to displays of the kind, at their own expense, for the purpose of gaining political influence. Each emperor sought to surpass his predecessor in the magnificence and duration of these games. If Julius Cæsar, at one time, furnished three hundred and twenty pairs of gladiators, Trojan went far beyond him by sending ten thousand slaves into the arena, and prolonging the games to one hundred and twenty-three days and nights. Gladiators were compelled to fight to the death; as gladiators they were doomed to death beforehand. By way of variety, the Roman people had recourse to wild-beast combats, in which slaves, condemned to death (*Bestiarii*) were pitted, naked and weaponless, and sometimes with their hands bound, against lions and tigers in the arena. Thousands were often slain or drowned in sea-fights, which took place in vast artificial lakes, especially prepared for the purpose.

IV.

The result of such treatment was to deaden all moral feeling in the slaves, and render them wholly depraved. The slave was treated like a beast, even worse than a beast; what wonder, then, that his animal nature asserted itself, and that he lived and breathed in an atmosphere of animal passion? Knowing that he was destitute of all human rights, that he was only a mere thing, how could he consider himself bound by any moral obligation, or where find motives to induce him to lead a life worthy of a rational being?

We need not be surprised, accordingly, that all ancient historians

testify, as with one voice, to the complete moral depravity of the slaves. The total lack of self-confidence, the cruel oppression that weighed them down, rendered them broken-spirited, grovelling, treacherous, deceitful. Cut off from all high and ennobling occupations, sensuality shaped and moulded their whole life, and so we find them universally described as gluttonous, intemperate, and, above all, licentious. They were merciless and cruel too, especially when elevated to the position of head-slave. All conceivable vices were natural to the slave. Except the gratification of his animal passions, nothing delighted him more than to rob and deceive his master, without running any risk of being detected. Raked together from the various nations of the East and West, these men constituted a society in themselves, and bringing with them, and communicating to each other the special vices of their race and country, they helped to form in the heart of the empire, one vast cesspool of human corruption.

Those slaves were in constant intercourse with freemen, to whose personal needs they ministered. The consequence was, that the freeman was infected with the vices of the slave. An epidemic spreads far and wide, and affects all who are brought in contact with it; so did the moral contagion which lay at the heart of slavery extend to the various strata of society, and poison the whole social organism. In proportion as the institution of slavery advanced, pagan society became more corrupt, and finally sank into such a depth of depravity, that no remedy seemed possible. As the upper classes were in large part answerable for the moral corruption of the slaves, so did this moral corruption react on them and their families, and poison the very atmosphere they breathed. Finally, the immorality of Rome reached to such a height, that no pen could attempt to describe it in detail. (*Doellinger, Christianity and Paganism*, p. 717.)

In another way slavery was fraught with disasterous consequences to society. In the train of the Roman nobles came whole hordes of slaves, who, released from military service, settled down on the land, and drove away the free agricultural laborers and the owners of small holdings. Over whole districts slaves were alone to be met with; and in this way arose those vast estates (*Latifundia*), which, as Pliny declares, proved the ruin of Italy: "*Latifundia perdidere Italiam.*" The free population melted away altogether. The plebeian saw himself driven out, as proprietor, from his patrimony, and as lease-holder from the occupancy of the government lands, and soon excluded from all agricultural employment. It was found altogether more convenient and profitable to let the tilled soil run into grass lands, and where once lived a free, industrious, agricultural population, now roamed vast herds of cattle, under the care of slaves. Thus disappeared the best prop in the structure of Rome's imperial sway — the Italian peasant. Where once Cincinnatus ploughed were now seen chained and branded slaves; where once were thrifty and happy homes were now prison-pens for slaves (*ergastula*); the soil, to use the expression of Columella, was delivered over to the Roman slave, as to an executioner. Italy ceased to be fertile, and became dependent on foreign countries for the means of subsistence.

The people who were driven from the lands streamed into the cities, especially into Rome. It might be supposed that there, at least, they could earn a living, and prove beneficial to the industrial life of society; but the competition of slave labor rendered this impossible. The wealthy classes, owing to the number of slaves, whose labor they directed and controlled, could easily dispense with the products of free labor; moreover, the great slave-merchants found it more profitable to purchase young slaves and apprentice them to some trade, and subsequently hire them out, or directly appropriate their earnings. Thus was the stanch, industrious middle class lost to Rome; the free population consisted of proletarians, who, in the days of the republic, lived on the sale of their votes, on public grants of money and corn under the emperors; and, demoralized, degraded, despised by the rich, became every day more assimilated to the condition of slavery. Thus, too, did the Roman people, not only from a moral but from a social point of view, become changed and corrupt to the very core.

And yet no blessing rested on slave labor. The ancient writers testify unanimously to its utter worthlessness. Nor could it well be otherwise. For what motive could slaves have to improve the quality of their work, as long as they labored for others, and derived not the slightest profit from their labor? They knew of no moral reasons impelling them to industry, and it was too much to expect of them a love of labor for its own sake.

V.

Such was slavery under the paganism of old. We naturally ask: Was there no reaction against this cruel and inhuman institution? Did religion or philosophy uplift its voice in behalf of the slaves?

Slavery existed among the Jews; but, from the earliest period of their history, the lot of the slave was by no means a severe one. According to their laws, the Israelite, reduced to servitude, should be treated, not as a slave, but rather as a hired servant, or a member of the household. He who became a slave, owing to debt, could purchase his freedom; and in case he could find no friend or kinsman to advance the price, on the Sabbath year, he and his children were restored to freedom. The Sabbath day brought him repose from labor, and it was his privilege to take part in the sacrificial feasts on an equal footing with the members of the family. The master who ill-treated or mutilated his slave was obliged to set him free; and if the slave died from overwork, his owner was punishable by law. A female slave, whom the master gave in marriage to his son, entered thereby into all the rights of a daughter. Slaves could also contract marriage with the daughters of the master. The slave, who, at the end of seven years, refused the proffered gift of freedom, and chose to live the rest of his life with his master, was received into the household on the performance of certain rites of a symbolical character.

From this it is quite clear, that the slave among the Jews was not regarded as a mere chattel or a working-tool; his condition under the Mosaic Law was rather that of compulsory service than of actual

slavery. Revealed religion took the dignity of man under its protection, and did not allow him to be wholly robbed of his natural human rights.

The pagan religion, on the contrary, did absolutely nothing to abolish slavery or improve the condition of the slave. It rather sanctioned the institution of slavery. For the slave in his helpless condition, stripped as he was of all rights, it had no consolation, but turned away from him with the same contempt as society itself. It cared as little about the state of his morals, as did the social authorities. How could it have been otherwise, seeing, that as time progressed, it steadily lost sight of any conceptions of morality which it may have originally possessed, became wholly corrupt, and finally crumbled to pieces from internal rottenness. The pagan religion did not *will* to break the fetters of the slave; and though it desired to do so, still had not the power; it lacked not only the necessary authority to counteract those social elements whose interest it was to maintain slavery, but lacked also the inner force to bring to pass that moral revolution in society, without which the wished-for end could not be obtained.

Philosophy also was powerless to dispel the universally dominant prejudice that the institution of slavery was a normal factor in the progressive development of society. To Plato, slavery appeared as something necessary and natural; the thought of any change in such a matter seems never to have dawned upon his mind. Aristotle has even entered into a philosophical justification of the principle of slavery, and set forth a formal theory of its origin and necessary existence. According to his views slavery is necessary, since without slaves no household can be rightly conducted; and it is legitimate, inasmuch as it is in accordance with natural law, since the greater part of mankind consists of born slaves, endowed with just so much intelligence as enables them to comprehend what they are ordered to do, and fit only to be ruled and to obey. The slave himself is only a "living instrument" in the hand of his owner — that and nothing more. (*Polit.* 1, 3. *Eth. Nicom.* 8, 13.) Slaves and beasts of burden minister to our needs with their bodies, only in slightly different ways. And though the master stands related to his slave, as the artist to his instrument, as the soul to the body, he should feel no love for his slave any more than for his horse or his ox; since there is nothing in common between them. (*Ib. l. c.*) Elsewhere, Aristotle admits that the slave is a human being, and as such may be treated with a certain degree of friendship by his master, apparently overlooking the contradiction which this involves to his previous utterance. The concession was probably wrung from him by the better feelings of his nature, despite his elaborate philosophical theories.

At the time of the Roman Cæsars the pagan world began to feel the quickening influence of the rising sun of Christianity, and certain philosophers took up the cause of the slaves, to the extent, at least, of censuring the severer forms of oppression to which they were subject. Among these were Seneca, Antonius Pius and Plutarch. About this time, also, the law established some mitigation in their lot. The *Lex*

Petronia forbade the sale of slaves destined to combat wild beasts in the arena without the requisite legal permission. It was also declared illegal for private persons, on their own authority, to kill slaves. The prefect could proceed against masters, who cruelly treated their slaves, or who, from a miserly spirit, neglected to supply them with sufficient means of subsistence. Asylums were also established for the slaves, and a slave who fled thither from his master's cruelty could be sold to some one else by the local magistrate. Augustus and Tiberius had already directed that visitations be paid to the underground habitations of the slaves (*ergastula*); Hadrian, who did more to alleviate the lot of the slaves than any other of the emperors, did away with those underground dwellings altogether.

After all, these were mere palliative measures, which did not point to any fundamental reaction against the institution of slavery. It was only intended to remove the most offensive outgrowths of slavery; the institution itself, as regards the principle on which it rested, remained undisturbed. Hence it was, that these laws, breathing a milder spirit, only remained on paper and had no effective results — the will and the power to execute them with decisive energy were alike wanting. Slavery had so intertwined itself with the social life and customs of the times, that the motive and meaning of such beneficent laws were hardly comprehended, and ways and means enough were easily found to evade them. The more so, as other hideous results of slavery, such as gladiatorial combats, still survived under the emperors, and were coming more widely into use with the lapse of time.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

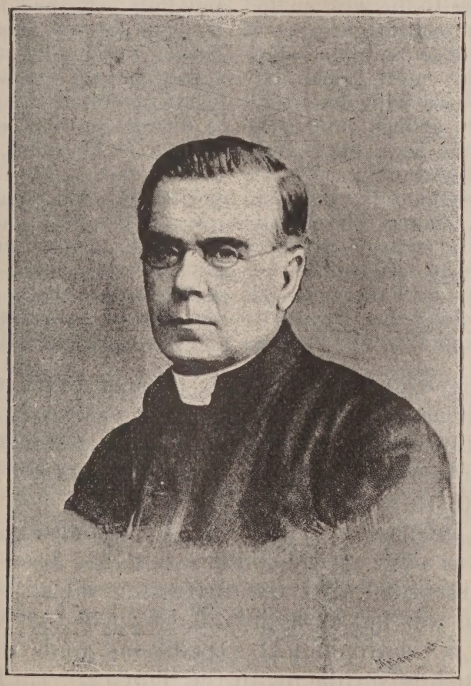
End of First Part.

When Women Should Marry.

PROBABLY the best time for the average civilized woman to marry, says a writer in the Hospital, would be any age between twenty-four and thirty. It is not said that no woman should marry earlier or later than either of these ages: but youth and health and vigor are ordinarily at their highest perfection between these periods. Very early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many reasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble, and the character is unformed. The considerations which would prompt a girl to marry at seventeen would, in many cases, have very little weight with her at twenty-four. At seventeen she is a child, at twenty-four a woman. Where a girl has intelligent parents the seven years between seventeen and twenty-four, are the period when mind and body are most amenable to wise discipline, and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development. Before seventeen few girls have learned to understand what life is, what discipline is, what duty is. They cannot value what is best, either in the father's wisdom or the mother's tenderness. When married at that childish period they are like young recruits taken fresh from the farm and workshop, and hurried off to a long campaign without any period of preliminary drill and training, or like a school-boy removed from school to a curacy, without being sent to the university or a theological hall.

Stephen J. Perry: Jesuit and Astronomer.

To be a Jesuit, and to be a man of science are among the happy compatibilities to which mankind in several countries and several generations has been accustomed. The corrupt tradition, which represents the members of the Society of Jesus as ready to adopt any means to compass ignoble ends, has probably sprung out of the fact of the great elasticity and adaptive character of Jesuit operations for the good of souls, especially in heathen and heretical countries. This may be well understood by a saying of the great St. Francis Xavier, about those



Father Stephen Joseph Perry, Jesuit and Astronomer.

with whom he came in contact, to win them to God: "I let the[illegible] in at their own door, but I take care they come out at mine." Supposing an individual to develop, during his seventeen years' training in the Society, a special talent in the direction of philology, historical research, or pure science, this would seem a providential leaning to determine the secondary path on which his energies are to be employed. The secondary path; for, let Pascal two centuries back, or Newdigate and Whalley yesterday, say what they will, the primary object of the Society is to form men versed in that science of prayer by which they shall lead others with themselves along the path of Christian perfection.

Such reflections rise instinctively to the mind of any one who knew how truly the essential of being a Jesuit, and the accidentals of

being an astronomer met and harmonized in Father Perry. On this point we may transcribe from the Weekly Register, the following paragraphs contributed by the pen of a fellow Jesuit, who has himself placed Catholic journalism under a debt as great as any astronomy owes to his lamented brother in religion: —

> They who witnessed the piety of Father Perry's regular observance of the rules of his Order, the conscientious though vigorous sameness of his daily life, could not doubt that, with him, science was the handmaid, not the mistress, of religion. Those again, who sought his advice as a confessor, readily bear witness to the wisdom and gentleness that marked his guidance of souls. This was his more limited apostolate, though the more essentially priestly, among those who lived with him in the same college, and who learned to love the man apart from their respect for the scientist. But his more extended apostolate has lain, and will so continue, among those who make up the public mind of England. Fathers Ricci, Secchi, and others, before him, and some of Father Perry's own advanced disciples that are still to come, may be taken to offer a catena of evidence, that the heavens which show forth the glory of their First Cause, and the firmament that declares the work of His hands, can never be unfaithful to His yet higher message through the Church of nations. Father Matthew Ricci, the Jesuit, predicted in China, an eclipse for the year 1596, and thus reformed the Chinese calendar, and gained admittance to Pekin. Father Secchi, in our own days, was acknowledged, even by Republican priest-haters, as the most efficient man to direct an observatory, and thus remained at his post while Rome was Garibaldian. The beloved and respected priest, who has now gone to his reward, has been another leader on the same path, to convince the world that all truth must lead towards the Author of all truth, and to the possession of that supreme science which is the knowledge of Himself.

Another friend of Father Perry, contemporary with him in the Society, has written with perfect truth that he was never known to shorten a meditation, or omit an examen, in order to attend to the most important observations of his favorite science. Such will appear no faint praise to those who know how easily a less determined will might dispense its possessor under such circumstances, with a "just this once," or "as soon as the observation has been taken." Moreover, it is to be recorded that the distressing malady to which Father Perry succumbed was but an aggravated form of that which had seized him on each of his astronomical expeditions, undertaken at the bidding of the British government, to the Tropics. He had, indeed, foreseen its probability before starting. The circumstances, therefore, under which he complied with the wish of those to whose lightest word he listened with unfaltering conformity, created the last act, as it was one of the noblest, of his consistent life.

Of the last days of Father Perry's diligent life the touching record comes, as it might, from the hand of yet another religious brother. It is Father Strickland, who sends from Barbados to the Provincial of the Society of Jesus at home, the narrative of which the following passages are taken:

> The Comus, man-of-war, Captain Atkinson, left Barbados on December 2d, with the Rev. Father Perry on board for his expedition to the Isles de Salut, near Cayenne. They arrived on the 7th. During the voyage the weather was very rough, and the Comus rolls heavily in bad weather.

Father Perry suffered very badly from sea-sickness, and was much done up on his arrival; but, without allowing himself any rest, landed the same evening to view the site, and introduce himself to the authorities. On the following Sunday, the 8th, he preached in French in the church, and again on the 15th. He took up his quarters in the hospital. It was only on the 20th that Captain Atkinson and his officers became aware that Father Perry was in bad health, for he made light of all his personal wants for fear of giving trouble to others. In fact, it was this very spirit of saving trouble to others which made him persevere in declining Captain Atkinson's urgent and repeated request that he would live with them on board the Comus, and land each morning for his work. On the Friday before the eclipse, Father Perry complained of being "very bad inside," but he worked on until nearly three o'clock in the morning, and when the men retired to the Comus, he tried to snatch a little rest where he was, and lay down in a hammock in the tent. He was up again before six o'clock, to take the position of the sun at rising. At quarter of seven, the men arrived from the ship, and at half-past seven there was a complete, most careful, and most successful rehearsal of all the operations and duties which were to be performed next morning in the solemn moments of the eclipse, for which they had been preparing so long, and had travelled so far. Just before noon on Saturday, Lieutenant Thierns went to see him at the hospital, and found him much exhausted; but he was again at his post in the observatory at three o'clock, p.m. at which time an important photograph was secured with the mirror. In the evening, he went on board the Comus for dinner, but was only able to lie on a sofa all the time; and he sent to the doctor for some chlorodyne. Much against the wishes and earnest advice of Captain Atkinson, Father Perry made his way on shore, in a violent, pouring rain, to sleep in his own quarters, and would allow no one to hinder him. Next morning, Sunday, the 22d, was the important moment of the eclipse. Lieutenant Thierns landed with his observatory party at six o'clock, and on arrival was informed by Mr. Rooney that Father Perry had passed a very bad night and was very ill, so a man was sent to help him over the bad half-mile from his quarters, as he declined to let himself be carried on a stretcher. He reached the observatory in good time, though in a very exhausted state. As the important moment approached, he seemed to rally, and, during the minutes of the eclipse, seemed to be himself again, and showed no signs of illness or exhaustion. There were two photographic instruments in use — one an old one, which had often been in use before, the other was the special new corona graphic instrument prepared for the occasion, of which Father Perry himself took charge. He was so alert and self-possessed during the eclipse that his friends about him hoped he was not so ill; but he gave way immediately after, and with much difficulty reached his quarters in the hospital. It was known after, that during the previous night, he had been very seriously ill.

Dr. McSweeney, the staff-surgeon of the Comus, went on shore at five o'clock, p. m. to see Father Perry, and found him feebly coming down the hill towards the ship. He took him carefully on board, and immediately reported to Captain Atkinson how serious the case was. Up to this time Father Perry had said as little as possible about his illness for fear of giving trouble. That Sunday night he suffered very much, and next morning it was evident that he was suffering from the very worst form of dysentery. On Monday he suffered much, and there was no sign of a rally. On Tuesday he was so much worse that the doctor sent for the French Abbé on shore to give him all the last Sacraments. The Abbé speedily arrived with the French commandant, and two hospital Sisters of Charity. Father Perry called for the French commandant, and, in French, begged him to excuse all the trouble he had given, and asked the doctor to forgive any impatience which he had shown in his illness, and begged also that the same message might be conveyed to his brethren in Europe.

Wednesday was Christmas Day, and Father Perry was better; so with his wish it was decided to make a push to reach Demerara, he being willing to incur the additional risk of sea-sickness,

in order to reach the Bishop and his *confrères* in Demerara, and die amongst them if his time was come. He passed a quieter day, and never showed any symptoms of the dreaded sea-sickness; but towards evening he became much worse, during the night he was as bad as could be, and the doctor never left him a moment. On Friday morning he was quieter, but utterly exhausted, and his pulse began to fail. About noon he was able to converse with his assistant, Mr. Rooney (who, as the officers told him, rivalled Father Perry in his complete sacrifice of himself to his work), and gave him detailed directions about the work they were both engaged upon, also instructions for himself, for the Bishop in Demerara, and for the Fathers in England. At half past one all hope was gone, and his end was fast approaching. Mr. Rooney took the prayer-book and read him the prayers he wished for. He renewed his religious vows with much devotion, held his crucifix in his hand and often kissed it, offering his sufferings and his life at the foot of the Cross, and resigning himself entirely to the will of God; and was constantly praying till about three p. m., when he began to wander, and thinking himself again engaged in the supreme moment of the scientific mission which had so long filled his thoughts, began to give his orders as during the short minutes of the eclipse. For the last half-hour he lost consciousness, became rapidly weaker, and ceased to breathe quietly at twenty minutes past four. He was among strangers; but still he was grieved for by many as a friend; for by his kindliness of manner, his urbanity, and his happy aptness of speech, he had gained the kindest good-will of all those he came in contact with. His body was laid out, and he was dressed in his white vestments as if going to the altar. The Comus came on to Barbados, where Captain Atkinson, the doctors, and officers gave me all these details.

Merry England.

Bigotry in Our Times.

MANAGERS of cheap museums are ever and always on the alert for attractions which will prove a drawing-card to their establishments. When it is not some unfortunate freak, living skeleton, fat woman, or others upon whom nature has acted pretty severely, it is some person who has caused a great deal of excitement. For instance, Dr. Mary Walker, the eccentric female physician, has entertained the patrons of these low resorts, and Miss Nellie Bly, who has just returned from a marvellous trip around the world, has been the recipient of many tempting offers to appear in museums and relate some of the experiences that she encountered on her recent world-girdling trip.

We have in this city another kind of manager, whose methods are even worse; so base, in fact, that the entire community is polluted by his presence, and society and good feeling are likely to be injured, and put from a state of peacefulness into chaos and ultimate destruction. We refer to Dr. Fulton and his bigoted followers. For the past few years they have been manufacturing all kinds of lies, directed at the Catholic Church, her teachings, her ministers, and her members. Some of the newspapers have been kind enough to advertise these meetings, and even print their speeches in its columns, so that those who did not care to attend them might read all that was said and done. Fulton for a long time preached his filthy doctrine in Music Hall, before crowds of the scum and rabble of the city. His hearers applauded and seconded his calumnious charges, and encouraged him to continue in his damnable work. After awhile what do we find?

Fulton does not speak to such large gatherings. Why is this? Well, his followers desire variety, and so as to keep the rotten craft above the water, others are brought on to talk in the same malignant and slanderous way.

The new speaker has sometime or other figured conspicuously in some disreputable case, and he is thus made eligible to speak to the ignorant Know-Nothings, and emissaries are therefore sent out to find him, and endeavor to bring him on. Thus it is that they remind us of the cheap museum managers. The latest star attraction is the notorious Edith O'Gorman. Most of the readers of this MAGAZINE are familiar with the career of this wretched creature. Her history is one of the blackest and foulest of modern times. We will not relate it here, as we have too much respect for our readers, and too high an appreciation for the sacredness of the homes in which this MAGAZINE is a monthly visitor. It is a long time since she was here; indeed, we knew not where she was, but the managers of these Music Hall shows found her out, communicated with her, made her big offers, and as a result, she is about again in her usual guise of "an escaped nun." It is well known that she never escaped from a convent. It is true that she was at one time attired in the garb of a holy woman, but clothes do not make the individual, and she was, accordingly, unable to conceal her real character, and thus her true self was exposed. She was soon expelled, and although she sent piteous appeals begging to be allowed to return, her prayers were not heeded, and so she becomes instead of a penitent, as she should have been if her sorrow was really sincere, a demon and a notorious falsifier.

The other Sunday the newspapers informed the public that "over three thousand people gathered in Music Hall to hear Edith O'Gorman, the escaped nun, tell about her life in a convent, and attack the Roman Catholic priesthood." This paper, as will be seen, tells the public that this woman escaped from a convent when it is not so. Dr. Fulton, who introduced her, took occasion to make an attack on the Nun of Kenmare because she had seen fit to deny some of the statements made in attacks upon Catholic sisterhoods. In other words, she was not quite so debased as this so-called "reverend" creature would have her be. Well, let them continue. We cannot believe that a single Catholic will lose faith in the teachings of his Holy Church by anything these outcasts can do or say. The only thing we regret is that newspapers, claiming to be reputable, should give so much space to their indecent charges and language, and thus place in the hands of women, children, and homes, the most scurrilous reading possible to be found. Liberal-minded ministers have a good work before them, if they would only exhort their listeners to keep papers containing such filth out of harm's way.

"Converted" Nuns and "Reformed" Priests.

There is at present going the rounds of Pennsylvania, says the Catholic Journal, a Mrs. Shepherd who says she is a converted nun, whatever that may mean. She lectures. There are certain nights in

which she will only admit women to her conversations, and this little game, which is quite an ancient one, attracts a certain class of women. The reporters are anxious to get from Mrs. Shepherd the name of the convent from which she escaped, but this she will not tell. Perhaps she is bound over to secrecy, or, perhaps, the escaped one finds it impossible. The Philadelphia papers are cruel enough to assert that Mrs. Shepherd is a fraud; that she was never a nun; and that she has not escaped from anywhere, but that she is working on the prejudices of the bigoted for all they are worth in dollars. From far-off New Zealand comes news almost similar. According to the Auckland Daily Star, a man of the name of Clampet, alias Sullivan, appeared in that colony five years ago as an athlete in a dramatic company, who could also sing. He got on a spree and was discharged. He then went on the lecture tour as a converted priest, and told stories that would amaze even the Irreverend Justin Fulton. He now confesses that he has made a thousand pounds by the fraud, which he received mostly in checks from well-to-do but weak-minded females. The account of the interview, says the New Zealand Tablet, "is very spicy." Clampet, alias Sullivan, says in his concluding remarks: "I am going to San Francisco by mail steamer to-day. I have two or three lines in which I may embark, but I don't intend to go into Gospel work again. I will not trifle with the Gospel any more, and I hope my old friends will pray for me, because I am not converted. I am going on a singing tour in America."

The reporter asked, "You became tired of playing the religious fraud, I suppose?" Clampet—"Yes; I was a fraud—a big fraud, and I am heartily tired of it. I can now finally say that only for the law of the country I would have knocked the clergy antagonistic to me into a 'cocked hat.' I did not want a month in jail, so that bit of pleasure had to be postponed. I wish also to thank the lawyers and judges that they did not get hold of me."

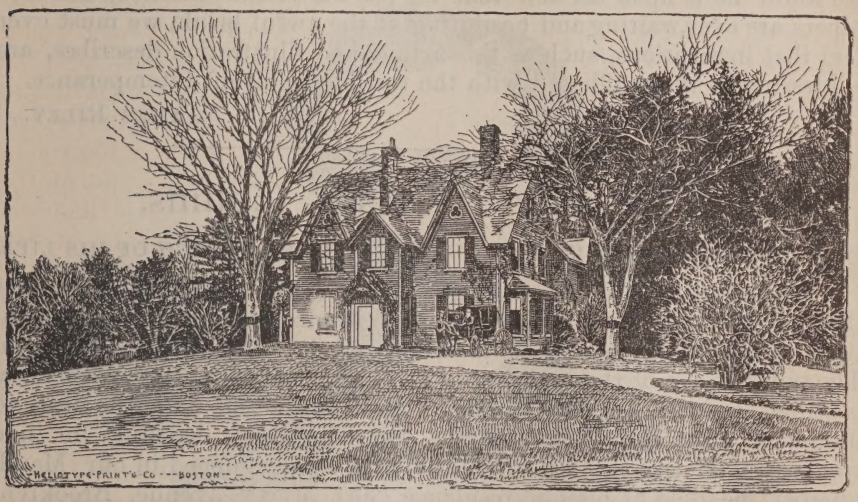
So long as there are dupes there will always be frauds, and it would appear that those dupes are to be found in all countries.

A False Prophet.

In 1843, John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Cincinnati Observatory, said that the observatory should be "a beacon of true science that could never be obscured by the dark shadows of superstition and intolerance, symbolized by the Popish cross." He expressed his hope that the cross would never be seen on those heights. And now—such is the irony of circumstances—the site of that observatory is the home of the Passionist Fathers, whose religious dress is conspicuous for a badge of the cross, whose monastery is dedicated to the Holy Cross, and surmounted, as all monasteries are, by the emblem of salvation. Not far from the convent is a church served by the Fathers, which is dedicated to Mary Immaculate, and, of course, cross-mounted.

Pine Grove Retreat.

In the midst of a quiet, rural scene, where Nature vies with art to please and captivate the mind, and commanding a view, near or extensive, as the patient may desire, and separated from the city's busy hum, and yet but six miles from the gilded dome that crowns our modern Athens, rests secure from the outer world, amid great, shadowy trees and winding walks, the institution known as Pine Grove Retreat, and presided over by Dr. F. J. McNulty, late superintendent of retreat



Pine Grove Retreat.

for insane, Dorchester, one of Boston's most eminent and well-known physicians in the treatment of mental and nervous diseases, and who here treats only victims of the alcohol and opium habits.

Alighting at Forest Hills Station, on the Providence branch of the O. C. R. R., the traveller, if he chooses a two-minutes' walk up a rising ascent, which leads to a wilderness of forest gloom, soon finds himself in impenetrable shade. Turning acutely to the right, where the curving road invites to even deeper recesses of shadowy depths, then quickly from the street up the broad, winding avenue, closed in by grand old pines that now interlock and close the sky from view — suddenly bursts to his delighted eye a scene of almost fairy splendor — it is Pine Grove Retreat, once a private mansion.

Before its portal the terraced slope — the spreading lawn, acres in extent — the purling brook beyond, set round with forest trees, through which perspective shows a labyrinth of scattered rural shade beyond, make up a peacefulness of scenic beauty, that once seen, must be forever appreciated and remembered.

Inside, the building is a model of refined taste. The great drawing-room stands facing the east, and, as the sun climbs the hills, its wide extent receiving the light of continuous windows, becomes a mar-

vel of cheery brightness. From the commodious upper rooms, the eye looks beyond the scene before described, over a vast extent of swelling meadow, hill and woodland, until it rests on the long line of the Blue Hills, with the Rotch Observatory on their highest summit tipped to meet the sky.

Exhilarating to the mind, the writer thought, must be the contemplation of this scene by the afflicted who here find rest and quiet. Privacy, so essential to success in the cure of the habits here treated, finds, under the management of Dr. McNulty, absolute confidence.

Much as we may deplore the ravages of the rum fiend, yet when we know he is upon us, and that he has his victims marked, and that others are ever waiting and hesitating at the awful brink, we must ever feel that institutions, such as this article and illustration describes, are a blessing to those afflicted with the terrible habit of intemperance.

JAMES RILEY.

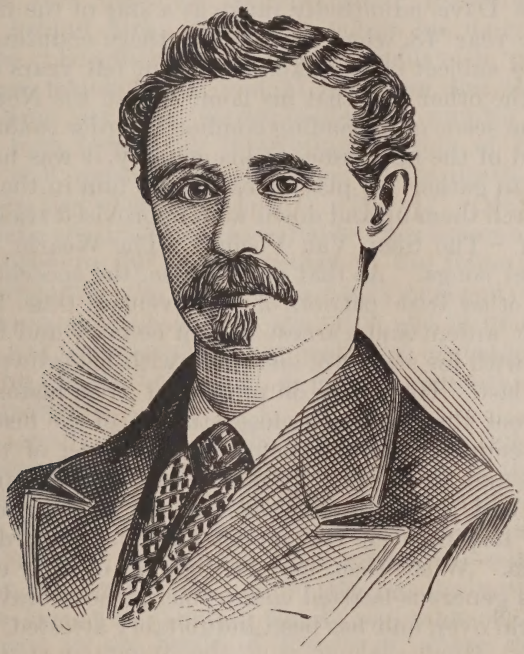
The Late William Collins,

POET, PATRIOT, AND LITTERATEUR: A CURSORY SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

WILLIAM COLLINS is no longer of this world, save only in the fact that his spirit will live in his writings, to inspire this and future generations of his countrymen to continue the old fight for Ireland's freedom. The pulse of one of the brainiest and truest Irishmen of the present day is stilled in death until the Angel of the Resurrection calls the dead to judgment from the ocean and the mound. After battling for five weeks against a complication of ailments, as announced in our March number, he died at his late residence, 531 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Tuesday morning, Feb. 4, fortified by the consolations of his religion, having received the last sacraments of the Catholic Church with fervor and piety, and with humble resignation to the will of the Omnipotent. The interment took place in the cemetery of the Holy Cross, Flatbush, Long Island, and the funeral was a plain one, in accordance with the wish of the deceased poet and his widow. He left no children surviving, having buried the last of his offspring, a daughter, about three months prior to his own death, in the same grave where his own earthly remains find rest. The death of that only child, to whom he was deeply attached, had a dire effect on his failing health, and he lapsed into a settled melancholy, from whose gloom he never emerged until his soul took flight beyond the confines of time to be re-united with his loved and lost ones in eternity.

William Collins was born about fifty-two years ago in the town of Strabane, county Tyrone, Ireland, and was respectably descended from old Irish stock on both his father and mother's side. He was about fourteen years of age when he came to America. His early education was limited to the rudimental English branches — reading, writing, and ciphering — but when a mere boy he developed that strong literary taste which subsequently waxed stronger as he advanced in life, until at length his name became as a "household word" in the far-scattered

homes of the "sea-divided Gael." It is not the purpose of the writer of this cursory sketch to enter into a critical disquisition on the merits or scope of Mr. Collins' writings in prose and verse — this is left for some abler hand — suffice it to say, that all that emanated from his fertile brain and facile pen was thoroughly Irish-patriotic and racy of the soil that gave him birth. It may be remarked here, however, that his poetry belonged to the objective, not the subjective school, for he had a thorough contempt for the so-called transcendentalists. He simply wrote to please the Irish ear, and inspire the Irish soul and heart, and his simple songs and ballads of Irish love and chivalry have been



THE LATE WILLIAM COLLINS.

familiar to Irishmen the world over during the past quarter century. More on this anon.

From his early boyhood our poet manifested a spirit of candor, honesty, and patriotism, that won him warm friends wherever his lot was cast. He was generous to a fault, not only in money matters, but, what is far more important, in his expressed opinions of his fellowmen. If there was one character he despised more thoroughly than any other, it was the treacherous detractor, whom he did not hesitate to style "The Iscariot of society." He could never understand how or why it is that a pretended or nominal friend, well meaning and good hearted enough, perhaps in a general way, could stab a friend in the back by belittling him in his absence before others. "Such 'good-natured' persons," he would remark, "reminded him of the cow that had been so generous of her milk, but afterwards kicked the bucket over." If Collins had nothing good to say of the absent, he invariably

held his tongue, or else, if the absent one had been adversely spoken of by some one in his company, he would, in defence, perhaps mention some good quality or characteristic which he had observed, and, at the same time, remind those present that there was no human being without a fault, and that "people living in glass houses should never throw stones."

Mr. Collins was an ardent lover of his native land from early boyhood, which patriotic love subsequently found expression in those spirited and fiery Irish national poems, which entitle him to rank as a fixed star in the brilliant galaxy of nineteenth-century Irish poets, in which Thomas Davis admittedly ranks as a star of the first magnitude. In the historic year '48, when the Irish southern counties were ripe for revolution, the subject of our sketch was but ten years of age, but despite this and the other fact that his home was in the North, and far removed from the scene of impending conflict, in order to show his juvenile spirit of hatred of the oppressors of his country, it was his custom after school hours to gather his playmates around him in the vicinity of his home, and march them up and down with improvised sticks for muskets, to the tune of "The Shan Van Vocht," "The Wearin' o' the Green," and other rebel songs. At that period, also, the speeches of Meagher, Mitchel, and other Irish patriots of that eventful time, fired his boyish soul with that ardent and earnest love of country and freedom, which strengthened with his strength, and grew with his growth, and was unabated to the last. His poems on prominent Irish historical events are conclusive proof that he was a close student of the history and topography of his country, and an enthusiastic admirer of the heroic valor of Irish rebels and rapparees. In point of fact, patriotism was a passion with Collins, and the vigor and dash of his Irish historic ballads are calculated to inspire even the craven hearts of cowards with courage and patriotism. What, then, may be thought of their effect upon the feelings of his generous-hearted countrymen, whose bravery is acknowledged the world over, and has been indubitably attested on a thousand battle-fields.

The readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE are already familiar with Mr. Collins' poetry and prose, and there is little necessity, by way of illustration, to interweave any specimens of his versification with this short and incomplete sketch. However, one poem is appended, which is one of the latest written by him for the New York Press, and which may be taken as a fair specimen of his powers as an Irish National poet. As an Irish story writer, he was always interesting and genial, but it is more than doubtful if he has ever written anything which would qualify him to rank in that field with the standard Irish novelists, such as Carleton, Lover, Lever, Griffin, and Banim. His Dalaradia, published by Mr. P. J. Kenedy, 5 Barclay street, New York, is a tale of the anti-Christian days in Ireland, but, although fairly well written, was not calculated to become popular and has not realized much more than the cost of publication. The same publisher published his book of Songs and Ballads which has had a fair sale, and is still in demand in Irish circles in the United States and elsewhere.

His historical and religious articles and sketches, for the Irish-American magazines and newspapers, attracted wide attention, and prove him to be not only well read in history and Church matters, but also a man of wonderfully retentive memory, and who possessed the happy faculty of applying his knowledge to practical and useful purposes.

Mr. Collins was a very domestic man, and loved his humble home as ardently as ever an Irish peasant loved the mud cabin which sheltered the members of his family. It was a fact well known among his friends, that it was his almost invariable habit, no matter what the outside inducements were, to return home before or when the shades of evening fell, and leave all outside festive scenes and congenial companionship behind him. No matter where his daily lot was cast, he dragged the "lengthening chain," as Goldsmith puts it in the Deserted Village, which bound him to his home and the loved ones it sheltered. Nine pet cats, corresponding in number to the Nine Muses, at one time formed an interesting portion of his household. Four of these still remained at the time of his death. Those four household pets he had named "Johnny," "Butzy," "McSwiggin," and "Swing" respectively, and they answered to their names as intelligently as if they belonged to the canine instead of the feline race. It was their custom, whenever the poet was actually engaged at his literary work, to take position before him on the table, and there they remained until his task was completed. They were also accustomed to follow him whenever he left the house, and, in general, evinced a warm attachment for their master.

We have already spoken of Mr. Collins as a patriot, but it is not, perhaps, generally known that he proved his right to that distinctive title in the heroic or soldier, as well as in the poetic and other senses. In the Fenian days of 1866, when the then Fenian General O'Neill invaded the Dominion of Canada with some hundreds of Irishmen from the States, "Billy Collins," as he was familiarly called by those who knew him best, was found in the Fenian ranks at the front, and took a man's part in the battle of Ridgeway, where the redoubtable regiment of red coats known as the "Queen's Own," fourteen hundred strong, commanded by Colonel Booker, fled precipitately before the headlong charge of the four hundred Fenians on the field. In subsequently talking over that incident, Collins remarked: "I could not believe that Englishmen could have proved themselves such cowardly runaways if I were not an eye-witness of the fact." Then he would tell with earnestness how the English military authorities court-martialed Booker for cowardice; and how his eyes would flash with patriotic indignation as he related how President Johnson, by an order issued by him on the occasion, checked the advance of Fenian reinforcements from the States and effectually squelched the invasion of Canada.

But, unlike some Irish patriots we have in our mind's eye, who are known to have taken an active part in Irish national affairs in time of trouble and danger, and subsequently deserted the cause, Mr. Collins never flagged nor weakened in his allegiance to his country.

but always and ever, by pen and tongue, in season and out of season, so to speak, sought to keep the flame of Irish patriotism alive in the breasts of his countrymen; for, "it was a flame," he asserted, "that was bound to blaze out sometime again and consume the British empire at last."

Poor Collins! Your mundane existence ended, as in the case of hundreds of other Irish poets and patriots, before your hopes were realized; but you have materially helped to foster the flame of Irish patriotic impulse and action, and your name and fame will long live in the hearts and memories of your countrymen. May your Celtic soul rest in peace! PAT.

[The following is the poem above referred to as one of the last written by William Collins. In the May number of the MAGAZINE, we will, probably, have something more to say concerning the subject of the foregoing sketch, and in the same issue we propose to give another, or other specimens of his poetry. — EDITOR.]

How Stands Ireland?

How stands old Ireland? Is she stanch,
With purpose firm and fast
To rise again? Or does she blanch
Before war's tempest blast?
The nations round her leap to life,
The slave tugs at his chains,
Old Europe hears the sound of strife
On her embattled plains.

Does Ireland bend in wailing woe,
Or lie in dreamless sleep?
And hears she not the winds that blow
In anger o'er the deep?
They waft the muttering thunder o'er,
To wake her from despair,
And echo to her furthest shore,
The warning word "prepare."

Soon shall the Old World's trampled lands
Quake to the mighty tread
Of marching millions on their strands,
By kings and tyrants led,
And freedom's flag again shall rise
Amid the battle's glare,
If Ireland yearns to grasp the prize,
She, too, must seek it *there*.

No power the sternest despot knows,
Though dark and fierce his ire,
Can crush the heart that burns and glows
With freedom's holy fire,
If Ireland feels that glorious flame,
Burn in her breast anew,
And seeks to gain her ancient fame,
She soon will dare and do.

If not, the bondsman's curse is hers,
In slavery's lap to pine,
While freedom's holy worshippers
Will spurn her from their shrine;
And on the earth her name will be
By every brave man banned,
And hope and light and liberty
Flee weeping, from the land.

But how stands Ireland? It were shame
Such doleful fate to dree
For her, who long through blood and flame,
Has struggled to be free!
She still has hope and strength and trust
Within herself alone,
That she her galling bonds will burst,
When war's rude blast has blown.

Her hills are high — her glens are deep —
Her rivers broad and wide —
Her crags and mountain-sides are steep,
Where hosts might be defied;
Her hand is strong, and in her might,
If she but dared to rise,
Her flag again, in life and light
Would triumph to the skies.

She still has hope, and freedom's voice
Rings o'er her mountains high,
That tells her suffering sons rejoice,
For victory's dawn is nigh.
It nerves them with a desperate will,
That burns in every vein,
To blot out every wrong and ill
That on her breast hath lain.

It rises o'er her mountain peaks,
Where died the patriot brave;
It pierces through her vales and leaps
O'er every bounding wave.
'Tis wafted o'er a thousand rills,
By wild winds borne along,
Its thrilling tone the patriot fills
With passions fierce and strong.

By every mountain pass and glen,
  By river, rath, and lake,
Are seen the mounds of martyred men,
  Who died for Ireland's sake.
A voice leaps out of every grave,
  That sanctifies the sod,
And nerves the struggling and the brave
  To strike for land and God.

Heaven speed the cause! and grant that they
  May heed that warning note,
And see, when comes the wished-for day,
  Their battle-flag afloat;
But while their bosoms fiercely swell
  To see it flaunt the air,
'Twere good to learn the lesson well,
  "BE PATIENT — BUT PREPARE!"

WM. COLLINS.

A Collins Memorial Fund.

By request of the widow of William Collins, the recently deceased Irish poet and patriot, the undersigned has consented to take charge of the money which it is proposed to collect in order to defray the funeral expenses, to place a humble tombstone, suitably inscribed, over his grave in the Cemetery of the Holy Cross, Flatbush, L. I., and, if possible, to have something left for the widow. All contributions for this purpose will be thankfully received by the undersigned at the address below given, and duly acknowledged in the Irish-American. The following contributions have been already received:—

John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston Pilot	$10 00
Patrick Donahoe, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston	12 00
Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy, Sunday Mercury	5 00
P. J. Kenedy, Publisher, 5 Barclay street, N. Y.	5 00
P. Foley, Irish World	5 00
T. O'D. O'Callaghan, N. Y.	5 00

WM. GEOGHEGAN, 4 Columbia street, New York City.

Subscriptions will be received at the office of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

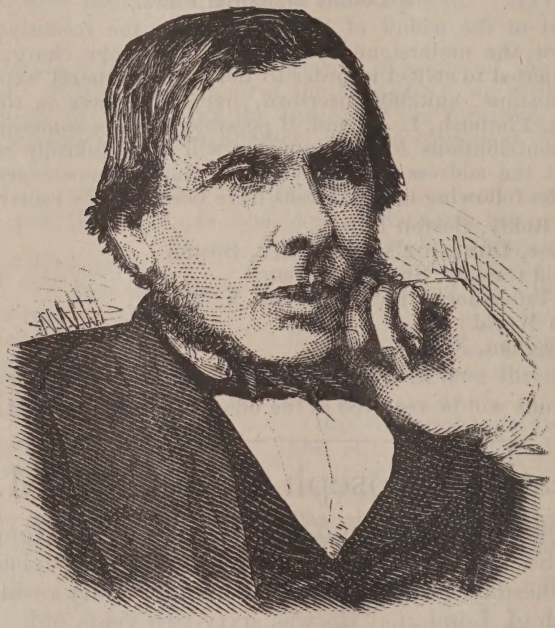
Death of Joseph G. Biggar, M. P.

MR. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, the well-known Home Ruler, and member of the House of Commons for the West Division of Cavan, died on Wednesday, February 19th, at his temporary residence in Clapham, a suburb of London. He was sixty-two years old. Mr. Biggar's death was caused by heart disease, from which he had suffered for a long period, being a chronic invalid. He was present in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, and was one of the tellers in the division on Mr. Parnell's amendment to the "address in reply to the Queen's speech," asking for the repeal of the Coercion Act.

Mr. Biggar was the son of Mr. Joseph Biggar, of Trainfield House, Belfast, and was educated at the Belfast Academy. He was a provision merchant, a member of the Belfast Town Council, and had been active since 1874 in the House of Commons, particularly during the period when the opposition found it necessary to resort to obstruction to obtain attention, and prevent vicious legislation. Prior to 1885, when the Redistribution Act was passed, he sat as one of the two members at large for Cavan; and when the Redistribution Act of 1886 went into operation, he was returned without opposition for the West Division of the county. From the first, he was conspicuous as the most active of the Home Rulers in the House of Commons, and on Mr. Parnell's being chosen to succeed the late Isaac Butt, in the leadership, he became his most efficient lieutenant. Mr. Biggar

was celebrated as the man who dared to turn the Prince of Wales out of the House of Commons, by calling the Speaker's attention to the fact that there were "strangers in the House." He was a small man, with some deformity of the spine; spoke with a strong Ulster accent, and was the stormy petrel of "obstruction," — the master spirit and father of that process of helping reform.

It was in 1875 that Joe Biggar discovered his own power in this direction, and he had no sooner done so than he used it with such effect that the English members sat aghast at the consequences. No man



Joseph Gillis Biggar, M. P.

could ever tell what was in Mr. Biggar's mind when he rose to speak on any question; but he had seen that no Irish member was listened to, and he resolved that this should stop. He rose and spoke on — no matter though no one listened; he kept on until the attention of the House was attracted; he proceeded calmly and smilingly while the English members howled themselves hoarse, and at six sank back in consternation and wrath; for five long hours Biggar could "make a speech." He sailed ahead amid groans, hisses and howls, like an ironclad among riflemen. It must have been while he spoke that the light dawned on him that he had discovered a tremendous force. He so keenly enjoyed his power during the "obstructed" debates that he at once became a chief feature and favorite of the Irish Party, and probably the average English member hated him more than they did Parnell — for Biggar rasped them, watched them, interrupted them, openly cried "hear, hear," at absurd moments — while Parnell never saw them or listened to them.

Mr. Biggar was a wealthy man and a rigid teetotaller. "Biggar has a voice like a corn-crake," said T. P. O'Connor once, "but he is one of the bravest and truest men in Parliament." Healy paid him a splendid compliment when he said: "Mr. Biggar bears insults and humiliations in that House without one word of complaint, because he thinks it is in that House he can do Ireland the highest service." Healy added that Biggar was as funny and as wise as Goldsmith. He was an indifferent speaker, and very modest with all his obstruction tactics. He began to say, one day in the House, "Every cock crows on his own"— and he paused at the ugly word, and substituted "homestead"— which was enormously effective. "I am speaking my opinions here quite candidly," he said on another occasion, addressing Mr. Gladstone, "as candidly, in fact, as if I were addressing men in whom I had greater confidence than in the present occupants of the treasury bench." Even Gladstone had to beam on the doughty little Ulster man with a smile.

Mr. Biggar has been, throughout, a bitter fighter in the Commons, and brought upon himself several times the rage of Mr. Balfour and his colleagues by his unrelenting hostility. Some years ago he became a Roman Catholic, which intensified the hostility of the Ulster Tories against him; but he paid no more regard to their attacks than he did to the clamors of the English "Squires" in the House. He was one of the General Treasurers of the National League, in which capacity he did good service, and his loss in that department will be severely felt.

Mr. Biggar, shortly before his death, complained of a difficulty in breathing. He thought that this was due to some bronchial trouble, of no immediate consequence, and he stoutly declined to submit himself to the advice of his brother members in the Irish Party and to retire from his active duties. On Tuesday night, his friend, Dr. Kenny, was struck by the marked change in Mr. Biggar's appearance, and was so concerned about his health that he requested to be allowed to examine him. He did so in one of the rooms of the House of Commons. The result of his investigation was that he found Mr. Biggar to be afflicted with heart disease. Still as one of the "whips" of the Irish Party, he persisted in remaining until the House rose for the night. He died at six o'clock the next morning, before the physician who had been summoned could arrive.

Mr. Biggar's death has called forth general expressions of regret from all parties in the House of Commons. His loss is especially deplored by his colleagues in the Irish Party, by whom he was regarded, with Parnell, as the founder of the Irish Parliamentary movement. Mr. Parnell was deeply grieved when the sad news was conveyed to him. In speaking of the deceased Nationalist, to a Press correspondent, Mr. Parnell said: —

"Mr. Biggar was my first, and, at one time, my only colleague. It is horribly sad that he could not have lived for the three or four years which would have seen the triumph of the cause for which alone he appeared to live. There was no man more determined, more sincere. It will be impossible to fill his place."

Mr. Biggar had control of all the business arrangements of the Irish Party. He was one of the trustees of the Parliamentary Fund, which he managed with conscientious care. He is believed to have left personal property amounting to about £50,000, which he made in the bacon trade and increased by judicious investments.

One of the late Mr. Joseph G. Biggar's sisters is married to the Rev. Professor Graham, of Derry; another to Rev. Mr. Graham, Moira; and a third to Mr. Grace, civil engineer, Blackrock. Mr. Biggar's father was for many years chairman of the Ulster Bank. Mr. Biggar himself was one of the governors of the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast, and just before his death he assigned the membership to Mr. Frank Biggar, solicitor. He was the owner of very extensive property, and in receipt of an income of about four thousand pounds. He continued to hold the family seat and a large farm at Hightown, Carnmoney, which has been in the family for six generations. He resided lately at Butlerstown Castle, county Waterford, which, together with a large annuity, was recently left him by Mr. Samuel Ferguson, who was formerly associated in business in Belfast with Mr. Biggar's father.

An American Bishop on the Faith of the Irish Race.

I LOOK on the Christian religion as a social institution, and in that light religion must exist as a society. If a child of civilization be placed among savages it will grow up a savage, but if surrounded by good people it will grow up the noblest and best of men. It follows in the same way, that, in religion as well as in life,

WE CAN DO NOTHING ALONE.

It is just like political sentiment, made strong by combination and organization. No one man can be a patriot; but if his love for his country is shared by ten millions of men, it continues and glows, and the glory of one is the glory of all. In religion, too, the faith of one man is the faith of millions, and to a Catholic it is a great help when tempted to remember that his faith is the faith of over two hundred millions of people; a faith eternally triumphant which has endured through all the ages and conquered all the heresies. A faith dating from yesterday may be satisfied with shanties; but one which has lasted nearly two thousand years, which has buried paganism and barbarism, and has given laws to kingdoms and empires, must have structures worthy of its magnificence. It must have great temples, all united under the bishops, and the bishops under the Pope, in a grand and eternal unity. Thus thought the people who erected the magnificent cathedrals of Rome, Strasburg, and Cologne, which strike the traveller to-day with awe. There is another great value in temples to us as Christians. They commemorate the heroic deeds of the saints of the Church. Nothing is so much cherished as the memory of noble lives,—and the Catholic Church cherishes the memory of her saints and martyrs. She has had men who have given their life-blood for her, and she has had women pure and spotless, and whose deeds are a perpetual glory. She cannot let the memories of those men perish —

SHE WILL NOT LET THEM PERISH.

What does she do? She places them on some altars; she dedicates some great temple to their memory, and their names and memory are forever consecrated. A year or so ago, I sailed out from the western coast of Scotland to the east of the Hebrides, — a dark and gloomy sea, whose mournful sobbings were made more gloomy by my thoughts. I passed on through these hundred isles till I came to a little spot of earth two miles long and a few miles wide — about thirty or forty feet above the sea — IONA! This little isle, whose name shines out in history, contains the graves of forty kings of Scotland, eight kings of Ireland, two kings of France, and many chiefs of Scottish clans. There also is the great monastery founded by Margaret, Queen of Scotland. Some thirteen hundred years ago, Columba, an Irishman, the son of a king, of the House of O'Neill, of the most royal blood of Ireland, suddenly feeling the vanity of all earthly things, and tired of the world, set sail from his own country in a little boat, and came to this barren isle. He had made a vow never again to look upon Ireland — never to revisit that country which he thought dearer than life itself. Without any human means, surrounded by the broad ocean, the cave of Fingal roaring north of him, and the love of no fellow being to solace him. O God, the strength of such a Catholic! O power of such a faith — to leave all things, even the royal house of his fathers, and come to this lone and barren isle, an exile, with naught but God above him and the ocean around him, and the barren sands he slept on, and yet to be so strong that no doubt could ever trouble him! That with God even the desert might bloom; that with God the ocean itself might grow and spread itself like the garden of a king. On that barren isle he built a monastery that became famous in all Britain. It became the grave of kings, and the centre of civilization. A man was he of deeds and not of words — not especially learned, but a man with noble blood in his veins, and a great human heart,

A MAN BORN TO BE A HERO,

and who, for the sake of Christ, goes into a desert country, strong and godlike, fearing neither war nor tempest, nor the wild waves around him, nor powers diabolical or human; but leaning on God alone, and triumphing through his strength of faith, he made himself through all time, the glory and admiration of his people — St. Columba. His brethren by blood and by race are here assembled. Here, in a world unknown, separated by thousands of miles of ocean from their native land — in a new world and new life, with everything changed — with the past buried, and the future rising grandly before them — we dedicate this church, bearing his great name. That faith that was his is still ours; and in this new world, where God is raising up, day by day, children who will do her honor, she will still guide her people to the only realms worth striving after.

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER II. — RAILWAY AUTOCRACY.

A Pilot of Civilization.—Public Incredulity.—Damaging Opposition.—Double and Single Lines.—Scale of Railways in United Kingdom.—Ornamental Officialism.—Neglect of Public Interest.—Attitude of Liberals.—Want of Unity in Management.—Excessive Charges.—Excursion Trains.—A Mistaken Policy.—A Successful Innovation.—Irish Railways.—Their Condition.—Universal Dissatisfaction.—Scale of Charges.—Development of Industries Restricted.—Report of Commissioners.—Example of Belgium.

COLUMBUS and his crew drawing near the shores of the New World, on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, was a spectacle of minor importance compared with the memorable pageant of Sept. 15th, 1830. On that day, George Stephenson opened the first great trunk line in England. The historic trip, made at the rate of 36 miles an hour, carrying 130 passengers, was performed on the first passenger line opened in this country. Guiding his locomotive at the head of the line running between Liverpool and Manchester, Stephenson was a greater hero than the Duke of Wellington, who graced the occasion with his presence. Never, in modern times, had England passed through a sadder or a more anxious period, than during that when the first railway was built. It was the period of reaction which followed the Napoleonic wars. The suffering of the poorer classes was severe; popular discontent great; the patience of the nation worn out; half the counties of England nightly illuminated by the glare of incendiary fires. A fierce political agitation was raging; the cry for Parliamentary reform was loud, and against this cry the prime minister had set his face like a flint. A greater man than Wellington appeared that day, not clothed in military attire, decorated with medals or orders, but in plain homespun, seated on the bend of his little engine, guiding the young iron horse on its first journey, and introducing the animal whose iron hoof was soon to tramp all over the globe, from the snows of Russia to the burning plains of India. There he sat, calmly holding a small steel handle; the reins, bit, and bridle of that wonderful beast which a child might guide. Stephenson was a plain, blunt man, his face dark and deeply lined with thought, and a strong Northumbrian burr in his voice. He did not look a hero, but when badgered by Parliament men, who vexed him with doubts and misgivings, a spark of genius flashed out when, with fine scorn, he asked, "Did ye ever see a boat float on water? I will make my road float on Chat Moss." The strains of the "Conquering Hero," which rang out to salute the minister, would have been, with more accuracy, directed towards the great pilot of modern civilization.

The fascination of that day surpassed a reading of the Arabian Nights; the incidents that followed were more dramatic. The man who laid down the first parallel bars of iron revolutionized the earth and its inhabitants. At this moment the civilized world is encircled by a net-work of railways, Europe alone possessing over one hundred thousand miles of iron roads. No human discovery, not even the printing-press, ever made progress so fast as the modern railway. The world at large had no faith in the two parallel bars of iron and the

steam-propelled trains, that were offered as substitutes for ordinary high roads and coaches drawn by horses. Engineers sneered at railroads, municipal authorities opposed them in England, the mother of railways, and their construction was left entirely to private enterprise. The Houses of Parliament voted them a nuisance and declared that they would be the ruin of the country. It was against enormous obstacles that railways grew up in this country. Stephenson's idea was to lay the lines along the high roads connecting the chief towns; but so intense was the prejudice against his plan, that it had to be abandoned, and he was compelled to construct endless tunnels and viaducts, in order to keep at a proper distance from the principal centres of population. It took a generation to make the towns, which regarded railways as a curse, discover their utility. The mischief done, however, was enormous. Nearly all the trunk lines at first were badly laid out and enormously expensive; the railway from London to Birmingham, which, if Stephenson's plan had been followed, might have been made in a year at the expense of a million, took five years to construct and cost over four millions. Immense saving might have been effected if the importance of railways had been at first acknowledged, but notwithstanding prejudice and opposition the system grew rapidly, until the iron web has covered the United Kingdom with nineteen thousand miles of railway. Roughly speaking, about five-eighths of the railways of the United Kingdom belong to England and Wales, two-eighths to Scotland, and one-eighth to Ireland. In England, the railways with double or more lines are nearly twice as numerous as the single lines; in Scotland the latter predominate, while in Ireland they are three times as numerous as the double lines. It is the nature of railways to expand, growing with the growth of population, and it is cheaper to lay a double track than to lay fresh lines afterwards, involving the purchase of land, greatly increased in value by the existence of the railway.

The capital invested in the railways of the United Kingdom almost equals the total amount of the National Debt. Very large dividends were paid by some of the earlier railways; at present the average interest is barely 4 1-4 per cent. in England, 3 1-2 in Scotland, and 3 1-4 in Ireland. In recent years, many of the smaller railway companies have been unable to pay interest on their loan capital. There can be no doubt that the railway, as at present managed, must gradually become less remunerative, if the growth of capital increases as it has done in the last ten years, with no greater increase of traffic. A process of amalgamation, under which the smaller lines are gradually absorbed by the larger, has been going on for years; still the total number of companies is much too large for their working expenses. There are over two hundred and twenty-five railway companies in the United Kingdom, and, however insignificant, every company has its own board of directors and officials, retained as ornamental, and mostly drawing large salaries.

ENGLAND AND WALES.

Name of Railway Company.	Length of System.	Stock and Share Capital.	Loan Capital.	Total Paid-up Capital.
Great Western	2,456 miles	£54,967,630	£17,577,966	£72,545,596
London & North Western	1,841 "	75,948,292	25,919,955	101,868,247
North Eastern	1,598 "	44,395,376	13,714,899	58,110,275
Midland	1,403 "	63,508,571	17,906,504	81,415,075
Great Eastern	1,045 "	29,126,889	12,458,132	41,585,021
London & South Western	788 "	22,784,475	7,803,753	30,588,228
Great Northern	798 "	27,277,810	8,817,432	36,095,242
Lancashire & Yorkshire	498 "	32,638,246	10,330,196	42,968,442
London, Brighton, & So. Coast,	423 "	17,736,150	5,700,161	23,436,311
South Eastern	386 "	16,517,657	5,645,810	22,163,467

SCOTLAND.

Name of Railway Company.	Length of System.	Stock and Share Capital.	Loan Capital.	Total Paid-up Capital.
North British	1,036 miles	£27,159,758	£8,554,455	£35,714,213
Caledonian	840 "	31,912,110	7,856,031	39,768,141
Highland	418 "	2,992,297	1,522,997	4,515,294
Glasgow & South Western	346 "	11,078,710	2,945,038	14,023,748
Great North of Scotland	316 "	3,960,751	1,129,988	5,090,739

IRELAND.

Name of Railway Company.	Length of System.	Stock and Share Capital.	Loan Capital.	Total Paid-up Capital.
Great Southern & Western	543 miles	£6,299,155	£1,789,322	£8,088,477
Great Northern of Ireland	522 "	5,238,805	1,819,169	7,057,974
Midland Great Western	432 "	3,327,965	1,469,297	4,797,262
Waterford & Limerick	279 "	1,557,825	599,477	2,157,302
Belfast & Northern	217 "	1,536,870	523,809	2,060,679

RETURN SHOWING THE NUMBER OF PASSENGERS CONVEYED BY RAILWAY DURING 1887.

	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d class.	Total.
England & Wales	25,260,910	58,005,233	564,508,813	647,774,956
Scotland	4,695,255	1,930,158	59,807,204	66,432,617
Ireland	1,367,624	4,203,965	13,899,369	19,470,958
Total United Kingdom	31,323,789	64,139,356	638,215,386	733,678,531

TOTAL NUMBER OF PERSONS KILLED AND INJURED IN YEAR 1886.

	Killed.	Injured.
In the United Kingdom	938	3,539

RAILWAY COMPENSATION, 1886.

	Passengers.	Goods.
England	£150,008	£146,708
Scotland	14,097	13,673
Ireland	26,984	5,574
Total United Kingdom	£191,089	£165,955

Many of those companies pay no dividend and some are hopelessly insolvent, in consequence of the expenses of management and want of unity in the method of working. On most of the great lines the profits made are squandered in needless competition. The London and South Western has a very profitable traffic, which is considerably diminished by competing with the Great Western Company, necessitating excessive speed; many of the trains must, therefore be run at a loss. The same is true of the two railways south of the Thames, the London, Brighton and South Coast and the South Eastern. The lines of the two companies serve the same district, the counties of Kent and Sussex; the trains, usually not one-half filled, run side by side. There are two sets of trains where one might suffice, so there are two boards of directors and two complete administrative staffs, with secretaries, managers, engineers, and architects. Often there are railways but a few miles in length, which have boards of five and even six directors. The cost of this lavish expenditure is borne by the people, in the shape of heavy fares and rates, the public interest being entirely left out of consideration. There are over one thousand directors administering the railways of the United Kingdom; most of them presiding over the affairs of some small lines, but a certain number uniting in their own persons the directorship of a dozen or more lines, great or small. No fewer than forty-four members of the House of Lords and a hundred and twenty members of the House of Commons are railway directors.

The railway interest is well represented in Parliament, but it is doubtful whether the public is a gainer in the transaction. Freedom of access to the markets of this country, and also to those of the world, is as important to its trade and agriculture as the breath to the body. This freedom it does not possess, notwithstanding its goodly show of representatives. Earnest Liberals, who are ready at a moment's notice to alter or pull down any institution on the face of the earth, have, for once in their lives, nothing to say on the great reform which this institution requires. The majority of them countenance the present railway legislation, while the others consent to occupy a seat at the board when invited to do so by the railway authorities. It may be as well here to state that a man is seldom invited to this lofty position until he has added the potent letters M. P. to his name. The consequences are that, when railway questions arise in Parliament, the late additions to this immaculate board invariably vote "solid" with their brother directors.

The multiplicity of railways, number of directors, and diversity of management, have naturally led to excessive charges on passengers and goods. This want of unity in the entire management, together with the opposing influences on the part of great and small companies, leading each to seek its own interest, without the slightest regard for its clients, the public, have been the main cause that the railways of the country fail to be of universal advantage. The whole traffic of the kingdom is inefficiently developed, while the charges for passengers and goods are excessive and extortionate. One has to look at the crowded trains called "excursions," swarming with human beings, to see the carrying capacity of our railways. But the noble lords and gentlemen who direct the management of the iron roads of the country, seem unable to grasp this simple fact. Instead of well-filled cheap trains, at a moderate rate of speed, there are companies vying with one another in organizing expensive fast trains at exorbitant fares, the carriages of which are mostly empty. It may be superb to fly through the air, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, in a sumptuous first-class carriage, but it does not pay. Express trains are an expense and a loss. The most profitable railway customers are those going by third-class. Mr. Allport, general manager of the Midland, by adding a third-class to his express train and abolishing the second-class, proved this beyond a doubt. The success of this innovation was so great that the other leading lines had to follow his example. They did so reluctantly. It would be mere waste of time to dwell on the obvious fact that the work of merchandise carriers, which our railways are now doing, is infinitely below what might be effected if the whole machinery were properly organized.

In Ireland, the most pressing of all questions is that of railways, and, on every side, there is dissatisfaction with the present system. The neglect of legislation in this matter is keeping the country back. Light freights and more regular charges are absolutely essential, if the industries of the country are ever permitted a fair chance of development.

The railways of Ireland are proportionately smaller than those of England; they pay dividends to their shareholders, averaging 3 to 4 per cent., but these are obtained only at the expense and welfare of the country by inordinately high rates and fares. The smaller companies that are independent pay no dividends, while many of the larger lines are heavily in debt to the Government. The first company as regards length of lines is the Great Southern and Western; it has its seat in Dublin, possesses 543 miles of rails, and pays a dividend of about 5 per cent. per annum. The second company is the Great Northern, holding 522 miles and paying 5 to 6 per cent. The third company, the Midland and Great Western, also has its head-quarters in Dublin, owning 532 miles; this line usually pays 4 1-2 to 5 per cent. dividends. The Waterford and Limerick railway, with 279 miles of rails, does not return quite 3 per cent. to its shareholders. The most prosperous of the Irish railway companies is the Belfast and Northern Counties, with 217 miles of rails; it has paid a dividend of 6 1-2 to

7 1-2 per cent. But extravagance and waste of power is also exhibited on this line; its mileage is only 217, but to be kept working, there are employed a board of twelve directors, a general manager, a secretary and a large administrative staff of officers. This seems nothing short of a farce, but wasteful extravagance in the matter of management is extensive throughout the United Kingdom. Every industry and trade in Ireland suffers from this calamity. Here is a specimen of the rates on home products. The distance from Belfast to Armagh is 35 miles, and the charges are as follows:

Dead pigs, 11*s.* 8*d.* per ton; potatoes, 5*s.* 8*d.* per ton; three-ton lots of hay, 8*s.* 6*d.* per ton; butter in boxes, 11*s.* 3*d.* per ton; butter in crocks, 15*s.* per ton; eggs, 12*s.* per ton; grain, 5*s.* 6*d.* per ton.

Wheat and bacon can be carried more cheaply from Liverpool to Enniskillen than from Belfast to Enniskillen. The local rates are much in excess of the through rates, which operates seriously against the manufacturers and merchants of the seaport towns in Ireland. The irregularity of charges is restricting the development of Irish traffic, instead of encouraging it, while excessive rates have done more to cripple Irish industries than the worst system of land laws which has been enacted since the Union. It is apparent that the value of a farm depends more on the facility of bringing its produce to the best market, than the rent paid for it. Without a cheap and expeditious transit of goods, a holding is comparatively valueless. Defective facilities for conveying produce to market, operate also on trades and occupations other than those connected with land.

The state purchase of the Irish railways has been a frequent subject of discussion, and is regarded by many as the only sure way of minimizing an evil, the existence of which is fully admitted by every witness examined by the Royal Commission, established to inquire into the causes of industrial decay in Ireland.

On this subject, the Duke of Devonshire's Commission, appointed, in 1865, to report upon the railways of Great Britain and Ireland, arrived at the following conclusion: "We are of opinion that it is inexpedient at present to subvert the policy which has hitherto been adopted, of leaving the construction and management of railways to the free enterprise of the people, under such conditions as Parliament may think fit to impose for the general welfare of the public." As a matter of fact there is no competition on the Irish lines; the country is cut up and divided between the different railway companies as so many principalities, with the usual system of frontiers, for the crossing of which its trade is not only heavily taxed, but delayed in transit. The whole of the country is controlled by railway companies, and they are authorized by law to charge certain rates for long distances, which are reasonable enough; it is the exactions for short distances which cripple trade, being two or three hundred per cent. in excess of these rates, or more than the law allows them. In dealing with the case of Irish railways the commission reports: "We consider that there is not sufficient reason for excepting Ireland from this general conclusion;

but as it has been the established policy to assist railways and other public works in Ireland, we recommend that, when Parliament thinks fit to make advances to Irish railway companies, the money should be lent for a fixed period of considerable length, so as to enable the company to develop its resources before it is called on for repayment; that advances should not be made to the Irish railway companies as a condition of reducing their rates and fares, but, as railway companies have the best opportunities of judging whether rates can be reduced, so as to be recuperative within a reasonable time, they should be left to carry out such experiments at their own risk."

Of this latitude the railway companies have extensively availed themselves, and, so far from lowering, they have raised their rates all round, until now, in many cases, they are prohibitive. The railway directors would regard it as a heroic proceeding to face their shareholders with a short balance sheet, and emphatically refuse to make any reduction. Few of the companies have any idea of making money, except by adding to their rates and fares. They have never grasped the fact that a traffic can be made by giving facilities and educating the people into travelling or coming in from the country districts. The example offered by Belgium in this respect ought to be sufficient to convince the most timorous. In 1856, that country reduced her goods rate from 25 to 77 per cent., and the consequences were that, in eight years, the quantity of goods carried over the Belgian railways doubled, and the receipts were increased 50 per cent., while the profits were quintupled in the short period of eight years. Take any town in Belgium, Liège, for example, and it will be found that there is more trade there than in half Ireland. Before 1856, Belgium did not occupy the flourishing position she does now. The development of her commerce is largely due to the reduction of her goods rate. In 1864, the passenger rate was reduced, with manifest advantages. The rate of fare for a third-class passenger in Ireland, for a distance of 28 miles, is more than three times what it is at present in Belgium. Cheapness of transit is unquestionably one of the most important elements necessary to the commercial success of a country, and it is evident that not only Ireland but the whole of Great Britain suffers more severely from the absence of this essential factor than any civilized country in the world. So long, however, as the constituencies are blind to their own interests, and are bent on garrisoning St. Stephen's with a class of men, Tory and Liberal alike, determined to uphold monopolies against the interest of the public at large, so long shall we have to contemplate the spectacle of extreme luxury of a few and abhorrent misery of the masses.

Subject continued in our next issue.

ONE can recognize a true servant of God, and know if he is influenced by His spirit, if when employing him for any purpose, you find he is not seeking his own will and ease; but, on the contrary, does not consider himself at all in the case, and only regards himself as every one's inferior.— *St. Francis.*

The Maid of Molokai.

MISS AMY CONSTANCE FOWLER LEFT LIVERPOOL FOR MOLOKAI TO NURSE THE LEPERS, JAN. 18, 1890.

SINCE Thou Thy Thirst with vinegar did slake,
Didst own Thy Kingship by a crown of thorn,
Didst let that Body Beautiful be torn,
Which erst for me from Mary's Thou didst take —
Which still for me Thy Levites daily break:
Move comfort far from me! As thou hast borne,
So will I bear, a lonely life, death's scorn:
Lord, I will be a leper for Thy sake.

Girl, as His hour of great abandonment
Drew all men to Him — even as He saith —
So when thy lonely steps, led by dread duty,
Fared forth from home, a nation with thee went,
And thou, though languishing to leprous death,
Desired shalt be for thy immortal beauty.

JOHN OLDCASTLE, in Merry England.

The Damien Memorial Fund is making rapid progress in England, and now amounts to upwards of seven thousand pounds. On Jan. 14th, the Prince of Wales, who has from the first taken an active interest in the movement, presided at a dinner in aid of the fund at the Hotel Metropole, London. Among the guests of the evening were Father Pamphile de Veuster (the brother of Father Damien), the Rev. Mr. Chapman (the Protestant Vicar who first succeeded in interesting the English public in his work), the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Fife, Sir Andrew Clarke, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. After dinner the Prince spoke at some length of the objects of the Memorial Fund. The condition of lepers throughout the world, he said, had aroused the active sympathy of the public, thanks to the action of one who had given up his life in doing all he could to alleviate the sufferings of those who were afflicted by the disease — Father Damien. They all knew at what a cost he had come to the help of his afflicted brethren; and it was felt that the best memorial to such a man would be the establishment of a great organization to help those for whom he had labored, and to banish, as far as possible, the scourge of leprosy from our midst. In conclusion, the Prince wished a hearty God-speed to a young lady who had just volunteered to go out as a nurse to the leper villages of Molokai. It was announced a little later that no less than twenty-five hundred pounds had been subscribed in the room for the Damien Fund, a very satisfactory result of the Prince's appeal.

THE more learned one is, the better he practises what he knows; for it is by its fruit that the tree is known.— *St. Francis.*

The Lesson of Failure.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER MORGAN and Superintendent Dorchester have been confirmed by the Senate of the United States and, as we conclude, their new scheme of education for the Indians is thereby endorsed. It was a foregone conclusion, especially as they raised the religious question. The cry of sectarianism is all potent with our left-handed brethren, and they are always sure of success when they have even a plausible excuse for raising it. The politicians are a shrewd class. In the first place, they attack the Catholic Church in some of its rights, its doctrines or practices. They raise the religious issue, and when we attempt to defend ourselves then they charge the Church with making the attack upon Protestantism. Of course, Catholics must defend themselves when they are attacked; they must, as men, demand their rights; they must insist upon equality before the law. But this is actually charged upon us as a crime. We are accused of being aggressive, of having evil designs against our free institutions, and all that tedious, oft-told tale of sickening and absurd lingo. Appeals are made to the passions and the prejudices of the people, and when the time for deciding the question comes there is no doubt as to how the decision will be made. Protestantism is in the ascendancy, and it is bound to rule, *aut fas aut nefas*, by fair means or foul. The late contest is a striking practical illustration of our contention. Without a single note of warning two Protestant gentlemen, one a pronounced anti-Catholic writer and lecturer, are appointed to direct and superintend the education of the Indians. The first public announcement takes us by surprise. These zealous Protestant officials, apparently upon their own personal responsibility, announce to the country that they have determined to change the system of education, by introducing the "unsectarian" public-school system, and ceasing to give further aid to the denominational schools; and they proceed at once to discharge Catholic teachers by the wholesale.

Now making all due allowance for the explanations and excuses of these gentlemen, this was certainly a very radical, revolutionary change, and Catholics had every reason to believe that it was aimed at them. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should earnestly protest against it. It seems that our Protestant friends, whose Indian schools, according to the testimony of Senator Vest, himself a Presbyterian, were as good as failures, were willing to sacrifice their schools for the sake of crippling the Catholic schools, which by the same testimony were declared to be the only schools which had done any real, permanent good. But Catholics have also very large investments in those schools, and as those poor savages are the wards of the government, they feel that it is no more than right that the government should continue to contribute to the work of their civilization, especially as they are prepared to show very substantial results in the way of civilizing and Christianizing those Indians who have been brought under their care.

Now, it was not, perhaps, unnatural that in protesting against this radical and manifestly injurious and even partisan policy, political considerations, among others, should be urged, in some instances, perhaps, with injudicious warmth. This was enough to give a handle to our opponents, and they were not slow to make use of it, by raising the cry of "Popery aggression," and all that. They were willing to risk the loss of the "Catholic vote" for the sake of carrying the measure upon which they had evidently set their hearts. They knew they could carry it by raising the religious issue. They knew that although at one time a majority of the senators had privately declared themselves opposed to the measure, when it came to a vote they would not dare to go before their Protestant constituency with the damning blot upon their fair political fame of having voted for the Catholics. The result proved the truth of their prevision, and the acuteness of their political sagacity. It was not a partisan matter. Republicans and Democrats both voted for it. The die is cast, and the anti-Catholic party are jubilant over their success, and are the first and the loudest in proclaiming that it was a religious contest; that the aggressive Catholics were worsted in the encounter with the "serried hosts" of Protestantism, and were taught a lesson which they will not be likely soon to forget.

Ah, yes; but it is no new lesson. It is the old, old lesson which our dear Protestant friends — advocates *par excellence* of liberty and equal rights — have been trying to pound into us ever since the "glorious reformation." There *is* a lesson for us in this new incident, and that is, put not your trust in politicians, princes, or presidents. With the change of a single word, that lesson may appropriately be embodied in the language of the illustrious Bishop Ireland, which stands as a motto at the head of this MAGAZINE, "The future of the (Catholic) people of this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." We stand by that motto; we heartily believe in it. Let us have no professed Catholic politicians, who are ready to sell their principles for a mess of political pottage. Let every Catholic think for himself, and belong to what party he may deem best adapted to promote the interests of the country. But when Catholic principle is at stake; when the government, or any servant of the government, attempts to violate in any manner our just rights and privileges as Catholics then let us stand together and not be ashamed to show our hands, and contend manfully for our rights; and let the cowards, the faint-hearted and the selfish "Catholic" politicians, who trade upon their religion, be remanded to the rear, and consigned to an undistinguished and inglorious obscurity.

THE Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Anglican Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, Eng., and a devoted friend and helper of Father Damien during his lifetime, has this word for the martyr priest's slanderers: "I have been asked to refute certain libels upon the character of the late Father Damien, published in an obscure party journal; but my only answer is a reference to his life, and a respectful suggestion that his detractors might do well to imitate the same."

Human Bullies.

PRIZE-FIGHTING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA COMPARED.

In our February number we took occasion to speak of prize-fighting in England, and showed instances where exhibitions of brutality were witnessed by the titled personages of that country, even including that disreputable son of royalty, the Prince of Wales, and the latter's reception to the champion bruiser of Boston.

In the latter part of January last, Peter Jackson, the colored fighter of Australia, appeared in Music Hall, the building in which so much scum is frequently exploded. He was not received by any royalty here, for we have none fortunately. He was welcomed by the votaries of slugging only, not a single person of any note being present, so far as is known. Officials of the city were there, in the shape of police officers, but they were not present of their own accord. They were detailed there to prevent any killing.

This dusky gladiator is very desirous of having a fight with John L. Sullivan, and we believe his visit to this country was mainly for the purpose of having such a match perfected. Sullivan was present at Music Hall on the night above referred to, but merely as a spectator, so it is said. He wanted to see how his possible future antagonist handled himself. They were not even introduced to each other. Somebody pointed Sullivan out to Jackson, and the latter is said to have craned his neck to take the "big fellow" in. The audience, evidently, were aware of the darky's purpose, for one of the enthusiastic auditors cried out: "Look out, John, he is sizing you up!"

Gentlemen whose names are so closely allied to each other are generally made acquainted by friends; but these individuals are not gentlemen or even men, in the true definition of the term, hence, this could hardly be looked for; indeed, when they shake hands for the first time it is only the signal to "Take care, I'm here to knock you out." The papers informed us that Jackson had a very long reach. Could he not reach his hand out in a friendly way to grasp Sullivan's? It seems not.

We rejoice that "professional fighting" is so little encouraged in this city and this country. We only hope that the time will come when this country will become too hot and uncomfortable an abode for these sparrers and fighters, and that the so-called exhibitions of the "manly art" will not be tolerated, for there is nothing "manly" about them. England was ever known for her brutalities, and if she rejoices in these brutal exhibitions, and those who take part in them, let her have them, and keep them, for we want none of them.

A Sister's Calm Death.

A RELIGIOUS sister, when dying, was surrounded by her weeping companions, who said to her: "Sister, before you leave us tell us how it is that you die so calmly, smilingly, and so full of confidence."—"I

scarcely know," she replied. "I can only say that I have never acted entirely in accordance with my own ideas, but rather according to those of others, seeking always to know in advance their will, in order to conform myself to it without its being perceived. In addition, I have never taught, advised or ordered anything which I had not previously practised myself."

Analysis of the Pope's Recent Allocution.

1. THE opening words of the Encyclical are *Sapientiæ Christianæ*.
2. Man's end is God, his duty to tend to God.
3. The end of the state and the family is the same as that of the individual.
4. But many men and states turn from God — a condition needing remedy.
5. The remedy lies in the observance of duties.
6. Catholics have special duties to perform.
7. They must love the Church, the representative of God's Kingdom.
8. But the opposition of the Church is bitter.
9. Hence faith must be carefully cherished.
10. But faith has duties which in these days call for special observance.
11. All must defend the faith.
12. All must, therefore, learn the faith and communicate it to others.
13. Authority must not, however, be encroached upon.
14. A perfect union is also required.
15. Union implies an obedience and submission to authority.
16. Now obedience is indivisible and must be perfect.
17. The Church is a perfect society, and is separated from politics.
18. Nevertheless her aims are identical with the state's true aims.
19. In public life two vices to be avoided — false prudence and temerity.
20. Both work grave injury to the Church.
21. God, however, will never desert the Church.
22. Charity on all is particularly enjoined.
23. Fathers of families are wanted to educate children religiously.
24. The Pope concludes with general exhortations and the Apostolic blessing.

The London Daily Graphic says of the Encyclical:

"The appeal for a more faithful practice of Christian virtue, or rather for a revival of the moral law is well timed. We are passing through a social crisis in which the exemplary of the Christian life needs to be emphatically asserted. The tone of society, which has so lamentably degenerated of late years, cannot be settled by legislative enactment; and if we are to be saved in the future from those terrible shocks which have lately shaken the very foundations of public and private morality, we must look for greater activity in the churches. The Pope has set a timely example. He has struck a note which should be echoed by every pulpit in the civilized world."

The Labor Question and Trouble Arising from It.

CARDINAL MANNING received a correspondent of the Dunlap Cable News Company, on the 26th of February, and extended to him a hearty greeting. His Eminence is still vigorous and hale in spite of his age, and of the effects of the bad weather which has prostrated so many of the older men. He said:

"I am glad to have this opportunity of extending my warmest thanks, both to the American press and public, for the hearty support which they have given me in my recent efforts on the labor question, and the trouble arising from it. I read all I can of the efforts made in America to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, to make them contented, and to secure proper hours and fair wages for them, and I trust that America will very soon possess a similar organization to our newly formed 'English Women's Labor Union.'

"I cannot help having the deepest sympathy with this movement, the importance of which cannot be overestimated, and I will strive to promote its interests by every means in my power.

"I have never been an advocate from the platform or elsewhere of woman suffrage, or of the other political rights demanded by women; but I do think the time has come, at this period of our great and advancing civilization, for strenuous and proper efforts to be made to protect the working women, and to ensure to them equal fairness in the matter of their hours of work, and their wages as the men now obtain.

"I think," continued his Eminence, "that Miss Hackness' book, The Toilers in London, is the cause of the present energetic movement being made in their behalf. This book shows exactly, and without exaggeration, the

DREADFUL STATE OF POVERTY

and degradation to which the female toilers in this great metropolis are condemned. The press is backward in revealing the true state of things, for capital always commands fear.

"Now, however, public sentiment is aroused, and trades unions will doubtless become as general with them as with men. The trades unions, of course, can be abused, but I trust that the women's unions will never be made vehicles of publicity for the advertisement of the views of a woman with a political mission. Should that happen, the object of the women's trades unions will soon be lost.

"The question of the employment of women resolves itself logically into three parts — the employers, the employed, and the disinterested side, which last is always ready to stand between them in order to see fair-play.

"Perfect system of organization is even more essential with women than with men, inasmuch as men can, in a measure, protect themselves, while women, on the other hand, especially single women, are too often compelled to submit or to starve.

"The time is, perhaps, not far off when the sight of young, ill-fed girls acquiring permanent injuries through long hours of toil, breaking their backs bending over machinery in ill-ventilated rooms, will be regarded as an act of barbarity, and will be punished as such. America, which loves to call itself 'the land of the free,' is renowned for its gallantry and for its kindness to women; so let us hope that the great new world will lead the crusade against every one who overworks, underpays, and ill-treats, in any way, the prototypes of his own mother and sisters.

"I have noticed," continued the Cardinal, "a paragraph in the paper stating that a man

SHOT HIMSELF IN THE CATHEDRAL

at Tiflis, in front of the high altar, during the celebration of Mass. It is a terrible story, and I have not heard a similar one for fifty years. It must be a shock to every Christian; but it is not true, as has been stated, that the

cathedral will now have to be reconsecrated. It must be closed till it is reconciled, to use the technical term employed by the Church. By this phrase I mean that the bishop waits till he receives a special mandamus from the Pope, and then he purifies the edifice. This is done by a long and solemn service, which is exceedingly impressive.

"Good-by, and please be sure not to forget to add to your message my very kindest regards and reiterated thanks to the American press and people for the consideration and regard extended to me. I remember, only a few days ago, seeing a dispatch in which at a meeting of working men, held in New York in favor of the eight-hour movement, the mention of the names of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, and myself was the signal for demonstration of approval of our exertions in that cause, and I am more than gratified at the manifestation of regard which such demonstrations betoken."

Penobscot Catholic Indians.

GRAND POW-WOW BEFORE LENT — FOUR COUPLE MARRIED AT ONE TIME.

AMONG the Indians of the Penobscot tribe, more especially of the island of the upper beautiful river, there was a great deal of feasting and pleasure just preceding Lent's holy season. They are great Catholics. On the large island in the river estuary, opposite Oldtown, their ancient church bears the cross, and near it is a dwelling where four Sisters of Mercy live to guide and cheer the young and old in the true Christian path. No temptations can swerve these Indian people from their Catholic faith. Among many of the old people one hears expressions of the grateful love they retain for the "holy black robe," Father Bapst, S. J., whose memory Boston venerates also. One of the occasions of the pre-Lental festivities was the marriage, at one time, in the church, of four couples. Cannons were fired, powder-horns were blown, troops of children and women went gaily along. A two nights' festival is held, and it is only towards daybreak of the third day that the married man can take his new wife away with him to live and begin the honeymoon all to themselves. I extract a description, written by a young newspaper man to his journal up country, giving some description of the festival.

Chief Lorin and his bride were to be married on Sunday, the 9th, in the church, but concluded to wait for the other three couples to join in the regular pow-wow. The other three couples were also married in the church, February 16.

The white people were so interested in the festival that they began to come from all directions at an early hour, Monday, to the pow-wow, although a strict order had been given to the doorkeeper not to admit any one from out of town without a pass from Chief Nicolar, yet, at a very early hour, and before Mr. Nicolar had arrived, several large parties of ladies from Oldtown and elsewhere had already arrived and applied at the door of the hall for admittance. The ladies who were so urgent in the matter were admitted.

This arrangement suited all hands, and the ladies and their gentlemen escorts were admitted, and in less than thirty minutes one-half the seats in the hall were filled, and this, too, was a long while before the time for the ceremonies to begin. When Mr. Nicolar arrived each

one of the out-of-town spectators gave an anxious glance at him while the door-keepers were explaining matters to him. He took in the situation in an instant, and after running his eyes over the crowd, seeing that about all the respectable ladies of Oldtown were in the hall, remarked: "They look so good we will have to let them stay." One lady, who was near, was heard to say, "that settles it." About this time the Island people began to pour into the hall which soon filled all of the seats.

On the occasion of a wedding, a singer, and sometimes two of them, are employed to sing for the dance and to shake the shot horn; but this time all of the singers voluntarily offered their services, so that we had a goodly supply of that kind of help. At eight o'clock the dancing was opened by Lewei Peosock, the veteran singer, followed closely by all of the singers, viz: Mitchell Polesusep, Francis Socklexis, Sabattis Glossion, Joe Solomon, and M. Esseh-tar-teh-kuk, which was quickly joined in by all of the young and frisky. It did not take long to pack the floor solid with the dancers.

A little later, all of the grooms passed in to join in the dance. After going a few rounds the brides were announced and a way was made for them to enter. Here the dance began in a dead earnest. Neither the newly Mrs. Susep nor Mrs. Lorin were gayly dressed, but the bride of John Ranco was tastefully dressed in a lavender silk, and Mrs. Peter Swassin in a garnet silk; Ranco and Lorin wore the regular wedding costumes, coats trimmed with bead work, capes and cuffs. Lorin came out with the old-fashioned silver bands and brooches. Beside the cape there was a wide border of bead work around the hemming of his coat, both on the front and bottom. His costume took the eye of everybody present.

The singers were so eager to sing for the dance that one of them, Mr. Solomon, had to be coaxed considerably before he relinquished the shot horn, and it was after eleven o'clock before the home orchestra struck up the grand march and the *white man's dance* begun, which was kept up by the young people until Tuesday morning, five o'clock, at which hour the dancers left the hall.

There were several rounds of treats on candy, apples, and lemonade for the whole crowd.

The people of Oldtown and other places took their leave for home soon after the Indian dance was over; but some of the younger ones stayed until the last of the social hop, which was announced to be concluded Tuesday evening, and on Tuesday this celebrated wedding dance was again enjoyed by the young people. This time it was altogether a social hop, participated in by both the young of the Island and Oldtown, until Joe Gabriel came in and announced that the hour for the beginning of Lent had arrived, which broke up the dance immediately, just as the clock struck twelve.

HAPPY is he who respects as he ought Religious, who live according to the laws of Holy Church; and woe to those who despise them. — *St. Francis.*

Lent.

LENT at first meant the spring — the time when life springs forth again from the dead of winter. So the Lenten fast is a time when the soul should become alive, rising up from sin to new life in Christ — if by any means I may attain to the resurrection which is from the dead.

In Lent the March winds blow. Thinking on past sins with repentance, because they have offended Christ's love — confession with contrition — are winds that purify the soul. Arise, O North wind, and come, O South wind, and blow through my garden.

March is the month of St. Joseph. To repent and confess and begin a new life pleasing to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, we need the encouragement and protection of Christ's dearest friends.

St. Joseph is the patron of the universal Church. Lent is the season of seasons for the Church; for then, if ever, her wayward children look into their hearts and think seriously.

Thinking seriously leads to penance; that is, to disapproval or detestation of sin against our loving God, and the wish sin had not been committed; to displeasure and sorrow over the sin which is past, and can never be changed, though our Lord's forgiveness may blot it out; to amendment for the future, with present satisfaction by humble confession and penance.

Opening of a School in Pittsburg, Pa.

ST. MARY of Mercy's parochial school was formally opened at Pittsburg on Wednesday, February 12th. It is attached to the parish presided over by the Rev. Father Morgan M. Sheedy, within the confines of which the first house of worship in Pennsylvania was erected by the Catholics at Fort Duquesne, in 1754.

The new parochial school building is a handsome three-story structure, the whole enterprise having cost twenty-two thousand dollars. Father Sheedy achieved national prominence two years ago through his establishment of a parochial school in the public-school building of the First Ward. By this act the public school was about depopulated as the ward is largely made up of Catholics. Father Sheedy's action was bitterly opposed by Protestants, who fought him in the county courts, and before the Attorney-General of the state and the state Superintendent of Public Instruction. When the excitement was at fever heat the good-natured priest, who had been enjoying the squabble hugely, informed his opponents that it was useless to continue the struggle, as he had determined to erect a school of his own.

In the afternoon the first exercises took place. These consisted of blessing the school by the Rev. Father Sheedy, assisted by assisting clergy and Bishop Phelan. After this service the presentation of a beautiful United States flag to the school was made. Father Sheedy ran the flag up the flag pole amid shouts of approbation. In the evening the Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Wisconsin, president of the Catholic Total Abstinence

Union, talked on "The Religious Element of Education." "What can we do with Our Boys and Young Men after They Have Left School?" was discussed by the Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, and Father McTighe, the priest whose employment in the public schools here created such a furor in 1887, spoke on "The Practical Side of Education." About six hundred persons were present, and after the close of the exercises a lunch was served in the assembly room.

Father Sheedy is to be congratulated for his untiring efforts in the cause of Catholic education, and as such deserves a high place in the Church. The reverend gentleman is a valued contributor to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

The Real Friend of the Worker.

CARDINAL MANNING has written the following letter to Richard Fliescher, editor of the *Deutsche Rundshau*, by whom he was asked to give his opinion on the Emperor's action in summoning a conference of nations on the labor question:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, Feb. 10, 1890.

SIR:—You ask me what I think of the invitation of the Emperor of Germany to European Powers to meet in conference on the subject of labor, and the state of the millions in every country who live by the wages of labor. I think this imperial act the wisest and worthiest that has proceeded from any sovereign of our times. The condition of the wage-earning people of every European country is a grave danger to every European state. The hours of labor, employment of women and children, scantiness of wages, uncertainties of employment, fierce competition fostered by modern political economy, destruction of domestic life resulting from all these and other kindred causes, have rendered it impossible for men to live a human life. How can a man who works fifteen or sixteen hours a day live the life of a father to his children? How can a woman who is absent from home all day long do the duties of mother? Domestic life is impossible, but on the domestic life of the people the whole political life of human society reposes. If the foundation be ruined, what will become of the superstructure? The Emperor William has, therefore, shown himself to be a true and far-sighted statesman.

Believe me, always yours faithfully,

HENRY E. CARDINAL MANNING, *Archbishop of Westminster.*

An Annuity to a Nun.

MUCH curiosity has been awakened among people interested in the case of the late millionaire Cunningham, of Milton, Mass., by the will filed in the Probate Court of Dedham recently, in which he left an annuity of seven hundred dollars to a nun named Susan McLean, in the convent of the Sacred Heart, at Kenwood, near Albany, N. Y. Furthermore, the will stated that after the death of his wife Frances the entire sum of his fortune should accrue to the aforesaid religieuse. Inquiry was made at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Chester Square, the Boston house of this order. The mother superior elucidated the entire case. Sister Susan McLean, she said, was an orphan, and has been in religious life for fifteen years. Before entering the order Mr. Cunningham was appointed her guardian, he being always an intimate friend of the family.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Spring Song.

"A SONG without words!"
A morn in May;
The twitter of birds
At break of day.
A cloudlet bright,
The spring sunlight;
A dewy sheen
O'er meadows green.
The soft wind singing,
The flower-bells ringing,
The sedges growing,
The brooklet flowing;
The silent rain,
Like joyful weeping;
The new-born grain
On Earth's breast sleeping;
The orchards fragrant,
The perfumed air:
The blossoms vagrant
Fall everywhere.
The wild bees humming,
The summer coming!
No note of sadness;
A thrill of gladness
O'er world and sea;
The world rejoices,
And sweet child-voices
Sing merrily, oh, merrily!

MARY C. CROWLEY, in Irish Monthly.

The Little Companion.

CHAPTER III.

The Month of Mary.

Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.—*St. Luke* i. 48.

THERE is a month in the year called the month of Mary, and that month is the month of May. It is a very sweet month, and a month in which we think a good deal about our Blessed Lady. Some of us have a little altar in our room. Perhaps you say, "How can I make an altar?" Nothing is easier. Get a box and cover it with a piece of cloth, then put a statue of our Lady on it with a few flowers (daisies or buttercups will do), in a little glass before it. And there is your little altar. It would be nice to put a little candle on it. But you want to do more than this in the month of Mary. As I have said before, we each have a chief fault, and we ought to ask our Lady to help us to cure it. Our Lady was always humble and pure. She was only a little child of three when she gave herself to God, and entered the Temple. Dear children, be always very fond of our Lady. Ask her to pray for you, and ask her to make you very devoted and good during the month of May. And if some tell you that they do not think about our Lady, tell them that she deserves to be loved and honored as she is the mother of God.

CHAPTER IV.

The Month of June.

Learn of Me, because I am meek, and humble of heart.—*St. Matt.* xi. 29.

The month of June is a month in which we pay great devotion to our Lord in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar. I think we ought to be very devoted to our Lord during this beautiful month. I am

sure you will think so too. He is in the tabernacle day and night, and very few people come to visit Him and speak to Him. He is indeed lonely, and His Sacred Heart is very often wounded by people who say wicked things, so we should make up for this by loving Him very much, and by going as often as we can to speak to Him, if only for a moment.

He loves little children. He likes them to come and tell Him all their little faults, and all their little troubles. He likes them to talk to Him as they would to a loving father. I know a nun who loves our Lord very much. She looks like an angel when she prays. A poor woman, when speaking of this nun to a priest, said, "She is an angel."—"Where are her wings?" said the priest. "In heaven," replied the poor woman; "if you go there before her you will see them." And now I must finish this chapter by telling you it would be nice to have an altar in your room this month. This time it should be covered with red. If you can, get a few little red flowers, and a little red candle.

CHAPTER V.

The Guardian Angels.

Their Angels always see the face of My Father, Who is in Heaven.—*St. Matt.* xviii. 10.

Every one in the world has a bright angel always by his side. We cannot all see our guardian angel; but, dear children, do you not often know that he is speaking to you, even when you cannot hear his voice? When you are tempted to do wrong, you are sure he is telling you not. Your angel is very fond of you, and it grieves him when you are naughty. He often prays for you. You should pray to him, to help you to be good. Do not grieve him by saying what is not true, or being disobedient or unkind. Try to please him by being meek and truthful. The month of October is put aside to honor the holy angels. Every day in that month we should say that pretty hymn which begins:—

"Dear Angel, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guide
A guilty child like me."

Our guardian angel never sleeps. He stands beside our beds every night and watches over us. When we are in heaven we shall see the good angel who has taken care of us all our life.

CHAPTER VI.

The Sacrament of Penance.

He that hideth his sins, shall not prosper; but he that shall confess, and forsake them, shall obtain mercy.—*Prov.* xxviii. 13.

Dear children, I am now going to tell you about the Sacrament of Penance. I know there are some who do not like this Sacrament. They say, "Oh, dear, now I've got to go to confession. I do wish I had not to go." Dear children, before we say this, let us look at our souls. Let us think how many times we have done wrong, and then

we say, "Oh, how wicked I have been! How I wish my soul was white again." Then we long for confession; and how happy we are after we have received holy absolution. Our soul, that was so displeasing a little while ago to our Lord, becomes pure and beautiful in His sight.

But we must make a good confession, and we must be truly sorry for our sins, because they have hurt our Lord, Who died to redeem us from them. And after you have received absolution never forget to thank our Lord, and promise Him to be good in the future.

But I think I know some of your reasons for not liking confession. You are afraid the priest will tell your faults to your friends. He dare not tell one of your smallest faults to any one. He is under a vow of secrecy, and he must not violate it, even if he has to die — as one priest did — for refusing. Perhaps you think he will despise you for your sins. But he is a sinner too, and believes that he is the greatest sinner in the world. "The chief of sinners," St. Paul called himself. To a confessor you are not you — not the boy or girl he knows outside, but simply a nameless penitent — one of the millions of men, women, and children who are sorry for their sins. And he is not himself to us — not Father this or Canon that, but a confessor who is doing for us what some other priest is constantly doing for him; for every priest and bishop, and the Pope himself, and monks and nuns have to go to confession; and the better they are the oftener they go. Some feel it hard to have to confess the same sins over and over again. Every one feels that, and it is very humbling. But our Lord wishes to humble us. You must imagine that our loving Lord Himself is in the confessional instead of his priest. I am sure you would tell our Lord anything. Some Protestants say, "How can the priest, who is only a man, forgive you your sins?" You can tell them that the priest forgives us only through God's power, Who has told him to do it. You know the words of absolution are: "I absolve thee from thy sins *in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*" Never conceal a sin in confession, for that would be like telling a lie to the Holy Ghost, which Ananias was struck dead for doing. But if you have any fear, after being at confession, that you have not made a good one, go again and tell your fears to your confessor so that your conscience may be at peace.

The Mother's Welcome.

Mrs. C——, a pious old lady who is spending her last years happily with the Edinburgh Little Sisters of the Poor, relates the following edifying particulars concerning her mother:

She was, more than eighty years ago, the wife of a small farmer in Ireland, comfortably off, and very good to the poor. As her children came into the world, she dedicated them to Our Lady, and for seven years dressed them in her colors. They all lived and flourished, but when the seven years had passed, one after another mysteriously sickened and died. The neighbors got quite a panic, and assured

her if her children were given to the Blessed Virgin, she would certainly take them all. The poor woman, though greatly grieved over her losses, answered with sublime faith: "If our Blessed Mother sees it best for them to go, and God takes them, His will be done."

The first seven were so taken, but after these, other children were given her and lived. Mrs. C—— remembers well the happy home, and the piety of her mother; the Sunday with its devotion and its little comforts, and the many ways in which her parents used to help those who were worse off than themselves. Then hard times came, and the mother used to give thanks for her darlings who were safe beyond the reach of trouble and bitter want.

At last the hour was at hand for this good Christian woman to die. She had received all the rites of Holy Church, and was preparing for her departure with the humble and fervent dispositions one might expect after such a life, when suddenly her countenance lit up with an ecstasy of joy, and, stretching out her arms, she exclaimed in accents of indescribable happiness: "Sure the Blessed Virgin 's come herself, and she's brought all the children with her!"

And with that blessed welcome she departed to her heavenly home.

Paganini's Wooden Shoe.

In the autumn of 1832 Paganini, the great violinist, was residing at a villa near Paris. He was an invalid, and took little notice of any occupant of the house. The only one for whom he appeared to care was Nicette, a young and pretty waitress who attended him.

One morning Nicette, tray in hand, entered the apartment of the famous *mäestro*, who sat at the table carving a handle for a knife out of a piece of ivory. Instead of her usual merry look, she was sad and dejected, and her blue eyes showed signs of weeping. Paganini, who had taken an honest liking to the poor girl, was not long in learning the cause of her grief. The conscription had just been drawn, a bad number had fallen to the lot of her future husband, "and," she said, "poor Adolphe must go off for a soldier, and I shall never see him again!"

"But why don't you find him a substitute?" asked Paganini.

"Monsieur is joking," was the sobbing reply. "They say there is to be a war, and fifteen hundred francs is the price of a substitute."

Fifteen hundred francs was not much to Paganini, but no man ever loved money more than he did, and to give such a sum away never entered his mind. So he said nothing, but made a memorandum in his book—"See what I can do for Nicette."

A few weeks passed, and Christmas was at hand. In France it is the custom to place a wooden shoe on the hearth, just as we hang up a stocking. Late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas, Nicette entered the saloon where the musician was seated, the centre of a large group; she said that a huge parcel had just been received for Signor Paganini. He could not imagine what it was, but ordered it up. Wrapper after wrapper was opened before the curious spectators, and

finally there appeared a huge wooden shoe, almost large enough for an infant's cradle.

The by-standers laughed. Some hinted that it was sent by some one who meant to insinuate that the great violinist was more fond of receiving presents than of making them. This was probably the case, and more than possible there were those in the room who knew a good deal more than they pretended about the sending of the shoe. Paganini suspected as much, and a sudden idea seemed to strike him. "Well, well, my friends, we shall see if this shoe does not prove of value to somebody."

For three days little was seen of him, and it was reported that he was busy in his work-shop, into which none were ever permitted to enter. Then it was announced that on New Year's Eve the great *mäestro* would give a unique concert, in the course of which he would execute five pieces on a violin and five on a wooden shoe. The price of admission was to be twenty francs, and only one hundred tickets were to be sold. Of course they were disposed of at once.

When the evening came Paganini made his appearance in unusual spirits. The violin came first on the programme, and every one declared the great *mäestro* fairly excelled himself, and there was no end of applause. He retired for a moment, and then appeared with the veritable wooden shoe under his arm. But in his three days of seclusion he had cut and carved it into a rude imitation of a violin, to which he had deftly fitted three strings. Upon this curious instrument he began to improvise one of those strange fantasias which many say were the highest inspirations of his wonderful genius. It needed no words to tell that the theme was the life of a conscript and a soldier. There was the suspense of drawing lots for the conscription, the rejoicings of those whose friends had got clear, the wailing of those not so fortunate, the departure of the conscripts, the noise and bustle of camp, the war and tumult of battle, the shouts of victory, the return of the conscripts, now heroes, to their homes; all closing with the pealings of marriage bells.

Poor Nicette, whose lover was to be marched off in a few days, stood behind the scenes weeping. Scarcely had the tumultuous applause ceased, when Paganini bade her approach. "Here," said he, "are the two thousand francs which the old shoe has brought. This is more by five hundred francs than is needed to buy Adolphe off. Keep the rest to begin housekeeping with. Here, too, is the old wooden shoe. Maybe somebody will give you a few francs for it."

There was great competition as to who should have the wonderful shoe-violin. It was finally put up at auction, and sold to a rich Englishman for six thousand francs. Meantime Adolphe and his faithful Nicette were happily married.

I NEVER listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they are true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.

A Pious Family.

ONE of the good stories that a pious German Catholic family has handed down, is told in the life of their daughter, a sister of great sanctity. It was on a Friday morning, in 1814, that a number of Prussian soldiers made their appearance at her father's inn. They announced the coming of the king, and asked that a noon-day meal be prepared for him, M. Chapuis excused himself from compliance with the request, by stating that he was a Catholic, and could not serve meat even to the king on Friday. While the matter was being discussed, the king arrived. M. Chapuis told his majesty he must seek a meal elsewhere, as he could not conscientiously place meat before him on Friday. It was against the law of the Church. There was, he said, a short distance from his hotel, a place whose proprietor had permission to serve meats on Friday. Thither, he thought the king should go. But the king surprised him by saying that he would take his meal without meat. The master and the mistress of the inn then set before the king a meal that drew from him the encomium that he had never enjoyed a meal better than that served by the Catholic keeper, M. Chapuis. So Catholic honesty and courage are always admired, and win the day.

Irish Pluck;

OR,

PATRICK'S PERILS ON LAND AND SEA.

PATRICK O'HARA was the name in which the hero of this modest tale rejoiced. His parents had arrived from Ireland a year prior to the time Patrick made up his mind to earn a living, his father having died suddenly of heart disease when they were but twelve months in New York. At this period the boy was but twelve years of age, and unable even to read. Passing up the Bowery, he saw a sign in the window of one of the stores, and a number of youngsters gazing at it. He requested a boy in the crowd to tell him what the sign meant. As he spoke in a broad Irish brogue, the lad whom he addressed laughed and informed him that the words on the sign were:

"A BOY WANTED."

Here, he thought, lay his chance. He tried to get to the front, but the New York urchins were too much for him. The "boss" noticed how he had been guyed by those around him, and ordered them to stand aside and let him come to the front.

Chagrined and vexed, much as the boys had laughed before, they laughed all the louder now. But, as the old saw has it, "they laugh best who laugh last." And in the present instance, Patrick O'Hara "laughed last," for the "boss" engaged him at three dollars a week salary, to work as errand boy in a clothier's establishment.

At the end of the first week he went home in triumph to his poor mother with his wages, and rejoiced her heart in no small degree, not only on account of bringing her the little money, but still more so because of the pluck and the spirit of ambition it showed her child to be possessed of.

This was the first break of sunshine that shot over her desolate hearthstone, like the rays that shower down their light and glory on a shattered ruin. But the cloud, that soon should shroud her home in gloom again, was fast gathering when once more the light of hope would be quenched for a time, and she would again be left alone with her sorrow, without even her son to comfort her.

When Patrick, on the Tuesday of his second week, had, in the course of the day, returned to the store with his errand, he noticed his employer was very busily engaged with a customer in trying to sell the latter some yards of cloth; so the boy stood by, not wishing to interrupt the sale, which was effected in the course of a few minutes.

After the purchase was made, the customer threw out a bill of a large denomination, from which he expected five dollars change. He waited, and waited, but no bill.

"Do you wish to buy anything else?" politely queried the Hebrew proprietor behind the counter.

"No," answered the customer, "but I want my change!"

"What change? I joost geff you von fife-tollar pill in change!"

The customer denied emphatically that he did anything of the kind.

Thereupon, the poor errand boy was set upon, and he was accused of stealing the money. He was the only other person present during the transaction, and a policeman was called in and Patrick was put under lock and key, placed in durance vile, branded as a common sneak thief, and thus disgraced forever.

It was pretty hard, but cases like this occur almost daily in our large cities. As it has been said of Liberty, so also might it be said of Justice with equal truth:

"Alas! What crimes are committed in thy name!"

Next day, Patrick O'Hara was brought before the judge with his broad Irish brogue and his Hebrew accuser.

His Honor asked the lad's employer if he would venture to swear that he *saw* him steal the five-dollar bill.

No; he did not see him, "but there vas no von else to shtale it!"

The judge next asked the customer if he *saw* the theft committed by the prisoner.

He "couldn't say he did, but he was the only one likely to steal the money ——"

Here the judge grew indignant, and, after administering a severe reprimand to both the complainants for daring to accuse the boy of theft without actually witnessing the theft, he discharged the prisoner.

The latter's mother, who was present and in tears all the time of the trial, received her child with open arms.

But he tried subsequently to get "a job" and tried in vain, as he could not get a reference from his last employer. He explained the circumstance of the judge acquitting him of the charge of theft. It was no use. The shadow of a thief was upon him, and he felt it.

One day, having hunted around considerably for work, he came

home to his mother with the news that he got the offer of a position as cabin boy on a merchant vessel that was bound for a cruise to Europe and Australia.

His mother gave him her blessing and a picture of his father. With these two tokens of affection from the only human being who loved him on earth, off he started to "sail the wild seas over."

Patrick had not been long aboard the vessel known as the Northern Light, when he became a general favorite among the crew, and indeed among the officers as well. He appreciated the escape he had from the perils of the past, and he was bound to make the most of his present opportunity. Hence, he made it a constant study to be civil to all without being too subservient, and to attend diligently to his duty.

By one of those accidents which cannot be explained often, the terrible fact revealed itself to the officers and crew of the vessel that she was on fire one night, when just in mid-ocean, plunging and lurching among the swollen billows.

It was but a tiny flame at first, but, before long it developed into a seething, hissing, roaring mass of fire, that made the stoutest heart there quail in abject fear before the devouring element. The boats were quickly manned and lowered. Presently a steamer hove in sight at the cry of distress, and all were placed on board, the captain being the last man to ascend the deck. He embraced his wife with joy, but she answered with a scream of anguish when she discovered that her little girl was among the missing. The captain consoled her by stating that he placed her in the arms of one of the sailors, a Bill Listing.

"But he is lost!" she exclaimed frantically, "and my child is lost with him!"

The vessel was still burning, and in the aft part were descried the figures of two persons, evidently Pat O' Hara and the girl whom he tried to save, and whom he would not desert. A boat was at once put out, and both were rescued as the fated vessel was going down.

The captain rewarded the faithful cabin boy by making him his adopted child, and giving him a first-class education in the scene of his childhood, with the Jesuit Fathers at Clongowes College, Ireland. Finally, when grown to manhood, as may be anticipated in the natural course of events, the captain's daughter and he got married. Mr. O'Hara and his father-in-law subsequently carried on a thriving banking business in New York city, where Mrs. O'Hara became one of the family to the joy of all concerned.

One word more, and we are done: —

About that five-dollar bill of old? Here is the explanation: — It had been rolled up carelessly in the roll of cloth by the "Jew boss," and found two days after Pat went off as cabin boy on "The ship that never returned;" but from which he did.

Moral: — When convinced you are right, keep up your courage, though danger and even death itself should stare you in the face.

Sleigh Riding in Ireland.

On my first coming to Canada, there was one thing particularly which struck my fancy as a boy, and, at the same time, appeared to me as an example of Canadian compared with Irish liberty, and that was sleigh riding. As the students are now enjoying themselves with skating, sliding, and such like amusements, I thought that a few words in regard to the manner in which their *confreres* in Ireland succeed with these sports, would be welcomed by the readers of the Owl.

I will therefore try to amuse my readers by a description of sliding in my own native city of Armagh. In Armagh there are many hills, among which the most prominent for sleighing purposes are Primrose Hill and Callan street: these two being so steep as to make an angle of about fifty degrees, with the street crossing at the bottom. Now, the novelist would say, "the story begins." We will suppose it to be the month of November, towards the end of which the weather gets very cold, and the youths of the city begin to expect "slides" soon. The cold increases, and the pupils of the different schools hold a meeting and decide, after a careful study of the heavens that "it 's freezin' " and "it's time to water the slide." This last measure being decided upon, they resolve to come out that night about half-past nine, each one bringing a bucket of water; the meeting dissolves and the youthful astronomers disperse "for fear the horneys (the name given to the police during the sliding season) might notice them." The boys retire to their homes, and the streets are unusually quiet that evening, so that the "bobbies" think that they need not inconvenience themselves by marching up and down the cold streets, and, accordingly, they drop into a gateway, muffle themselves up in their deep collars and await the relief guard. But if the police are at rest the boys are not, for the moment that the policeman (on this particular street) drops off his beat, the watchers come along uttering a mysterious cry, yet one fraught with a pleasant hearing to the many youths awaiting it. Then, silently, the night workers assemble and climb the steep hill, each with the prescribed bucket of water, and, arriving at the top, they proceed, with the greatest solemnity, to empty the buckets, one after another, till all are emptied, when they all go home, to dream of sliding all next day, or to get more water, if there is not already enough on the slide. All is done so quietly and quickly, that by this time the man on guard is probably asleep.

Morning dawns at last, and a great many parents are surprised to see their sons up very early and running about with smiling faces, more cheerful and obliging than was their wont. But the boys have a reason for their merriment, and "it freezed last night" is whispered from one to another in joyful tones. Then the cars, as they call their clumsy makeshift of a sled, are brought out, and lots cast to determine upon who shall watch the "horneys." When this point is decided, the sliders take their places at the top of the hill, each with a car in his hand and at a given signal the sliders take a short run, fall down on their cars, and with a loud whoop the first slide takes place and the slide is formally opened. This goes on for some time, sliding down and

climbing the hill only to go down again, till the sport becomes so exciting as to make the watchers think that they have watched long enough, which necessarily occasions some disturbance, as no one is willing to give up his slide. When this point has been satisfactorily arranged after no small amount of arguing, the sliding recommences. There they go, laughing, shouting, yelling, and tantalizing the onlookers who are not fortunate enough to have cars. Their only care seems to be to make the car run faster, when rush! every car is steered into the channel as the terrific cry, "The Horneys; the Horneys! pull up! pull up!" bursts on their ears. Then what a race! Here come the sliders up the steep hill carrying their cars on their backs, and, at their heels — a policeman, a policeman. How strangely it sounds. Old men and women who wish "them young rascals would be put in jail, breaking people's ould bones with their slides," even they would save the sliders from — a policeman. As Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde said when he visited your city, the policemen appear to represent the English government, and, as we have a plentiful supply of English government in Ireland, we have plenty of policemen who come to be looked upon as government men. So, when our young heroes shout "the horneys," every door is opened, and is ready to receive the very children to whom, but a few moments before, they would have — had they the chance — administered a sound thrashing. The policeman thus baffled, walks to the top of the hill, there to await the reappearance of the youths, in order to have their names, at least, for a summons to court; but no, they are too wise for him. One of them, with a car on his back, makes his appearance at the distance of a few yards from the peeler, who seeing the chance of a capture, immediately gives chase. It never occurs to him that the fugitive is laughing at him, and is only drawing off his attention from the others. Oh, no! the peeler in Ireland has an idea that no one is too smart for him; in this case there is one, for the runaway is "leading him a dance" over walls, etc., till he arrives at the top of a steep hill, when jumping on his car, down he goes, leaving the poor policeman "feeling awfully cheap." Sometimes this officer, angered by the thought of losing his game, continues the chase by also sliding down the hill; but he is sure to be blocked up, before he arrives at the middle, and so reaches the bottom head foremost. But, as is generally the case, when he does not continue the pursuit down the hill, he returns in no very amiable mood to his former guard, only to find all the youngsters who come out as soon as he starts to pursue the other, sliding as gaily as ever. Of course, his appearance is a general signal to "pull up." The officer will not be fooled this time at least, and nothing will move him from his post; but, ah! they are yet too smart for him. Do what they will, they cannot make him leave his post, and yet the sliding is too good to be relinquished, so what do they do? They all retire into some yard or other and hold a council, so near the policeman that he can hear their voices, but not their words. At length there is a great calm; the meeting is dissolved. Not a word is heard; not a boy is seen. It is said that a calm generally foretells a storm, and in this case, at least, it is true, for, as the bobby begins to congratulate himself on the success of his exertions,

whist! a rumbling noise is heard in the distance, and after continuing for some time, rouses the policeman from the lethargy into which the great calm has thrown him. After listening for some time, the awful truth breaks on him, the sliders have betaken themselves by the back roads to another hill; but the worst of it is that they have been fooling him, and this above all cannot be borne. So off he goes and again puts an end to their sliding, but not to their merriment, for far from annoying them, a chase, now and again, is almost necessary to keep up the steam. There go the sliders helter-skelter, their cars on their backs, while the policeman's name is coupled with an elegant *soubriquet*, as for instance, Herringback Hamilton, and Cowld-foot McLaughlin, the former so called from the exquisite shape of his spine, and the latter on account of the exceedingly delicate slap of his pedals while walking; and thus yelling and screaming, the sliding club have the field, only to be again caught at their former slide. This takes place several times each day, until at last the discomfited peeler retires altogether, whilst the sliders, rejoicing in their victory, continue their game till late at night, when they retire, and after congratulating one another on their escapes during the day, go home perhaps for the first time that day, and after partaking of a good supper, go to bed to dream of sleighing on imaginary hills, of fighting with, or escaping from, imaginary policemen, over whom they always gain a victory, and thus ends the first day of the slides. It may not appear much to Canadian readers, but for young Irish lads, it is just so much as to put a stop to study (for the schools are closed for a month), while the frost lasts or while there is any chance of the above scene being repeated.

A. TIMON, '92, in The Owl.

The Monarch and the Maiden.

THE well-known good nature of his majesty King Leopold, of Belgium, is well illustrated by a story which is now being circulated. It seems that more than six years ago, that is, in August, 1883, a seaman named Frank Moore deserted from the Red Sea steamer Rhineland, at Philadelphia. For this offence he was, a few months ago, arrested at Antwerp, and imprisoned. While he was lying under sentence at Antwerp, a little niece of the prisoner despatched a letter to King Leopold. The little girl, whose name is Bessie Keim, wrote from Philadelphia, beseeching the release of her uncle Frank. The little suppliant told her story very childishly, but very pathetically, saying how six years ago her auntie was dying, and that her only prayer was that she might live to see her brother Frank. The letter which the uncle received was shown to the captain of the steamer, who was asked to give the seaman permission to go and see his sister. This the captain refused, and then the uncle deserted. Little Bessie, after reciting the circumstances, gravely asked: "Your majesty, if you had been in his place would not you have done the same?" and concluded with — "Hoping you will pardon uncle Frank for deserting, and me for writing." The letter had the desired effect, and Bessie received a reply from a high government official, saying the uncle had been released "out of compliment to his majesty's little friend."

Bring up a Child in the Way It Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHEN Catholic parents persist in sending their children to Godless and irreligious schools, they cease to be good Catholics; and join hands with the enemies of religion, to lead souls into unbelief in God.

SOME children, like some of their elders, take things easy, and lay up a hope that in the future they can make good their lost time over their books, and the many lessons they have failed to learn; and in doing so they deceive themselves, for lost time never comes again.

THE great aid to all study is to have a method of studying; to do so much in so much time. The knowledge gained in that way will remain fixed and firm in the mind, and can be used afterward with greater ease and effect. The children who neglect to make use of a method in study, make their work harder and its results very uncertain.

THERE is no man or woman to whom the Almighty has given a child in holy marriage, who does not expect that when the day comes when he or she can work no longer, their offspring, strong and stalwart, will take their places, give them support, and what is better, give them the joy of knowing that when their days will have been ended, their children will not only do honor to their memory, but will also do honor to God in a life of true virtue.

THE only way in which parents can be certain of the support of their children in their old age, and of their fidelity to God through all their life, is to see that they learn to adore and serve God in their youth. They must see that they learn their religion thoroughly, and make that the most important study of their life. Then the parents may be certain that their children will be obedient to them in every particular, and not only when they are young, but also when they are old. And they will have no doubt but that they will serve God, and let no power ever draw them away from Him.

IT may appear to parents, who do not look well into the future, that it is most important to give their children an education in what is necessary for success in the world, leaving the knowledge of God to be learned in any way the opportunity may present itself; and this is the reason why we have Catholic parents, who in spite of the command of the Church in which they claim a membership, send their children to schools where religion of every kind is excluded by law. But these parents are nevertheless in error, whether that be known or unknown to them; and for them and their children there will be no future of joy with God. The reason is very clear; they refuse to listen to the Church speaking for God; and they bring their children up in ignorance of God. "He that is not with Me, is against Me," and time after time, He has said that He will ignore all such on the last day.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

PART III, of Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers, will be given in our next issue.

THE Reunion of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, at the Mechanic's Hall, on the evening of the 17th of February, was a great success. All the entertainments of this association are well managed.

GEORGE RUSSELL JACKSON will find something to his advantage by calling at the office of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

MR. THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., Ph. D., has been engaged as a member of the teaching faculty of the Ottawa University, Canada. Mr. O'Hagan has been a contributor to our MAGAZINE in the past. He is not only a prose writer, but has written poetical contributions of a high order.

PATRICK B. WYNN, who has been canvassing for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is no longer in our employ. Should he impose on any one by saying he is connected with our MAGAZINE, and that they pay him any money it will be at their own risk, as he has no authority to do business for the MAGAZINE.

THE SACRED HEART REVIEW is published weekly under the patronage of the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Cambridge, Mass. The issue of the 22d of February, contained a good portrait of Father Strain, in full robes as Monsignor, together with a biographical sketch of his life. The very reverend gentleman has been a great worker in the Church, as his labors in Chelsea, Nahant, and Lynn, will attest. In the latter city he has erected church, school-house, convent, etc. He is now in his sixty-eighth year, and as zealous and active in the good cause as he was when appointed to Chelsea and Lynn, in 1851. Long may he continue to work in the vineyard of the Lord.

From the Boston Daily Herald.

Donahoe's Magazine.

THE February instalment of this Roman Catholic monthly contains an article on Prize-Fighting in England, by Mr. W. F. Donovan, one of the Herald attaches. More and more this periodical is improving its character. It is the magazine of the million, and its selections are choice, readable, and often valuable. Not only is the character of the magazine greatly improved from what it used to be, but there is more and more original matter, written by the American clergy and laity.

ST. PATRICK prayed to God that the Irish people, whom he converted, might never lose their faith. Undoubtedly, his prayers have been heard.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, speaking at Bath, referred to the Parnell investigation and the report of the commission, and said: "The Times is branded with eternal infamy, and is a monument of lasting disgrace to English journalism."

CORRECTION.—In the verses entitled, "Where is He?" published in the MAGAZINE for March, the fourth line of the first stanza should have read, "Ere his day's course is run," instead of "Ere his day's long course is run."

THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY, of Boston, celebrate their 153d anniversary at the Parker House on the 17th of March.

In 1883 the late Mr. Biggar was sued for breach of promise of marriage by Miss Fanny Hyland, and she was awarded $2,000.

Connaught is the province most suitable for the production of honey in Ireland. Connaught agriculturists should not allow the fact to escape their notice. Bee-keeping in Connaught, if we may judge from recent statistics, should prove a most remunerative industry for those prepared to follow it up with energy and intelligence.

A Bad Move.

The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette: The reported intention of the mayor to remove Mr. Doogue from the position of City Forester, which he has filled so ably and so entirely to the satisfaction and the credit of the city, will meet with the serious disapproval of the community at large, and is to be reprehended on every point. Never have the Public Garden and the public squares been more carefully tended, and more exquisitely beautiful than they have been under his charge, and never has the public money been more conscientiously expended than it has been by this honest and efficient public servant. There is no fault that can be justly found with his administration of his office, and there can be no reason for superseding him that rises higher than some paltry expedient. Mr. Doogue has kept himself and his office out of politics; but ward politicians probably see some pickings and stealings, upon which they look with hungry eyes and unappeasable longings, some pie into which they are eager to plunge their fingers in search of plums. Mr. Doogue should be retained exactly where he is. He is a tried official, who has done his whole duty by the public, and who has fully realized the most sanguine expectations. The Public Garden in spring, summer, and early autumn has been the admiration and delight of all strangers visiting our city, and to Mr. Doogue's taste, zeal, integrity, and constant care all this is owing. It will be a shame and a disgrace to remove him; and if the mayor carries out his purpose, it will be one more reproach to his weak and frivolous administration.

Western Watchman: Our Protestant contemporaries are in ecstasy over the confirmation of Dorchester and Morgan. They accept it as a victory of Protestantism, and a sure forerunner of the downfall of papal power in American politics. We confess that there are some tribes of Indians who have a natural leaning for Protestantism and who hate the black gowns; they are those who practise polygamy.

Suicides Increasing Alarmingly!

There has lately been an extraordinary and alarming increase in the number of suicides among officers of the German army. In one month twenty-eight officers shot themselves. This is the legitimate outcome of the spread of infidel ideas. If there be no God and no future life, does it profit to bear up against the ills of our present existence? German soldier-life, with its strict discipline and constant restraint, its anxieties and toils, is not a pleasant experience. Why, if Christian hope be a delusion, endure for one moment its discomforts? A pistol-shot, a knife-thrust, a dose of poison; any of these will remedy all in short order. This is the inevitable result of Luther's revolt against the authority of the Church. One by one the various points of Christian faith are first doubted and then rejected. Then follows a disbelief, a future life — the next step is suicide.

Conferring the Pallium.

The Trinidad papers give an account of the conferring of the pallium on the Most Rev. Dr. Flood, the Archbishop of that diocese. Recently, Dr. Flood paid a visit to Ireland, and while there his lordship called at Sligo jail on his brother, the chairman of the Longford Town Commissioners, who was at that time undergoing a sentence of imprisonment for having rendered aid to an evicted tenant. The interesting religious ceremony took place in the Cathedral at Port of Spain, and was carried out with all the solemn impressiveness proper to the occasion. Among those assisting were the Most Rev. Dr. Naughton, Bishop of Rousseau, also a distinguished Irishman, and the Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Bishop of Demerara. Dr. Flood is a native of Longford, and is one of the most distinguished members of the great Dominican Order.

A Catholic Club in Baltimore.

WITH Cardinal Gibbons on his right, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, on his left, President James R. Wheeler of the Catholic Club of Baltimore, presided at the first anniversary banquet of the organization, night of the 17th of February, at Rennert Hotel. The other prominent guests were: United States Senators Kenna, of West Virginia, Gorman, of Maryland, and Daniel, of Virginia; Gov. Jackson, of Maryland, Mayor Davidson, and President Farrelly of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia. Covers were laid for one hundred and twenty-five people. The speeches in response to toasts were principally in praise of the civil and religious liberty guaranteed by the American Constitution. Archbishop Ryan spoke of the wonderfully rapid growth of the Catholic Church in this country, and the desire of all good Catholics to be good American citizens.

Cardinal Gibbons, in responding to the toast "Archbishop Carroll and the hierarchy in the United States," said that Archbishop Carroll was justly styled the patriarch of the American church. He was a devoted Christian and an ardent patriot. The truths of religion, like God himself, are eternal and immutable, but the discipline of the church is changeable, just as man himself is always the same in his essential characteristics, while his dress varies according to the fashion and custom of the time. In expressing his satisfaction and pleasure at the presence of several United States senators, the Cardinal said that while he had attended sessions of the British House of Commons, the German Reichstag, and the French Congress, he considered the United States Senate the most magnificent and deliberative national body in the world.

$1,000 Damages Secured by Parnell's Secretary.

MR. HENRY CAMPBELL, member of the House of Commons for South Fermanagh, and private secretary to Mr. Parnell, was charged in a speech delivered at an Orange meeting with having provided the knives with which Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke were murdered in Phœnix park. The speech was published in the Belfast News-Letter. Mr. Campbell brought an action for libel against the paper, which was tried at Dublin. The paper was found guilty of publishing a libel, and damages to the amount of two hundred pounds were awarded the plaintiff.

E. D. Gray, a Rising Young Irishman.

THE Manchester Guardian and other journals have followed up the London Star in calling attention to the remarkable articles in the Freeman's Journal on the Coolgreaney estate. The articles, as is known, were written by Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray. Considering that Mr. Gray has not yet reached his twenty-first year, and that he has not been much more than a year in a newspaper office, they are certainly very remarkable productions. The cross-examination of Captain Hamilton's worthies was conducted with a skill that might have done credit to Sir Charles Russell, and the account books were investigated as though young Mr. Gray had served his time to a firm of auditors. This is one of Mr. Gray's first appearances in public; but those who have met him in private are not surprised at the promise of future prominence which these articles have given. Young Gray is really remarkable as much for character as for ability. He has an intense, strong will; and underneath the natural bashfulness of boyhood profound self-confidence. He is occasionally wrong — though his judgment is preternaturally sagacious — but he will stand by his convictions. He is a life-long teetotaller, fond of all open-air sports, and is a picture of the health and hopefulness of youth. He has all the quick intelligence of his Irish father, Sir John Gray, joined to the tenacity of purpose of a Scotch and very able mother. Gray will be one of the men Ireland will have to count with in the future. His father used to show about the wonderful epistles he received from his youngster. What a tragedy he has not lived to see the quick growth of his boy!

NINETY-SIX out of every one hundred persons, who take a ticket in the Louisiana Lottery, lose their money. This consideration must be added to the other reasons why persons should not take any chances in it.

St. Patrick's Eve, March 16, 1890.

A GRAND vocal and instrumental concert by leading artists will be given in Grand Hall, Mechanics' Building, Huntington avenue, Sunday night, March 16, 1890. Also, by special request, Rev. Richard J. Barry will lecture. Subject: "The cause and aspirations of Ireland" (the Land of Our Fathers). Doors open at 6.30; concert, 7.45; lecture from 8.30 to 9.30; concert after lecture until 10.15. Reserved seats, 50 cents.

MARCH — Month of St. Joseph.

Michael Davitt and Lord Hartington.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT addressed a crowded meeting at Crawshawbooth, in the Rossendale division, on Monday night. Referring to a resolution of welcome, he said that Rossendale held the fate of the Home Rule cause in its hands. The representative of Rossendale was the one obstacle in the way of satisfying the just aspirations of the Irish people. Lord Salisbury might be the head of the government, and his nephew might be a powerful chief secretary, but the member of Parliament who kept them both in power, and who held from Ireland what would make Ireland peaceful and happy, was the man sent to Parliament by a majority of the voters of Rossendale. On behalf of the Irish people, he appealed to the voters of Rossendale to rise equal to the proud position which would be theirs when next an appeal to the country was made. The chief objection Lord Hartington had to the concession of Home Rule was, that it would dismember the Empire, and disorganize and weaken the Imperial Parliament. History and experience were against this argument. Home Rule had strengthened and not weakened the Empire. There was a growing feeling in favor of Home Rule all around, and he should not be at all surprised if either from the Liberal camp, or the Tory camp, a general scheme of Federal Home Rule were put forward as the issue upon which the country had next to decide.

DON'T go to the theatre during Lent.

A DUBLIN jury, on Feb. 5, gave £450 damages, besides £50 lodged in court, in an action for libel brought by the Rev. Joseph Flood, parish priest of Kingscourt, county Cavan, against Mr. John Henry Luby, son of a former fellow of Trinity college, for having sent him a libellous post-card.

MR. FRANK MURPHY will leave Baltimore shortly for Rome, to present to Pope Leo a copy of Cardinal Gibbons' book, entitled, Our Christian Heritage. The copy intended for the Pope was prepared with special care as to the binding, etc., which is of the most durable and costly character.

THE New York Star says that the most certain and shortest road to bankruptcy in purse and character for any man, whether or not he be engaged in mercantile or professional pursuits, is that of politics.

IT is interesting to know that several of Brigham Young's descendants have become Catholics, and that the cottage which he occupied in his pioneer days is now part of the property of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

POPE LEO XIII. was eighty years old on the 2d of March, and on the 3d of March was the twelfth anniversary of his coronation. In honor of these two anniversaries he gave a reception to the College of Cardinals.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Manning pronounces the German Emperor's invitation, for an International Labor Congress, the wisest and worthiest act that has proceeded from any sovereign of our times.

Pope to the Nations.

ROME, March 3.— The Pope was borne to the chapel to-day on the Sedia, wearing the tiara and his full state vestments. The Pope made a speech, in which he said that it was his absolute duty to defend the doctrines of the Church, and that it would be beneficial if all governments put an end to war against the Church, and did their utmost to place her chief in a veritable state of independence.

A Triumph for Parochial Schools.

FOURTEEN young men, residents of Congressman Turner's congressional district in New York city, assembled on Feb. 15 in Grammar School No. 3, Grove street, to compete for the naval cadetship offered by the congressman. The examiners were Mr. S. Morehouse, principal of Grammar School No. 44; Rev. Brother James, director of De La Salle Institute in Fifty-ninth street, and Mr. Whiteside, vice-principal of Grammar School No. 3.

The proceedings were opened with appropriate remarks by Messrs. Benedict and Van Arsdale, representing the trustees of the Ninth Ward. The young men had previously passed a physical examination before Dr. E. Gallagher. The intellectual examination occupied the entire day. At the close the Board of Examiners announced that Edward D. Dowling, sixteen years of age, of 81 Hudson street, had won the prize.

The percentages were as follows: Edward D. Dowling, 94 per cent.; John Kearney, 93; Joseph McPeake, 80; Thomas J. O'Mara, 77; Michael J. Horan, 69; Joseph A. Farrell, 68; Daniel McEnerny, 66; James Sexton, 63; John J. Connell, 62; John J. Wolfe, 62; Elmer E. Frazee, 61; Eckford C. D. Kay, 60; James Daly, 59; Hugh O'Reilly, 55.

Masters Dowling and Kearney are graduates of St. Peter's Parochial School, and Master McPeake is at present a pupil of St. Joseph's Parochial School in Leroy street. The other seven of the first ten are either pupils or graduates of St. Peter's and St. Joseph's schools. The winner will have to undergo at Annapolis another examination.

Choir Leader for Forty Years.

"FORTY years is a long slice in the history of Manchester," says the New Hampshire Catholic of January 4th, in giving an interview with Manchester's veteran musician, PROF. WALTER DIGNAN, who had just completed the years designated, as leader of the choir of St. Anne's Church, and had at that time resigned on account of failing health. The writer had the pleasure of a brief half hour's conversation with Mr. Dignan, at his residence on Central street, recently. The landmark of early Catholic history in the loom city of the hills, has been for years a sufferer from rheumatism, and is now almost a cripple.

How many memories cluster round that clear-cut intellectual face, the writer thought, as Mr. Dignan gave a brief account of the experiences of the days when Know-Nothingism dared and failed — the days when the good and ever-to-be remembered Father McDonald, came a shepherd to the little flock, and held services in the little wooden building on Concord street. Passing over those trying days, he spoke of his march to the front at the opening of the war as musician, and his connections with different regiments. Then his return, and taking his old place as leader of St. Anne's choir. Here was a living teacher, the writer thought, of the sufferings of the Irish settlers of fifty years ago, as Mr. Dignan recounted the story of the mob attacking the church, with the choir practising inside, and smashing its windows.

But Manchester, from a straggling village, where the risen cross was forbidden by the populace, has since swelled into a city, and the little wooden building into a bishopric. And that brave follower of the faith, Father McDonald, from being an object of hate and mistrust by a few misguided provincial country people, has since passed from earth, beloved and lamented by a great city. And now, with the great sun of after years upon his brow, and with only the respect of a community he had seen grow up around him to strengthen his heart upon the road, Professor Walter Dignan may well wait the twilight sky, which the writer hopes may yet be far away. J. R.

THE official returns show an unprecedented falling off in the emigration from Ireland, during the month of January, 1890, as compared with the same month in 1889. In 1889 as many as 2,532 persons emigrated from Ireland in January. This year the number was only 767.

EX-GOVERNOR ENGLISH of Connecticut, recently deceased, left five thousand dollars to St. Francis Orphan Asylum.

THE utter rout of the Mormons in the recent municipal election in Salt Lake City is a matter for congratulation by every lover of decency and good government. Polygamy is the only black spot remaining on the American escutcheon, and we hope the recent Mormon defeat foreshadows its early and final removal.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S appointment of Rev. George W. Pepper as United States Consul at Milan, is not only an eminently suitable one in itself, but will be most gratifying to the friends of the Irish-American patriot, who are to be found, in large numbers, in every section of our broad land.

A Parallel and a Contrast.

SAYS the Liverpool Catholic Times: The news of the death of Dr. Dœllinger forces on the mind a comparison between the famous German scholar and our own Cardinal Newman. Both attained, early in life, the highest academic honors; both devoted themselves to study, particularly to the study of the early history of the Church; both gained a world-wide renown for learning; both had a deep influence with the most cultured men in their respective countries; but the result of the life history of these two great men is another proof that the real differences in the natures of men lie beneath the plane on which learning and mental power exist. When the day of trial came to Dr. Newman it found him humble and teachable. He became as a little child and entered the kingdom. When the same trial (presented under another form) met the German theologian, he rebelled in the pride of his intellect against the teaching of the Church, and made shipwreck of his faith.

Earl Spencer and Mr. Parnell.

EARL SPENCER, speaking at Wolverton, reproved the Times for its gullibility in swallowing so readily Pigott's forged letters, which were, in fact, the backbone of all its charges. He said that whenever, during the last fifteen years' inquiry into the doings or sayings of anybody connected with Dublin castle, had elicited any communication from Pigott, what he said had been always found to be unreliable. He related many instances of Pigott's attempts to obtain money for pretended information while he himself was lord-lieutenant. He said: "If the Gladstonians are now worthy of blame for their alliance with the Parnell party, the Tories were also worthy of blame for the alliance of 1885-1886, and for the present offers of local government to Ireland." Earl Spencer believed that posterity would regard Mr. Parnell as one of the greatest reformers of the generation.

MISS CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN, the Irish writer and poetess, daughter of the late William Smith O'Brien, and the only one of that admirable patriot's children who inherits his principles, has become a convert to the Catholic faith. In announcing the fact she pays a high compliment to the American Irish, and mentions, in particular, Mr. William J. Onahan, of Chicago.

The Irish Envoys to Australia.

AMONG the passengers on the steamer Australia, which arrived from Honolulu, at San Francisco, recently, were the Irish leaders, John Dillon, M. P., and Sir Thomas H. Grattan Esmonde, M. P. Considerable preparation had been made to receive the visitors, and when the Australia came to dock, a committee of Irish-American citizens, and a large number of other persons, were waiting on the wharf and extended welcome to the Home Rule advocates. The visitors were taken at once to rooms at the hotel, where a committee waited upon them, and presented them with an address of welcome, congratulating them upon their successful efforts throughout the Australian colonies, and other places in the southern hemisphere, in behalf of the Irish cause. An informal reception was held at the rooms of the guests in the afternoon. Dillon and Esmonde will lecture in many of the principal cities of the United States before returning to Ireland.

DURING the present month especially lay your grievances at the feet of St. Joseph.

What an Able M. P. Says in Relation to Irish Affairs.

LONDON, Feb. 27th. — T. P. O'CONNOR, editor of the Star, and member of Parliament, was seen by a reporter at the office of his paper to-day, and was asked this question:

"What improvement or change in the internal government of Ireland, short of absolute independence, would the Irish party consider satisfactory?"

In reply, Mr. O'Connor said:

"At the outset, let me say that no member of the Irish party regards absolute separation as possible, nor is there a single member who regards their severance favorably even in theory.

"The finding in the report in the Parnell case that some members in the national party had joined the land league, with a view to eventual disruption of the empire, is not only false, but, to all Irishmen acquainted with the actual facts of the case, and the characters of the gentlemen named, was a misapprehension so grotesque as to deprive the report of the judge's opinions on Irish politics of any solid value whatsoever.

"I am glad to see that the American papers coincide with my opinion, that the net result will be an immense gain to the cause of Ireland. The judges who acquitted us, as a matter of fact, partly condemned us by inference. In other words, their lordships acquitted individuals, but convicted organizations. But the acquittals will be remembered and the convictions forgotten.

"How absurd it was to let the three pedantic, black-letter lawyers pronounce on a movement which is so vast in scope, and so portentous in consequences, and which, in view of the fierce passions aroused, and the enormous interests assailed, is of a semi-revolutionary character. Then you must remember that the three judges were pronounced political opponents to the Irish cause — two of them bigoted Tories and the third a Liberal Unionist."

Mr. O'Connor, warming with his subject, got up and walked restlessly about the room as he went on earnestly:

"Why, sir, did not Sir Charles Russell prove in his speech, in the House, that the tribunal was intentionally packed with the political partisans of the government? However, the noble Irish party is confident of what it wants and will have at the next general election."

"But what style of government," asked the reporter, "will satisfy the party?"

With a superb gesture Mr. O'Connor replied:

"A viceroy, aided by a responsible cabinet: a national Irish Parliament, consisting of one chamber only.

"The party of Ireland," he continued, "make no common cause with any labor movement beyond general sympathy with the poor and oppressed all over the world. We, as a party, have no affiliation with socialism or any other ism; we are content to follow the course marked out by our fathers in the glorious though short time of Ireland's free Parliament, when loyalty to the crown and to the country were the distinguishing characteristics of such men as Grattan, Saurin, and others who, though differing in creed from the mass of the people, yet bent their best energies to the common cause of their country, and under whose influence Ireland prospered to an extent unequalled by any nation of the earth."

The Church in China.

REV. A. GOETTE, a member of the Franciscan Order, has recently arrived in San Francisco from China, where he has been stationed for several years. Speaking of the progress of Christianity in the East, he said: "My headquarters have been in the city of Singantou, which has a population of eight thousand, and was formerly the imperial city for eight hundred years. We have there two churches and a college for Chinese boys. Our bishop lives at Koalan, thirly miles distant, where he has an orphan asylum, under the charge of Chinese Christians, and care for one thousand five hundred children, most of whom would have been put out of the way but for us. Our mission has been established a little over three hundred years, and there are now thirty thousand Christianized Chinese in the province, which is about the size of France."

Boston's Gathering of the Veterans.

BOSTON Daily Globe : Boston will be the scene in August next of one of the most notable gatherings ever held within her limits. The national reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic is then to be held in this city. There are many indications already that this will be the largest reunion of Grand Army veterans ever held. New England is particularly appropriate as the section in which to hold such a gathering, for New England is much more largely represented in the great West than any other part of the United States. Already entire posts in the West are making preparations to be here during the national encampment, and the attendance from other parts of the Union promises to be unprecedented. It is probable that at least one hundred thousand veterans will come together. Boston will be proud of the honor of receiving them, and will discharge her duties as hostess with more than her usual warmth and spirit.

THE first schools in the United States were conducted on a denominational basis, and the study of religion was an essential part of their work. The sooner they are made so again the better for the United States.

The Working Classes.

M. DECURTINS, a Swiss Catholic and a social reformer of European fame, is about to visit Great Britain and Ireland to study the question of capital and labor among the British and Irish people. Such visits tend to show that new bonds are being formed between the working classes in the different countries, and that the leaders of thought in the Catholic Church look to the future not with gloomy pessimism, but with confidence in the application of Catholic principles to the gravest and most perplexing problems.

Boston College: Present and Perspective.

THE English High School, now at a satisfactory beginning at Boston College, is the fruit of a suggestion made some years ago to Father Fulton by the Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston.

It is destined to supply a two-fold need. First, it provides for the boys who, in the present insufficiency of parochial schools, have lacked the advantage of religious teaching in their early school years ; a place where, on leaving the grammar school, they can have the High School course, with religious training added. Then it is the proper educational promotion for the boys who have graduated from the parochial schools, and whose parents are able to provide for their higher education. The school is open to all the Catholic boys of Boston, whether from public or parochial schools ; but no candidate will be accepted from either till he has attained the proficiency which may be reasonably expected after a thorough grammar school course.

This English High School's course, which includes English, the modern languages, the mathematical and scientific departments, as in the Boston College Latin School, adds thereto, for the first year, a complete course in grammar. Book-keeping, type-writing, and stenography are taught in so thorough fashion that they will be well-tempered and ready instruments in the hands of the young student going out to make his way in the world. The mathematical course is as follows : Algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytical geometry, calculus, applied mathematics — a course equalled in comprehensiveness in very few colleges in America. The course embraces also logic and metaphysics. It covers four years, like the College Latin School — the difference between the two schools being the omission of Latin and Greek from the High School course, while type-writing and stenography are omitted from the College course. The degree of Bachelor of Science will be awarded to the High School graduates.

This year, the school naturally opened with the lowest class. Some of the applicants, as, for example, those from the English High School, were too far advanced, and had to be assigned to their proper grade in the College Latin School. The latest good work of Father Fulton for the spiritual and temporal advancement of the Catholic boys of Boston has made a very hopeful beginning ; has enlisted the interest of the rectors of the various churches, and promises soon to be a shining success.

Cardinal Newman.

THE London Echo says: "Cardinal Newman, although so advanced in years, is singularly thrifty of his time, and is still a devoted student. He rises, when in fair health, about six each morning, and spends till seven o'clock in private prayer and meditation. At seven o'clock he says Mass, and shortly afterwards breakfasts. At his breakfast his Eminence goes through his correspondence, which, as a rule, is very heavy, and immediately the meal is over he addresses himself to the task of answering his correspondents. Although he has many willing secretaries, the illustrious oratorian writes most of his replies himself, and on a point of conscience, or a doctrinal difficulty, will write a long letter in his marvellously clear and legible hand. The Cardinal now rarely dines at the community table, and somewhat keenly feels the necessity of keeping so much to his room. Not so many years ago, when he was plain Dr. Newman, he not only used to dine with the community, but take his turn at *waiting* upon his brethren. It must have been a strange sight — that of the profound scholar and theologian with all due humility handing the plates round to his fellow-priests. When he became a Prince of the Church this pious observance had to be waived."

FOR many years past, one of our esteemed city ladies had experienced such severe difficulties with her eyes, that, after having consulted and been treated in vain by opticians of eminence, she nearly despaired of ever sufficiently regaining enough strength of vision to be of any material aid to her for reading or sewing during the remainder of her life. Having her attention called to the Optical Institute, 52 Boylston street, she concluded to call and get their opinion. The opticians in charge, after carefully studying and diagnosing her case, ground and fitted to her a pair of spectacles, that have corrected the refractive errors in her eyes to such a degree that she is now enabled to read for hours, a thing which hitherto she had been incapable of doing for years, and as she herself says, "With the aid of my glasses I can see as clearly as a bright-eyed maiden of eighteen." Being so grateful for the restoration of her vision, she has donated a large sum of money to the Optical Institute, to be used for the treatment of the poor who require the services of skilled opticians, and have not the means to defray the necessary expenses. In accordance with the above, the Institute has set aside the Friday afternoon of each week, from two to five, when they will gratuitously examine the eyes of people, and furnish them with proper spectacles, the only stipulation required being a testimonial from the pastor or family physician of the person, stating that they are deserving the favor to which this philanthropic lady entitles them.

The Lepers.

IN a recent letter from Father Conrardy to Archbishop Gross, the heroic priest states that the number of lepers has increased to twelve hundred. He complains of the red tape methods of the Board of Health, and says that they are very, very slow in sending things needed, and there is much suffering in consequence. Speaking of the weather there, he said it was very warm. A newspaper of Honolulu having called that city the Paradise of the Pacific, Father Conrardy humorously remarked that it was too "hot" for a paradise. His friends in Oregon will be glad to know that his health is now very good, and that notwithstanding his dreadful surroundings, he is contented and happy.

F. W. Prescott & Co.'s Opening.

F. W. PRESCOTT & CO. entertained their friends in their new and spacious banking quarters in the Phœnix Building at 54 Devonshire street. They now occupy the entire second floor, consisting of five rooms, a stock room, two private offices, and two specialty rooms. All the apartments are nicely fitted up and furnished, the stock board has been renovated and looks like a new one, and a vault is conveniently place, opening into two rooms. The rooms are all finished in hardwood, and the cashiers' counters are handsomely polished pieces of furniture, resplendent in gilt and glass. We refer to their advertisement.

Death of a Catholic Publisher.

WE regret to have to record the death of Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, the general manager of the Catholic Publication Society Co., a gentleman well known for the last thirty-five years in Catholic publishing and book-selling circles, in New York, and, indeed, throughout the United States, who died on the afternoon of Thursday, Feb. 27th, at his residence, 161 Tomkins avenue, Brooklyn, in the 58th year of his age, from the effects of a cold contracted a few weeks ago, while attending the funeral of an old friend, and which developed into an attack of acute pneumonia, which proved fatal after an illness of five days. Mr. Kehoe was born in the parish of Litter, county Wexford, Ireland, July 24, 1832, came to this country when a young lad, and, soon after his arrival in New York, obtained a position as clerk and salesman in the Catholic publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., then located at No. 164 William street, in this city. On the demise, a few years after, of one of the junior members of the Sadlier firm, Mr. Kehoe was advanced to the position of general manager, which he retained until, on the starting of the Catholic Publication Society, by Rev. Father Hecker, founder of the Paulist Order, he was induced to take charge of the business of that establishment, to the entire control of which he succeeded on the withdrawal of Father Hecker and the Paulist Fathers from direct connection with the publishing business. Mr. Kehoe was an active and experienced business man, and soon established such connections with all the leading European Catholic publishing houses, as enabled the Catholic Publication Society of New York to place in the American trade an immense line of works that had previously been beyond the reach of American Catholics, owing to the cost of their importation — a fact to which the success that has attended the business operations of the society was largely due. Mr. Kehoe had been for many years a resident of Brooklyn, where he was a trustee of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, and also of St. John's Home, and of St. Joseph's Asylum. His funeral took place on Saturday, at half past ten o'clock, A.M., from the church of St. John the Baptist, Willoughby and Lewis avenues, where a Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated. The burial was in Holy Cross Cemetery, Flatbush. May he rest in peace. The Catholic says of the deceased: "Blunt in his speech and brusque in his manner every one knew him to be; but never was there a more honest and kinder heart, or a simpler and sincerer nature than his. He was the most faithful of friends, a most prominent and combative American, and, above all, a Catholic of the ultramontane school, the best kind of Catholics, whose good lives, strong faith, and invincible courage are the delight of friends, and the awe of enemies. Among our Catholic publishers he was one of the most enterprising, and the trade will suffer by his death. The prayers of the Catholic body are earnestly besought for his eternal repose. His one desire in life was to earn and deserve the esteem of Catholics, and we know that his one desire now would be the charity of their remembrance in prayer."

Death of an Irish Scientist.

THE death of Sir Robert Kane, which occurred at his residence in Dublin, recently, removes from among us one, who, nearly half a century ago, won a high position in the ranks of Irish scientists, and who bore his labors, his honors, and the weight of years, with the patience and the modesty of the ideal philosopher, and of the true Christian. He had reached his eighty-first year, and, except for the fact that five years ago he gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Irish Industries, it might be said of him that he was a man of another generation.

THE Grattan Literary Institute, of Hyde Park, Mass., celebrated the natal day of Robert Emmet, on the evening of the 4th of March, by an entertainment in Y. M. C. A. Hall, followed by an oration by Hon. Philip J. Doherty, of Boston, the hall being crowded. The address was historical in character, and was closely followed by those present.

One of the Greatest of our Charities.

THE Catholic Review, of New York, has this notice of the work done by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul:

The Boston Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has just issued its report for the past year. There is no more interesting record of the charitable work done by this magnificent society. We are inclined to be over warm in expressing our respect for this organization, but the figures presented by its conferences at the end of each year render all praise unnecessary. Thirty-two conferences belong to the Boston Council, numbering five hundred and forty-one members. The average attendance at the meetings was seventy-two per cent. of the membership; 5,357 persons were afforded aid; 103 situations were procured; over 22,000 visits were made to the poor, and almost $27,000 were expended in charity. Two years ago this month the Society began a new work. They employed an agent to give his whole time to the interests of Catholic children who might, through any circumstance, find their way to the courts or to the jails. The report of this agent for the year 1889 makes a fine showing. He made 1,730 visits; investigated 505 cases; found situations for six children; procured guardianship papers for sixteen; took from court on probation ninety-six, and placed in comfortable homes two hundred and ten. We have but to remember that without the supervision and work of this agent, supported by the society, all but a small percentage of these children would have lost the faith, and immediately the importance of the work is understood. Blessings upon the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, wherever they flourish, and on the particular council of the city of Boston.

Joan of Arc.

IT is proposed to erect a colossal statue of Joan of Arc, and the bishop of Verdun, who heads the movement, appeals to all French Catholics for support. He suggests the erection of a chapel on the ruins of the castle in which the Sire de Beaudricourt at last gave in to Joan. In this chapel he would place a colossal statue of Joan, armed with the sword of St. Catherine, and surrounded by the men who went with her to Chinon. Deputy Fabre, however, would like France to rear a statue of Joan on the highest platform of Mont St. Michel, whose rock looks toward England and defies her. Patriotic and religious pilgrims would flock there.

"Blow the Horn."

[6TH DECEMBER.—Conna, county Cork. *Magistrates*—Colonel Longbourne, R. M., Colonel Desbarres, and Mr. Braddell. *Accused*—John Cahill and Patrick Donovan. *Charge*—Blowing horns. *Result*—Four months' imprisonment on refusing to give bail.

A Voice—Have courage, boys.

One of the Prisoners—God save Ireland! Blow the horn!

District-Inspector Ball—Clear the court.

This order was carried out by the police, and during the time a horn was repeatedly blown in court.

A Prisoner—It will not frighten us. Blow the horn!

Outside the court the magistrates and police were treated to a serenade by the horn-blowers, who accompanied them a considerable distance on their way home.]

THE court was full of men and boys,
Upon the bench were Balfour's tools;
Two youths were charged with making noise,
By blowing horns of cows or bulls.
"Pat Donovan, will you give bail?"
Their worships asked. Pat laughed in scorn:
"Begor, I'd rather go to jail;
God save Ireland; Blow the horn!"
(*Horn obligato.*)

"Then four months hard, we deem your due,"
Their worships said, "for this offence;
And now, John Cahill, what say you
For your excuse or your defence?"
Said John, "An Irishman am I;
I have been that since I was born;
I'll be the same until I die;
God save Ireland: Blow the horn!"
(*More horn music.*)

Even as they said, so say we all;
We fear not dungeon, axe, or chain;
The tyrant's tortures, great and small
To fright our hearts are tried in vain.
Our night of woe is nearly past,
We see the light of freedom's morn,
The glorious sun comes up at last;
God save Ireland: Blow the horn!
(*Grand concert of horns of all sorts and sizes.*)

T. D. S., in Dublin Nation.

Swapping School Houses.

ST. PAUL, March 2.—In view of the fact that in several cities Catholic priests have recently ordered Catholic parents to send their children to parochial schools exclusively, an event occurred here yesterday afternoon which is remarkable, and may lead to a solution of the school question. The Catholics have lately finished a school building in St. John's parish, Dayton's Bluff. In that section of the city the public schools have been crowded all winter, and the board of education had been considering what was best to be done until spring, when a building could be erected.

Father Fleming, pastor of the parish, learned of the dilemma and staggered Superintendent Gilbert so that he could hardly believe his senses by offering to donate the Catholic parish school to the city, only requiring that it pay the absolute and necessary running expenses, such as hire of teachers, purchase of fuel, etc.

Father Fleming said the teachers now in the parish schools could be examined, and if they came up to the required standard they should be kept, otherwise not. During school hours the question of religion was to be scrupulously banished from the school room. Of course, if religious instruction was given after school hours he did not think there could be anything objectionable in that.

The proposition was so manifestly fair, and the clergyman so evidently sincere, that the superintendent took the matter seriously under consideration, and will report it favorably to the board of education.

THE LIFE of a magazine or newspaper depends upon the prompt payments of subscribers. Please look at the direction on the cover of the MAGAZINE, and see how much you owe and send the amount as soon as you can. Post-office order is the surest way to send money.

Fortune Tellers and Wizards.

FATHER WALL, of the Pittsburg Cathedral, has begun a campaign against the habit of consulting fortune-tellers and wizards. In a sermon he says: "We find youths, young girls, and especially married women, making a practice of this sin. If you deliberately visit a fortune-teller you are indulging in a mortal sin. If you go out of pure thoughtlessness it is not so bad, but it is a sin nevertheless. It is the same thing as going to an idol and giving your heart to it. This is idolatry of the worst kind. I would like to impress on your mind that fortune-tellers compose the worst characters in the community. One class of the business is fortune-telling, and the other is the seduction and ruin of youth. To my own personal knowledge I know of persons who have been ruined by consulting these people. I warn all persons of the congregation, and hope you will extend this knowledge that it is a mortal sin against the First Commandment. Avoid them and their nefarious business, for the designs they have on the morality of youth."

ROBERT EMMET'S BIRTHDAY was celebrated in various parts of the United States and Canada with more than usual enthusiasm. The dawn of Home Rule is infusing new life into the sons and daughters of Ireland.

A Notable Example.

THE English Messenger of the Sacred Heart says: "Sir Paul Molesworth, Bart., who was received into the Church in 1854, and lately died a happy death at the age of seventy, gave the Associates of the Third Degree an example of reparation, at his last visit to the Carmelite Convent at Llanherne, a very few days before his death. It happened to be the day when the feast of Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, the Cornish martyr, was being celebrated in the diocese of Plymouth, and the nuns, who are rich in the possession of an illustrious relic of the holy martyr, had erected a little altar for its exposition. Sir Paul knelt before the relic, and as a magistrate of the county, and in the name of his own ancestors, offered an act of reparation for the persecution which the blessed man had suffered from them, and from his predecessors in office, during his apostolic life and martyrdom, laying a bouquet of flowers upon the altar. Such acts mark the progress of the faith, and bids us pray with confidence for the conversion of England."

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."— *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimoe.*

Catholic Publication Society Co., N.Y.

WHO WAS BRUNO? A Direct Answer to a Plain Question. From the latest published documents. By John A. Mooney. Price 25 cents.

Any candid man who wishes to know the truth about Giordano Bruno, that remarkable individual who in recent times has been exalted by a certain class of our citizens into a martyr to the holy cause of liberty, independence, and free thought, will do well to get and read a small pamphlet published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., of New York, entitled "Who was Bruno?" A direct answer to a plain question, from the latest published documents by John A. Mooney. This brochure, which is ably written and displays a thorough knowledge of the subject, will at least show that there is another side to the question. Of course strong partisans who hate the Catholic Church, and are ever ready to seize with avidity upon any and every charge that is made against her, however absurd and mendacious, will not care to inform themselves of the real facts in the history of Bruno. They will continue to write and preach and ring the charges on the spiritual tyranny of "Rome," as illustrated in the burning of the glorious martyr Bruno, when, in fact, as Mr. Mooney's pamphlet shows, when Bruno was condemned by the inquisition for heresy and evil life, he was turned over to the governor of Rome accompanied with a petition that the civil officer would "mitigate his corporal punishment so that it would neither endanger his life nor risk the mutilation of his body." Our partisan friends are accustomed to apologize for the cruelties of their ancestors in whipping, imprisoning, banishing, and even putting to death certain martyrs to the liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment, by attributing it to the spirit of the age. The difference between the two cases is that Bruno, though an apostate, an advocate of paganism, a scoffer at Christianity, a reviler of Christ, a philosopher of the grotesque and the obscene, in short, a hypocrite and miserable moral wreck, was recommended to mercy by the inquisition, while the poor Baptists and Quakers, though brother Protestants, and God-fearing men, found no mercy at the hands of their Puritan persecutors. Is it not time that this unholy warfare should cease?

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., Chi.

GETHSEMANI, JERUSALEM, AND GOLGOTHA. Meditations and Prayers for Lent. Translated from the German, by Rev. A. Geyer. To which are added Morning and Evening Prayers, Devotions for Mass, the Stations of the Cross, and other Prayers in Honor of the Passion of Our Lord. Cloth, 35 cents. Arabesque, gilt centre and edges, 60 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Did Luther hang himself?" is the question discussed in a volume just published by Father Majunke, who was formerly chief editor of the Germania. It appears that on the death of the so-called reformer, the report got abroad that he did not die from natural causes. The report was subsequently confirmed by his valet, who abjured the heresy into which he had been led. This man stated that on entering his master's bedroom on the morning of the 28th of February, 1546, he found him dead and hanging from his bed. The first attempts of the Protestants to dispute the truth of the valet's testimony, date from 1635, but the arguments adduced were so weak that it is thought wiser to trust to a conspiracy of silence. Hence, in the works of modern panegyrists of Luther we seek in vain for an allusion to the valet's declaration. Father Majunke now shows its *vraisemblance*, supporting his contention by arguments of the psychological order.

All the above books can be had at Messrs. Noonan & Co., 19 and 21 Boylston Street.

MUSIC.

White Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal.— "The Sea King's Bride," words by Arthur Matthison, music by Henry Leslie. "Bridal Chorus," from "The Rose Maiden," words by R. E. Francilla, music by F. H. Cowen. "Say, love what will you do?" Duet, by C. A. White. "The flag of our Union," by Wm. Grant Brooks. "Only Tired," by C. A. White. "Evening two part Song," words by Adelaide A. Proctor, music by P. La Villa. "Annie Rooney's Baby," by Paul Jassett.

Instrumental: — "Joys of the Dance Waltzes," by Frederic E. White. "Russian Army Grand March," by D. L. White, arranged for four hands. "The Ball Waltz," by G. Ludovic. "Two Little Pieces for Pianoforte," by F. Bemy, No. 1. "French Child's Song;" No. 2. "Little Hungarian Melody." "A Summer Night in Munich," Waltz, by Alfred Cellier. "Easter Lilies Waltzes," by C. A. White, arranged for four hands. "Le Petit Bal Polka," by Francois Behr. "Le Petit Bal Mazurka," by same author. "Sounds From The Old Home," by Frederic E. White. "Early Dawn," by H. Lichner. "La Sercet," by Leonard Gautier. "La Clochette," for Guitar, by Frederic Sulzner. "On The Race," Galop, by J. J. Himelman. "Bijou Valse," by Jennie Louise Pratt. "Chanson de Noel," by P. Beaumont. "Auf Wildersehu Waltz," for Banjo, by C. H. Bailey.

Books. — "Charles Halle's" Pianoforte Tutor, Section 1. No. 1. "The Folio," for February.

"The Four Leaved Clover, An Operetta in Three Acts, by M. B. Horne." An excellent little adaptation especially for children's voices.

Catholicity in the United States.

RIGHT REV. DR. HOGAN, Bishop of Omaha, Neb., whose taste for statistics is well known, has, in the course of other investigations pertaining to the diocese, been led to pursue inquiries into other fields, with a result that is not a little surprising. From a careful collation of government statistics, he is satisfied that a grave error exists in the estimated number of Catholics in the United States. The evidence of this seems irrefragable. According to the Ninth Census of the United States Vital Statistics, 1870, the total population was 38,558,371. Of this number 1,100,475 were under one year of age, or 1 in 35. According to the census of 1880 the total population was 50,162,783, of which 1,447,983 were under one year of age, or 1 in 34. Now, of all the records kept by the Catholic Church there is none more reliable than the baptismal register. Whilst there may be, and there is from various causes, error in the number reckoned as belonging to the various parishes, there is none in the number of "infant baptisms," which number may fairly be considered as equivalent to those made one year. From a careful collection of the statistics of the different dioceses, as given in the Catholic directories, it appears that the number of infant baptisms for last year was 440,000. Taking these figures as representing one out of every thirty, the Catholic population would be 13,200,000.

IN the mountains of the Bavarian Tyrol forty-six miles southeast of Munich, stands the far-famed and picturesque village of Ober-Ammergau. It will be made famous again next May by the performance of the Passion Play.

Gravity Battery.

THE attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Gethins Electrical Manufacturing Company on another page.

This company manufactures a gravity battery which is far superior to any ever invented, and is being adopted by the large cities of the country for their fire-alarm and police box service. It is also employed for all kinds of close circuit work, such as telegraph and railroad signal service and is destined to supersede the common battery now in general use, as it can be operated at less than one-half the cost, and perform its work with much greater constancy and reliability.

When it is considered that there are forty million batteries used in the United States alone, some idea may be had regarding the almost unlimited field in which this company has to operate.

A portion of the Treasury stock is being offered at $2.50 per share, at which price it is remarkably low, as it will, undoubtedly, be on a dividend paying basis in a short time.

The price of the stock has been placed at a low figure in order that it may be within the reach of people of moderate means, and as the company is preparing for an extensive business, the stock offers unusual inducements for the safe investment of funds.

Messrs. F. W. Prescott, Bankers & Brokers, 54 Devonshire street, are selling the stock, and strongly recommend it as a sound investment.

Germany and the Church.

THE Emperor William, by a special decree, has ordered that Catholic ecclesiastical students shall be exempt from military service during the time of peace. They will be classed in the reserves, but will not be called up for the periodical garrison exercises. The conduct of the Lutheran Emperor contrasts creditably with that of the existing rulers of France.

What Will They Do?

THE Pall Mall Gazette says: "We know what they would like to do with it. Ministers would like to bury this Parnell Report full fathom five, where lie already the remains of Mr. Pigott and the reputation of the Times."

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

ARCHBISHOP.

IT was not Archbishop McEvilly but Dr. Bernard, Protestant Bishop, who died on Jan. 31st, at the Palace, Tuam, in the eightieth year of his age. The event is deeply regretted by all, Catholics as well as Protestants.

CLERGYMEN.

THE Very Rev. Canon Horgan, P. P. and V. A., Ballymore-Eustace, has gone to his reward. Canon Horgan was a native of the city of Cork, and passed, at an early age, into St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, whence he passed to the National College, Maynooth.

AT the Presbytery, Malahide, Ireland, the Rev. William Clery, C. C., died in the 35th year of his age, and the 11th of his ministry. He came of an old and respected family from Tipperary.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Father Moloney, parish priest of Barndarrig, who, after a long life spent in the holy ministry, breathed his last at the advanced age of eighty years. A native of the county Tipperary, and educated at the time-honored College of St. Patrick in Carlow, where he was a most distinguished student.

THE death of the Rev. Father Ward, C. C., took place at his residence, Clones.

REV. DENIS M'CARTHY, P. P., Knockaderry, county Limerick, died after a long illness, at the age of sixty years.

IT is with feelings of no ordinary regret that we announce the death of the Rev. George Taaffe, the respected and patriotic pastor of Collon, county Louth.

THE Very Rev. Canon Wall, P. P., Murroe, county Limerick, Ireland, died recently, at the Parochial House, Murroe, after a brief illness, aged fifty-eight years.

REV. PETER HAVERMANS, of Troy, N.Y., the second oldest priest in the United States, died Feb. 17.

REV. J. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY, of St. Agnes' Church, New York, died Feb. 13, aged twenty-six years.

REV. E. SOBOCINSKI, O. S. F., died at Pulaski, Wis., Feb. 5. He was forty-eight years of age.

THE REV. MARTIN A. MCGINNIS, late of Ottawa, Ill., died in St. Louis.

REV. FATHER J. A. CASSIDY died Feb. 4, at his home at Murraysville, Ill.

REV. LUDWIG VOGTMANN, of the Church of the Holy Cross, Baltimore, Ireland, died Feb. 18, aged sixty-two years.

BROTHER.

BROTHER POLYCARP, an aged Christian Brother, died at the Brothers' Retreat, Glencoe, Mo., at the age of seventy-one. He was a member of the Order for forty-one years. Brother Polycarp had charge for several years of the orphan asylum in Troy, N. Y. afterwards in Chicago and then in Carondelet, Mo. He was a man of duty, faithful to his calling, delighting to do all the good to whom he could, but especially to his beloved orphans, who were always most dear to him whom he devoted the best years of his manhood.

SISTERS.

THE death of Sister Euphrasia Preston, of the Sisters of Mercy Convent, St. Mary's, Limerick, occurred recently after a few weeks illness. The good Sister was sixty years of age, and was forty years connected with the Limerick branch of the Order. Deep grief is felt for her decease in the convent.

BY the lamented death of Madame Julia Scully, which sad event took place on the 1st of February, in the convent of her Order, in Armagh, the nuns of the Sacred Heart lose one of the oldest and most distinguished members of their body. Madame Scully, who was the daughter of the late Denys Scully, and sister of the late Vincent Scully, of Tipperary, played no small part in the foundation of the Order of the Sacred Heart in Ireland.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. ROBERT BRINE, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of East Cambridge, Mass., died at his home in that city on Feb. 21, aged

seventy-four years and nine months. Mr. Brine had resided in East Cambridge for more than half a century, and his death will be widely mourned. The funeral took place from the Church of the Sacred Heart, on the 24th. There was a large number of mourners present, including about half a hundred of relatives, brothers, sisters, children, and grandchildren of the deceased. Among them were his sons, William H. Brine, of the firm of Brine & Norcross, George R. Brine, the Washington street clothier, and a nephew, James W. Brine, the Harvard outfitter.

Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. M. P. Mahan, and Schmidt's Requiem with "Libera" was rendered by a select choir under the direction of P. G. McDermott. The soloists were Miss Annie Crowley and Lon F. Brine, the former singing "Rest, Spirit, Rest," and the latter "De Profundis."

The remains were enclosed in a black broadcloth casket with silver trimmings, upon either end of which were placed a wreath of oak leaves and one of wheat. Beneath the casket rested a large floral pillow marked in immortelles with the word "Father."

The following grandchildren of deceased acted as ushers: Messrs. Robert Bradshaw, William Brine, Fred Quinn, and William Doorley. The pall-bearers were picked from Mr. Brine's nephews and were: Messrs. John Hogan, John H. Brine, Charles Brine, and John B. Brine. At the conclusion of the requiem services the remains were taken to Arlington, where they were placed in the receiving tomb for the present. This is the first death that has occurred in Mr. Brine's immediate family for forty-two years.

THE death of Mr. Hugh F. Meany in this city, on the 8th of February, leaves a void not to be easily filled. He was a native of Philadelphia, and was among the prominent Catholics at old St. Joseph's Church, from which he was buried. A happy incident occurred at the obsequies. Rev. Father McEvoy, S. J., a son of the late Arthur McEvoy, of Boston, was passing through Philadelphia, and, as if by inspiration, was drawn to the Church, where lay the body of his old friend, Hugh F. Meany. He immediately prepared to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his soul and other services, spoke kindly of the deceased and his family. Mr. Meany was charitable to the poor and was a contributor to the various charities of this city. In his will he remembered several of our institutions, among them St. Elizabeth's Hospital and the Little Sisters of the Poor. May his soul rest in peace.

THE sympathies of a host of friends, in Boston and elsewhere, are extended to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Pelletier, on the death of their son, Florentine J. Pelletier, which took place on Feb. 12, at the family residence in Boston Highlands. Florentine was the second son, only twenty years of age, and a young man of singularly beautiful character and great promise. During his nearly two months' illness he made a most edifying preparation for death, receiving the Sacraments several times, and passing away peacefully within an hour after his last Holy Communion. His funeral took place from St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, on the morning of Friday, Feb. 14, the Mass of Requiem being celebrated by the Rev. James B. Troy. The Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., president of Boston College, where Florentine had been educated, was in the sanctuary. Friends of the family from all parts of the city were in attendance. The regular choir sang Schmidt's Requiem Mass. After the Mass Mr. J. J. McCluskey sang the De Profundis. The interment was at Forest Hills Cemetery. May he rest in peace!

A Brave Girl.

A GIRL named Mary Guy was presented at Newry Petty Sessions, Ireland, by Colonel Evans, R. M., on behalf of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire (London), with an illuminated testimonial in vellum, in recognition of her prompt and courageous conduct in saving her mother's life during a fire in her house at Omeath, near Newry, on Oct. 2d last, when, at the imminent risk of her own life, she dashed into the burning building and pulled her mother out from under the burning *debris* when the roof had fallen in.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Giordano Bruno.

A NEW Protestant divinity has appeared. A grand apotheosis has taken place in Rome, under the very shadow of the Vatican, and all Protestantdom make haste to do honor and sing pæans of praise to the new object of worship. Even in our own enlightened country, where men are slow to pay divine honors even to God himself without strict enquiry and close investigation, the refrain wafted from the seven-hilled city across the ocean is taken up by a multitude of eager worshippers, and we hear the praises of the new divinity sounded from the pulpit, from the lecture platform, and from numerous and even respectable secular and religious journals.

And who is the new saint who has been canonized by Pontiff Crispi, and elevated upon the high altars of the great Protestant church throughout the world? Before we are called upon to join in the new cult, it is important that we should have clear ideas of the true character of the object of our worship. His name is Giordano Bruno. Who, then, was Giordano Bruno, and what claim has he upon our admiration, imitation, and worship? He was an apostate priest, an excommunicated monk, an infidel philosopher, under the name of the "philosopher of nature." He was a man of talent, but of intense self-will and self-assertion; of indomitable pride of intellect and self-reliance, and of headstrong passion. He despised authority; he gloried in the freest, most extravagant speculations on all subjects. He did not hesitate to broach heretical doctrines with the utmost bravado; yet when called before the tribunal of investigation, he displayed the most cringing, craven spirit. He did not hesitate to acknowledge his errors and excesses, and condemn his own books, and he tried hard to explain his teachings in accordance with those of the church from which he had in heart apostatized. In a word, he proved himself a consummate

hypocrite. He was a wandering meteor, never at rest. He travelled in France, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy and in England, and was ready to conform to the various religions which he encountered in his travels. In Germany he was a Lutheran; in Switzerland, a Calvinist. He sometimes donned his monk's habit, and anon laid it aside. In short, he had no settled fixed principle about anything. To adopt the language of Mr. Mooney, in his admirable tract, "Who was Giordano Bruno?" "Setting paganism above Christianity, teaching the most corrupt naturalism in morals, and a socialism that is as radical as that of Proudhon, scouting every honest belief and every noble doing of men, Giordano jumbles vulgar prose and puerile verse in a mass of pantheism, materialism, braggadocio, abuse, blasphemy, and indecency."

All this, certainly, is anything but complimentary to the new saint, and lest any one should be disposed to charge us with undue partiality and a disposition to do injustice to the object of these remarks, we consider it a fortunate circumstance that Mr. William R. Thayer has furnished us the means of confirming our representation by an article in the March number of the Atlantic Monthly, entitled "The Trial, Opinions, and Death of Giordano Bruno." That is altogether one of the most curious articles that we have read in many a day. The writer is evidently in full sympathy with his subject, and one might well conclude that he held a brief for his client, and that he was bound to make the very best of his case possible. He gives a condensed reproduction of the history of the examination of Bruno by the Inquisition. At the very start, he shows the spirit of the special pleader by the manner in which he speaks of the principal witness, Mocenigo, who, he says, belonged to one of the most illustrious families of Venice, and yet he does not hesitate to call him a "latter-day Judas," and to say: "On May 29, Mocenigo, who had, in the meantime, at the suggestion of the Inquisition, dredged in the slimy depths of his memory for other charges," etc. Does that sound like the calm and dignified language of a disinterested advocate who seeks only for the truth? Is it not rather the slang of a third-rate petti-fogger whose whole energy is bent on discrediting opposing testimony, and gaining victory for his client whatever his character may be?

Now we do not hesitate to say that a candid, impartial reading of the trial, even as given by Mr. Thayer's condensed (and, of course, not most offensive) account, is enough to confirm the statement we have made in reference to the true character of Bruno.

There is one item in the evidence of Moncenigo that may, perhaps, serve to throw light upon the subject, and to furnish a clue to Bruno's whole character and career. "Besides this," Moncenigo testified, "he said he liked women hugely, that he had not yet reached the number that Solomon had, and that the Church commits a great sin in calling sin that which is according to nature." Undoubtedly that was the secret of his apostasy, as it is the secret of the apostasy of almost every priest or monk who has ever fallen from the grace of his holy vocation.

In his trial, Bruno was allowed to plead his own cause, and in doing so, he gave a pretty full history of his life and opinions up to that time. Of course, it would be impossible for us, in the compass of a single article, to give anything like an adequate view of this most remarkable document. But this is unnecessary for our purpose. One passage will serve to give our readers some idea of the real character of this "philosopher of nature," who is sought to be apotheosized. In giving an account of himself before the ecclesiastical tribunal he says: "I was going anew to Frankfort, to print other works of mine, and one in particular on The Seven Liberal Arts, with the intention of taking them and some other of my published works which I approve —*for some I do not approve* — and of going to Rome to lay them at the feet of His Holiness, who, I have understood, loves the virtuous, and to put my case before him with a view *to obtain absolution from excesses*, and permission to live in the clerical garb, outside of the Order. [He was a Dominican.] I said I wish to present myself at the feet of His Holiness with some of my approved works, *as I have some that I do not approve*, meaning by that that some of the works written by me and sent to the press *I do not approve*, because in them I have spoken and discussed too philosophically, unbecomingly, and not enough like a good Christian." (The above italics are ours.) That passage furnishes a key to the whole examination and trial. It is saturated with tergiversation and hypocrisy.

The efforts of Mr. Thayer in trying to reconcile the inconsistencies, the contradictions, and the crooked explanations of his hero, with the exalted position which he does not hesitate to give him in the intellectual world, are as painful as they are amusing. "From Bruno's lips," he says, "we hear the explanation of his philosophical system, his doubts, his beliefs, and his recantation of any opinions which clashed with the dogmas of Catholicism. Was his recantation sincere?" and he goes on to remark that a glance at his opinions will furnish the true test of his merits, "for upon Bruno's value as a thinker must finally rest the justification of our interest in him. True, the romance of his strange vagabond career, and the pathos of his noble death, will always excite interest in his personality; [may not the same be said of his proto-type, Judas Iscariot?] but the final question which mankind asks of prophet, philosopher, poet, preacher, or scientist, is, 'What can you tell us of our origin and our destiny?'"

Now, would it be believed? In the very next sentence this curious apologist, with an advocate's brief, warns us in the very outset that "Bruno furnished no complete systematic reply to this question." Of course he did not, he was all at sea himself. He had no settled, fixed principles of his own; how could he be a guide to others? Mr. Thayer says: "He was often inconsistent, often contradicted himself. Perhaps his chief merit is that he stimulated thought on every subject he touched." Stimulated thought! He stimulated unlimited skepticism, discarded Christianity and the "Old theology," despised all authority in religious matters, and that is evidently the reason why our apologist has such an affinity for his works. "The God whom Bruno apprehended," he says, "was not one who narrowed his interests

to the concerns of a Syrian tribe, and of a sect of Christians on this little ball of earth, but one whose power is commensurate with infinitude, and who cherishes all creatures and all things in all worlds." That, of course, is a fling at Christianity, but a very weak and flimsy one. The next sentence exposes the real animus of the writer, as well as of the great philosopher he was eulogizing. "Inspired by this revelation, Bruno was the first to envisage religions as human growths, expressing the higher or lower needs and aspirations of the people and age in which they exist." There it is, flat-footed, religion is of purely human growth, there is no such thing as a supernatural revelation. But the writer is not satisfied with this, he even apologizes for the most infamous of all Bruno's books, "The Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant." Even Voltaire, who knew a heresy when he saw it, put down the Expulsion, as "worse than heretical."

There are two or three sentences in Mr. Thayer's article, which indicate his intelligence as well as his *animus*. Enumerating the principles of Bruno, he says: "Contrary to the Jesuits, and those who urge that there are occasions on which it is justifiable to break faith or dissemble, he declares," etc. Why should he lug in the Jesuits in this connection, as if it were a peculiar doctrine of theirs, when it is a well-known fact that it is no more a Jesuit doctrine than of many eminent divines of the Church of England, with Jeremy Taylor at their head, who teach that prevarication is sometimes allowable, as, for instance, to save a man's life? Again, he says, alluding to the influence of the Inquisition, "It burned Bruno, it tortured Galileo." Both those propositions are absolutely false. The Inquisition did not burn Bruno; it did not torture Galileo. The Inquisition, as the custom was in those days, after condemning Bruno for heresy, handed him over to the secular power; in this case, the governor of Rome, for punishment; but with a special petition asking him to mitigate his corporal punishment so that it might be of a character "*that would neither endanger his life nor risk the mutilation of his body.*" Mr. Thayer must have known this fact, for it is contained in the documents from which he professes to draw his history. But then he would have belied his office of special pleader, and greatly weakened his case, if he had mentioned it.

But our learned advocate is equally astray in regard to Galileo. He repeats his slander about him in another place, where he says: "Cardinal Bellarmine, an upright man [strange he had not called him a monster], and perhaps the ablest Jesuit of any age, was the foremost Inquisitor in bringing Bruno to the stake and Galileo to the rack; but should a school-boy of ten now uphold Bellarmine's theory of the solar system, he would be sent into the corner with a fool's-cap on his head." That is a most unfortunate instance for our special pleader; for the fact is, that Cardinal Bellarmine was Galileo's warmest friend and admirer. He favored his discussion of the Copernican theory, recommended him to the Holy Father, who also favored him, and he tried his best to induce him to confine his discussion strictly to the scientific view of the case, without trenching upon the field of theology, assuring him that as long as he did so he would not be inter-

fered with in his investigations; and when, through obstinacy and self-will, Galileo insisted upon invading the domain of theology, and, after breaking his solemn pledge, it was found necessary to silence him, it was through Bellarmine's influence that he was confined, not in a dungeon, with rack and thumb-screw, but in comfortable quarters, and was allowed to live with his friend, the Tuscan ambassador, and, finally, to spend the remainder of his days in his own house at Arcetri, near Florence. The Pope, Urban VIII., was his special friend, favored his scientific researches, and, as a mark of his special favor, granted him a pension of one hundred crowns, and to his son a pension of sixty crowns. So much for the "racking" of Galileo and the theory of Bellarmine and, we may add, so much for the opposition of "Rome" to the progress of science that we hear so much about.

But not to dwell farther upon the errors and inconsistencies with which Mr. Thayer's article abounds, it is time to inquire into the reason of the resurrection and glorification of this notorious character after his three hundred years of repose in an inglorious grave. There are two prominent reasons.

1. He was a martyr to the cause of "free thought" and free living which are so fearfully popular in this age and in every country.

2. He was burned at the stake, it is claimed, by the Inquisition, which was a Catholic institution, and a proper expression of the spirit of the Catholic Church. This was undoubtedly the idea which inspired Premier Crispi, who hates the Pope and the Catholic Church with intense hatred, in erecting the monument to Bruno in Rome. It is a solemn protest against the Pope and the Church, and a profession of faith in unlimited free thought and unrestrained free living. This is the *raison d'être* of the new cult, and the inspiring motive of the sympathy and co-operation so generally and generously extended to it in this country.

This is not the time or the place to discuss the important and much-mooted question of the Inquisition. It is enough for our purpose now to repeat what Catholics have always insisted upon.

1. That an inquisitorial tribunal is necessary, and in some form exists, in every church which exercises discipline over its members. The tribunal which tries recalcitrant members may properly be styled an inquisition.

2. The inquisition of the Catholic Church, as originally founded, was a perfectly legitimate and humane tribunal. The incorrigible culprits were generally handed over to the civil power for punishment.

3. In process of time the state usurped the inquisitorial power, and abused it for the accomplishment of its own purposes. It thus became really a state institution. This was more particularly the case in Spain.

4. The Church was not responsible for the abuses practised by the state officials. On the contrary the bishops, and oftentimes the popes interfered in behalf of the persecuted victims, and counseled mildness and compassion; as in this very case of Bruno, who was recommended to the clemency of the Governor of Rome. But as in his case, so, oftentimes, the state officials turned a deaf ear to the counsels of

mercy, and wreaked their vengeance on political opponents, or on culprits who were considered dangerous to the state.

5. The cruelties of the Inquisition, like every other alleged fault of the Church, have been greatly exaggerated since the so-called reformation by partisan bigots and violent anti-Popery advocates.

6. Admitting the worst for argument's sake, it does not follow that because abuses were sometimes sanctioned or winked at by the authorities of the Church in those past ages, therefore they must necessarily be sanctioned by Catholics of the present day. On that principle, you might as well argue that the cruelties of the Puritan fathers, who persecuted the Quakers, the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, whipping them through the street at the cart-tail, putting them in the stocks, banishing them from home and country, and even, sometimes, putting them to death, were a sufficient reason for believing that the descendants of the Puritans in our day are a dangerous people, and only want to get the upper hand to renew the old scenes of persecution and proscription.

7. And, finally, if our friends the enemy really wish to advance their cause, and commend it to general acceptance of all good conservative, right-thinking men, we would respectfully suggest to them the propriety of selecting a higher-toned, more consistent, and more worthy representative of their spirit and principles than the apostate priest, unfrocked monk, and libertine, Giordano Bruno. H. L. R.

Shakespearian Gems.

ISABELLA — *in "Measure for Measure."*

EXALTED issue of our Shakespeare's dream,
Shine, Isabella, star of cloistral roll —
The shadowed lot thy vows of life redeem
Is lit with radiance from a vestal beam —
An effluent lustre out thy virgin soul!
Clad with thy vesture of illumined clay
That Nature and Religion blent endow
To fire men's hearts, yet guilt-wrought heat allay,
With psychic charms too subtile for decay —
Before thy power their tyrant passions bow.

IMOGEN — *in "Cymbeline."*

In Imogen all pearls of wifehood shine,
Conjugal truth and immolation lend
A life-lit halo to the spousal shrine
While Nature's gems in nuptial beams combine
Where jewels of connubial lustre blend.
Clasped to this shrine, her wronged heart bides alone —
Each radial impulse cleft by Love's recision —
Conjures an aureole phasma all her own,
A soul's perfusion as a nimbus thrown
On her the centred angel of the vision.

Boston. HENRY O'MEARA.

God in the Constitution: A Reply to Col. Ingersoll.

THE founders of the Colonies, from which the United States have sprung, were deeply religious. Their faith was the chief motive which impelled them towards the New World, as religious zeal had led Columbus to his discovery. When the War of Independence broke out, the descendants of the original settlers were still believers in God and Christ, as their fathers had been. To represent them as sceptical and irreligious is a perversion of the truth of history; and this is what Col. Ingersoll has done in the article to which I have been asked to write a reply. In declaring that "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," they certainly did not believe they were "guilty of an act of pure blasphemy — a renunciation of the Deity." They were not declaimers and had no thought of making "a declaration of the independence of the earth," which would have been false and foolish both from a scientific and a rhetorical point of view. In making this simple declaration, our fathers did not dream that they thereby "politically tore down every altar, and denied the authority of every sacred book, and appealed from the providence of God to the providence of man." They were not critics, but creators; not destroyers, but builders; and for them the providence of man was but a phase of the providence of God. Their world view did not permit them to think that man makes the sun shine, the rain fall, the wind blow; gives to earth its double motion, and drives the innumerable stars like a flock of birds through the limitless expanse of the heavens. They were aware that there was nothing new or startling in the declaration of rights. How could a revelation of high import leap forth from a convention or congress? They who argue and debate lose sight of the benign face of Truth, visible to some quiet thinker in the pleasant solitude of delightful study. From the time of Aristotle, philosophers and theologians had taught that man is by nature a social and political animal, and, consequently, that he has natural, social, and political rights. St. Thomas, more than six hundred years ago, held that dominion or supremacy is introduced by virtue of human law, and Cardinal Bellarmin, who lived in the sixteenth century, has taken great pains to show that power resides as in its subject in the whole people, and that they transfer this power to one person or more by natural right. Here we have the principle that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. In affirming this truth our fathers could have had no thought of denying God, since they held that from Him man derives his nature, and, therefore, his natural rights. For them, as for the American people to-day, all that we are and all that we can hope to be, comes from the infinite Being in whom we live and move and have our being. And this was the faith of the framers of the Constitution. They were wise and practical men who were brought face to face with what seemed to be almost insuperable difficulties.

The Union under the Articles of Confederation was hardly more than nominal. Disruption and bankruptcy threatened the government. Antagonisms of various kinds prevented the states from coalescing into an organic whole. The question of slavery divided the North and the South; the smaller states were jealous of the larger states; religious differences and prejudices gave to different parts of the country a distinctive character, and the introduction of the question of religion would not only have brought discord into the convention, but would have also engendered strife throughout the land.

There were not only grave misgivings concerning the ability of the delegates to agree among themselves, but there were even stronger doubts, whether, should they succeed in drawing up a constitution, it would be ratified by a sufficient number of states to make it binding. If their work failed, they clearly perceived that war, involving ruin and the loss of liberty, would be the result. In the presence of such danger, like wise men and patriots, they, as far as possible, avoided irritating subjects, and set themselves to work "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty."

It was prudence, then, and not scepticism, which induced them to leave the question of religion to the several states, and which led to the first constitutional amendment, taking from Congress the power to make laws "respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This amendment was made not for the destruction but for the protection of religion, by men who believed that religion, which alone gives to the moral character the glow of enthusiasm and the strength of abiding convictions, is the surest safeguard of free and healthful public life. Had our fathers been sceptics or anti-theists, they would not have required the president and vice-president, the senators and representatives in Congress, and all executive and judicial officers of the United States, to call God to witness that they intend to perform their duties under the Constitution, like honest men and loyal citizens. The causes which would have made it unwise to introduce any phase of religious controversy into the Constitutional Convention have long since ceased to exist. We have become a united people; the states have coalesced into the nation; our political and religious differences are of a pacific and emulative nature. If there are still reasons why express recognition of God's sovereignty and providence should not form part of the organic law of the land, they are certainly not those by which the minds of the authors of the Constitution were swayed in omitting to do this. Col. Ingersoll, however, raises objections to the recognition of God in the Constitution which he deems insuperable, and I proceed to examine them. "Intelligent people," he says, "know that no one knows whether there is a God or not." This is a radical assertion. To know that no one knows whether or not God is, one should have a thorough, comprehensive, and critical knowledge of the development and history of philosophic thought from Socrates to Kant and Mr.

Herbert Spencer, and I venture to think there are not a dozen intelligent Americans who are willing to claim that they possess such knowledge. Nearly all intelligent men, in every age, including our own, have believed in God, and have held that they had rational grounds for such faith. What new information, what deep insight, what access of mental strength, have the intelligent people of Col. Ingersoll gained that they know that no man knows whether God is? Has any argument for God's existence, however it may have been modified, been invalidated or weakened even by the revelations of science? Kant's criticism of reason has doubtless affected theistic, as it has influenced all modern thought. He has shown that all our knowledge is a synthesis of contingent impressions and necessary conditions; and he and the agnostics maintain that we know only the conditioned; but they are bound to assume that we know also the conditions of thought, and these conditions are unconditioned, since they are necessary. We cannot know the relative without knowing the absolute, nor the phenomenal without knowing the noumenal. Modern agnostics, following the lead of Kant, deny the objective validity of the conditions of thought; but consciousness witnesses that the subjectivity of any true category is inconceivable. The proofs of God's existence which Kant's criticism apparently weakened, have, during the last twenty-five years, steadily gained in the estimation of the best and most impartial thinkers. Stuart Mill, who had been brought up an atheist, recognizes their force in the Essays published after his death. The cosmological, the teleological, and the ontological arguments in favor of theism, though the manner in which they are urged has changed to to conform with our widening knowledge, have lost none of their power to convince.

No believer, it is needless to say, claims that we have an adequate knowledge of God, for this would be a denial of the necessity of faith. He alone can grasp His own infinite perfection, and we look to Him as to the sun with eyes blinded by the too great light. But is not all knowledge partial ignorance? So long as we walk contented through the world of fact and appearance our path is smooth and our progress secure; but when we attempt to look beneath and ask ourselves what anything is, apart from its sensible presentation, we sink into boundless regions, where intellectual sight grows dim. The mind is superior to whatever it comprehends, and hence the infinite Adorable must forever clothe Himself in mystery. But our knowledge of the truth of science is not more certain or more clear than our knowledge of God's being. We know that matter is, but what it is we can only conjecture. It can be known by us only in terms of mind, and hence our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and more immediate than our knowledge of corporeal substance.

Unless we are willing to accept the crude realism of the uneducated, we cannot hold that matter is an object of experience. God is the idea of ideas, the ultimate in thinking, without whom all thought is chaotic. Knowledge begins and ends in belief. We trust the testimony of the senses, and the facts they reveal to us are received on

faith. We can know the minds of our fellowmen only by inference, and in the same way we know God. We do not claim that knowledge without faith is sufficient, or that we are able to explain all the intellectual difficulties by which our belief in God is beset. From the very fact that the idea of God is comprehensive of all ultimate ideas, it is more open to assault than any other. But the inference from difficulty to doubt is illogical — they are incommensurate terms. There are causes of belief which are not reasons. Our faith in the freedom of the will is irresistible and fatal, and yet there is no logical proof that we are free. It is difficult to answer the arguments of the idealist, but our confidence in the objective reality of the external world remains unshaken. The determinist has weighty considerations to show that freedom is impossible, but all the same we remain conscious of our freedom; the atheist and agnostic advance with confidence to prove there is no God, or that man cannot know there is; but the human soul, in the midst of a transitory and shadowy world, cleaves to the Eternal, the source of life and love and hope. Americans believe in God, believe they know He is, and to assure them, as Col. Ingersoll does, that such faith is evidence of lack of intelligence, will, I imagine, leave the fact unchanged.

But, if we are, as a nation, to recognize there is a God, what God, asks Col. Ingersoll, shall we choose: the God of the Catholics, of the Presbyterians, of the Methodists, or the Baptists? This objection is childish, and it is enough to answer, that whatever doctrinal differences on other points may exist among them, Christians and Jews acknowledge one and the same God, as Republicans and Democrats have the same country, as men of science have for the object of their investigations one and the same nature, however various and contradictory even their views and conclusions may be.

"The government of God," Col. Ingersoll urges, "has been tried," and he thinks has been found wanting. It was tried in Palestine; in Europe, during the Middle Ages; in Geneva, under Calvin; in Scotland, under the Presbyterians; in New England, under the Puritans; and, as Col. Ingersoll holds, the result, in every case, was failure, cruelty, and misery. But we are indebted to the government of God in Palestine for our moral earnestness and strength, our passion for justice and righteousness. The influence which radiated from Jerusalem has stimulated and invigorated every people which, during the last nineteen hundred years, have risen to a higher, purer, and more intelligent life. The Middle Age sprang from the chaos, which resulted from the ruin of pagan civilization, and the incursions of the barbarians. It brought order out of chaos, saved Europe from Mahometanism, created parliaments, instituted trial by jury, invented the printing-press and gun-powder, built the social structure upon the monogamic family, preserved the literatures of Greece and Rome, produced the manifold and sturdy kind of life which made Shakespeare possible, and which he has made immortal, wrested the charter of popular rights from a tyrant's hands, and when it was about to fade away before the coming age, as the moon grows pale when the sun

"Tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky,"

it sent Columbus to open another world to human energy. The Puritans of New England have impressed their character upon this whole country. To them we owe much of what is best in our life. They had the faults which spring from intellectual narrowness and religious prejudice, but when I consider their qualities, I know not where to find such men to-day.

The government of God has, indeed, been tried; but has the government of atheism or agnosticism been tried? If there has ever been a government of atheists, it has existed only among the lowest savages; and, as a system of thought, atheism gains acceptance only in epochs of decadence. It is a creed of despair. A universe of ever-beginning evolutions, which forever end in dissolutions, to begin and end again, without end, is a universe which makes pessimism the only possible creed. And as for the government of agnostics, who are simply hopeless sceptics, it will be sufficient to quote Goethe's words: "All epochs of faith," he says, "are epochs of glory, which uplift souls, and bear fruit for the present and the future. On the contrary, the epochs in which a sad scepticism prevails, throw at the best but a passing gleam, whose light does not reach the eyes of posterity, because no one wishes to devote himself to the study of sterile things."

But Col. Ingersoll's thesis that the recognition of God in the Constitution must have, as its necessary result, a theocracy, is untenable. It is, indeed, manifestly absurd, and flies in the face of facts known by all who know anything. Is the government of Massachusetts theocratic? In the Constitution of that state, there is more than the recognition of God's being. "It is the right (I quote from the Constitution), as well as the duty of all men in society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the Supreme Being, the great Creator and Preserver of the universe." "If God is allowed in the Constitution," says Col. Ingersoll, "man must abdicate. There is no room for both. If the people of the Great Republic become ignorant enough and superstitious enough to put God in the Constitution, the experiment of free government will have failed. . . . With religion government has nothing whatever to do. . . . If a nation is Christian, will all the citizens go to heaven? . . . There can be no such thing as a Christian corporation. Several Christians may form a corporation, but it can hardly be said that the corporation thus formed was included in the atonement. For instance, several Christians form a corporation — that is to say there are seven natural persons, and one artificial — can it be said that there are eight souls to be saved?" This kind of writing, which runs through the whole essay, is boyish trifling, or worse. It is the kind of American style which the cultivated thinkers of the world call flippant and vulgar. To affirm there can be no room for God and man in the Constitution or anywhere, if it have any meaning at all, is bald atheism. If to recognize God in the Constitution would prove the American people to be ignorant and superstitious, to believe in God at all is evidence of ignorance and superstition, and since

Americans, as a matter of fact, with few exceptions, do believe in Him, Col. Ingersoll must hold that they are ignorant and superstitious. To affirm there can be no such a thing as a Christian nation is to be sophistical. Nation is an abstraction, and an abstraction cannot be Christian, but neither can it be free, and therefore there can be no such thing as a free nation. "The Church has been," says Col. Ingersoll, "in all ages, and among all peoples, the consistent enemy of the human race." This is loud and clamorous talk, but empty and hollow as the rumbling of winds amid waste mountains, where no human voice has ever uttered words of sober sense. "Everywhere and at all times it has opposed the liberty of thought and expression." On the contrary, the Church has been and is the most strenuous advocate of the freedom of the will, without which there can be no free thought, and only at times, and within certain spheres, has it sought to prevent the expression of honest thought. In our own country to-day there are thoughts which a man would be punished for publishing, and the latitude of opinion and utterance which in this age may be beneficial, might in altogether different social conditions be ruinous. Discussions which are helpful to mature and enlightened men would often be harmful to ignorant youths, whose animal passions are ever ready to bribe what faculty of thinking they may have. The barbarian is a youth, as the savage is a child, and the Church which has had to deal with mankind in every phase of their development has not always been able to choose an ideal policy. "It has," says Col. Ingersoll, "been the sworn enemy of investigation and intellectual development." The Church preserved the literatures of Greece and Rome, and by the genius which forever burns there, the modern mind has been set aglow, and the classics are still the best school of the most perfect intellectual culture. The authors of scientific investigation are Descartes and Bacon. Both were Christians; Descartes, a Catholic, educated by the Jesuits, and all his life the intimate friend of priests; Bacon, a Protestant, who, in his essay on atheism, says: "I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. . . . It is true that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." Not only the originators of modern science, but nearly all the great investigators of physical truth — Copernicus, Kessler, Newton, Liebnitz, Ampere, Liebig, Fresnel, Faraday, Mayer, Agassiz, Van Beneden, Pasteur — were or are religious men, Catholic and Protestant.

Col. Ingersoll continues his indictment: "It has denied the existence of facts, the tendency of which was to undermine its power." The existence of what facts, shown to be facts, has the Church denied? Only fools deny the existence of well-authenticated facts; and whatever opinion of the men who have given direction to religious thought in its relations to scientific theories one may hold, there are few who will imagine they were idiotic.

"It has always been carrying fagots to the feet of philosophy." The Church bore no fagots to the feet of Plato and Aristotle, who,

after Socrates, are the fathers of philosophic thought, but it preserved their writings, and its saints, from Augustine to Thomas of Aquin, have been their most illustrious disciples. Col. Ingersoll continues: "It has erected the gallows for genius." Nay, it erected no gallows for Dante and Petrarch; for Lopez de Vega and Calderon; for Corneille and Racine; for Michael Angelo and Raphael; for Bossuet and Fenelon; for Shakespeare and Cervantes; for Mozart and Beethoven; for Palestrina and Wagner; for Goethe and Browning.

With the genius of the critic, who would empty the universe of God and leave man to wallow in the slough of matter, and to be ground to atoms by the infinite fatal machine, the Church, doubtless, has never had any sympathy. Col. Ingersoll's love of outrageous assertion is a will-o'-the-wisp which leads him into quagmires where there is no solid ground of fact or theory. A destructive critic necessarily stumbles, when his style jolts from epigram to epigram. Then Col. Ingersoll is too indignant. Indignation is a passion of which we soon weary, one which a good writer will rarely indulge, and his wrath at the ways of God and religious men, the sublime fury which the sight of a priest or a preacher arouses within him, have ceased to be interesting. Ministers of the Christian religion have, doubtless, here and there, committed both crimes and blunders; but, in the main, they have been good men working for the good of men. It is easy to find fault with those whose deeds have left an impress on the world's history, and believers in God and in Christ have been doers, while sceptics and infidels have, for the most part, been content to drift on the infinite ocean of talk and discussion. To insist upon the failures of religion and to ignore its successes is to be unfair. Montesquieu, whose testimony on this subject cannot be suspected of partiality, declares that this is a poor way to argue against religion. "If I were to recount," he says, "all the evils which have been done by civil laws, by monarchy and by republican government, I should tell the most frightful things." Are the crimes and misdeeds, the murders and lynchings, the adulteries and prostitutions, the abortions and infanticides, the dishonesties and official venalities, the drunkenness and rowdyism, which are so common in our country, an argument against popular government? Tyrants think so; but those who love liberty forget the evil in contemplating the good wrought by free institutions; and so sophists may hold that the Inquisition and the burning of Servetus and Bruno are proofs of the harmfulness of religion; but the wise and the judicious know that accidental wrongs leave the infinite good of faith in a divine order of things untouched.

"If hope were the sole boon religion brings,
Hope that the end of all is life and light,
That dawn will break through universal night;
Hope that the fount of being upward springs,
Through graves and ruins and the wreck of things,
Borne ever Godward with increasing might,
Till all we yearn for lies within full sight,
And the glad soul its song of triumph sings,—
If naught but hope like this religion gave,

Of all we know or dream of, it were best,
Though all our life be swallowed in the grave
Like a brief day that sinks in the dark west,
Dying forever in the gloomy wave
And of mere nothingness eternal guest."

The seventy or eighty thousand Christian ministers in the United States to-day, Protestant and Catholic, are free from all theocratic pretensions; they would repeal, if it could be made, any offer of union of Church and state; they are lovers of liberty, civil and religious; they accept science as the natural revelation of God, and the friend of man; they, with their brethren, are busy with every kind of work which can comfort, console, strengthen, uplift, enlighten, and purify the children of men. That here and there some should fail is insignificant. The great army still moves forward, bearing the banner of faith towards God, and towards immortal life. We are a Christian people — why should we be ashamed to confess our faith? What true American would not resent as an insult the imputation that ours is a godless nation? Both Houses of Congress open their proceedings each day with prayer; the President appoints each year a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and, when occasion requires, a day of fasting and humiliation. Christianity, in fact, though not legally established, is understood to be the national religion. No political party is hostile to it, or to any particular body of Christians. The churches are as popular as any of our other institutions. Though the Puritan Sabbath is gone, the observance of Sunday is general. The interest in theological questions, however controversial methods may have changed, is still keen, and if now the wave of agnosticism seems to be rising, it will break and subside, like many another wave of unbelief in the past. Nearly all the works of active beneficence, in which no country surpasses the United States, are carried on by religious men and women. Our moral standard in Christian and religious faith is the chief impulse to good. No people has ever become civilized without the guidance of religion; and if a race of men could be found who should think there is no God, and that they are the highest beings in the universe, it is impossible to imagine that they should not sink to lower and lower planes of life. For such men the world could be but a machine, and the enthusiasm which springs from faith in divine ideals, would die within their hearts. Their whole of life would be but this:—

"Man wakens from his sleep within the womb,
Cries, laughs, and yawns; then sleeps within the tomb."

Who would exchange the passionate soul of youth for knowledge? Who would barter the ecstacies of faith, hope, and love for the truths of science? Who would not prefer the longing for eternal life to a whole lubberland of sensual delights? Nay: is not the dream of heaven better than the things we see and touch? Hitherto, at all events, civilized society has rested on religion, and free government has prospered only in religious nations; and if we are wise we shall not imagine that we are exempt from this law. A true statesman will look to other things than questions of finance and the machinery of

government. He will seek to keep the inner source of life strong and pure, and will know that nothing has such power to do this as true religion. What good reason, then, is there, why we should not write God's holy name upon the title page of our organic law? The doing this would add to patriotic zeal something of the glow and fervor of religious faith. It would be a recognition of the fact that man's soul craves for infinitely more than any government can give; it would awaken in us a deeper consciousness of the providential mission, which, as a nation, we are called to fulfil; and it would infringe upon the rights of no human being. BISHOP J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

The Priest in Politics.

WE are always glad to welcome the conversion of a political sinner, particularly if he be an old and a hardened one. It was, therefore, with genuine pleasure that we read in the London Tablet, its prominent article on The Priest in Politics. We confess that we approached it with something of uneasiness. We were not unfamiliar with the Tablet's mode of dealing with Irish priests — nay, with Irish prelates — in their relations to Irish politics, and we could not help thinking that The Priest in Politics meant another venomous onslaught on the clergy of Ireland. We are happy to say that we were totally and most agreeably disappointed, and that we found the article to be a thorough and an earnest vindication of the right and the duty of priests to take their place in political struggles. "The day has gone by," writes the Tablet, "when politicians had their vain dream that a citizen should be disqualified by a cassock. It is a dying school of thought that would have it that because a man elects to become a priest, he, therefore, must accept the position of a political outlaw — must become an alien in the land, and a stranger to the people, because forbidden to take interest in public affairs, or to have any share in the larger life of the nation. The old talk that a priest must stick to his sacristy, and, as it were, through life, look out upon all the wide world through the narrow window of a seminary, is but seldom heard among us." This is sound common-sense, and we are rejoiced to see it in the Tablet; but we would just venture to remind our contemporary that "talk" of this sort is not so very "old" after all, for it might be met with pretty often in its own columns within, at least, the last decade of years. The Tablet supported its new doctrines of last Saturday, by quotations from a stirring speech delivered by Monsignor Freppel, the eloquent and intrepid Bishop of Angers, in France, and summarizing that speech, proceeds to say: "Apart from his sacred functions, and simply as a citizen, a priest is entitled to vote for whatever candidate he chooses. By exactly the same right he is entitled to make his preference known to others, and to endeavor to convince them that they ought to be of the same opinion." Time was when the now repentant sinner would have had a vastly different sort of "talk" for the Irish "Priest in Politics," who dared to champion a candidate for Mr. Parnell's selection. But we are thankful for the

change, and hope that it may be permanent. It is true that the pronouncements we have quoted have reference not to Irish, but to French politics, and to French elections, and not to Irish. But there can be no contention about the principle. It is, and must be, the same in one country as in the other. It is no business of ours to discuss the position which French ecclesiastics have, for years past, taken up with reference to political affairs in their own country. It is to be assumed that they know their own business best, and that they have acted according to their consciences and their judgment. But there are very many who, looking from outside at the course of public affairs in that great nation, have a conviction that matters might have been different with religious interests there to-day, if French ecclesiastics could have found it possible to fall into line with popular bodies, in legitimate efforts to procure suggested political reforms, and to have taken a more active and sympathetic share in discussing the social needs of their country. We trust that the advice, which is being now so lavishly tendered to them by the Tablet, may not have been offered too late, and that an irreparable defection of the laity may not be the fatal result of the past inaction of the clergy. It is a comforting thing to know that in the recent past, the opposite advice of the Tablet, and of those who dictated and accepted its policy, was not adopted by the people of Ireland. Had that counsel been followed, the Irish priest would have been driven out of politics; the people would have been abandoned or betrayed at the most critical juncture that had ever arisen in the history of their country, and, as a result, either their cause would have disastrously failed, or, if it had triumphed, it would have triumphed at the equally disastrous cost of a break in the old and holy union of the priests and the people. Such a calamity was happily averted, and Faith and Nationality are stronger than ever in this land to-day. The struggle to avert it was a fierce one, and the victory was mainly due to the spirited and patriotic action of "the unchanged and the unchangeable" Archbishop of Cashel, and to the selection for the See of Dublin of its present illustrious occupant. We again congratulate the Tablet on its conversion, and shall be sorry if it relapses.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE report that the Servite Fathers have accepted plans for a church edifice in Chicago, to cost a round half million dollars, has a greater significance than appears on the surface. From one high in authority, it is learned that it has been decided to make Chicago the international centre of the order, and the church edifice is intended as but the precursor to one of the most magnificent college buildings in this country, and one which will rival the Catholic University at Washington. Ground will be broken for the church edifice on May 1st, and its erection will occupy over five years. Priests from all parts of the country have inspected and approved the plans during the past week. The edifice will seat three thousand worshippers and will have seventeen altars.

Irish History and Literature in our Catholic School Books.

To the Catholic mind the study of the ecclesiastical history of Ireland is a work of absorbing interest, possessing a fascination for the student seldom found elsewhere, filling the soul with a holy sense of thankfulness, and, above all things, leaving an impress upon the mind that cannot readily be effaced. Even a cursory reading of such history, especially if it be often repeated, seldom fails in its usefulness, and for young people even detached portions of such a wonderful history serve to awaken interest, and to create a desire for more knowledge on the subject as the years increase.

Besides the information gathered from studies of this nature, which in itself is most valuable, there is a higher and nobler consideration, a more valuable acquirement; the enrichment of the spiritual nature, the purification of the soul by dwelling on some of the holiest types of mankind that ever existed.

The Irish were, and are still, a strange people. Even before the days of persecution, and English penal laws, that people, considered as Catholics, were the wonder of civilized nations. Somehow their Catholicity was of a more refined character than was to be found elsewhere. Many of us believe that there is a refinement of grace, and, if this be true, then surely it must have fallen in all its plenitude upon the Irish people. There is no other way of accounting for the fervent religious devotion of the early Irish Christians. We are told that in the eighth century fully one-third of the Irish gave themselves up wholly to the service of God in religion — one-third of an entire nation of people!

It were a task of some difficulty to find out the population of Ireland at that period. The general belief is, that it was about two millions. But whether it was one thousand, one million, or two millions the proportion remains the same.

Was ever nation so blessed as this? At the earliest period of Christianity, when the deserts of Egypt were filled with anchorites and saints, there was no such showing as this outside of Ireland. And — the assertion is made without any particular hesitation — if a census of all religious societies in the world, including the priesthood of the Church, the contemplatives, active religious orders, male and female, and the vast teaching bodies, were obtainable, the number of Irish direct and of Irish descent would probably number as many to-day devoted to the service of God as those of their predecessors in the days of Sedulius the Younger, and Adamnan of Iona.

Iona!

What a world of thought opens up to the student of Irish history at the mere mention of the word! Wave-washed Iona, the home of the greatest saint of his day, of Columkille, the rash and high-blooded Man of Derry, the Great Repentant, the scholar and seer, the spiritual father of generations of saints. To this day there is a copy of the Four

Gospels, written by the hand of the saint and deposited in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, Old, Protestant, and intolerant Trinity! Antiquarians, like Usher and Flaherty, have authenticated the manuscript. How well we all remember having read in our school books these memorable words of Dr. Johnson on Iona the Blest: "We are now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer in presence of the ruins of Iona."

For over three hundred years Iona was the abode of sanctity and letters — a light to the northern regions — its remarkable missionaries were sent forth to convert the Saxon kingdoms of Britain. Yet that habitation of saints is to-day nothing but a barren, sterile rock in the seas of the Western Highlands of Scotland, as barren and as sterile as the Calvinism that uprooted the monasteries of Scotland to the cry of: "Pull down the rooks an' the craws will flee awa'." The "craws" flew awa' with a vengeance; but they are returning — they have returned, and Iona may yet again become famous as a shrine.

It was something remarkable that God's saints, whenever available, choose small islands as their retreats when they gave themselves up to the study of holy things. The islands on the west coast of Ireland, known as the Arran Islands, became the retreat of over one thousand saints! Those isles of the Western Sea were for centuries a very tabernacle of holiness and prayer, and Ireland was full of such places. What blessed retreats they were for communing with God. Eternal silence pervading them, save when the voice of the Storm King was heard in the wild anthem of the winds, and the low, hoarse requiem of the waves. Sea and sky were the chief books of prayer used by the saints of the isles, whose lives were one long communion with God and heavenly things, one long, unbroken day of toil, with snatches of night for rest, until the welcome day of death dawned for their deliverance.

And the schools of Ireland and the scholars of those schools! Those scholars that taught such pupils as Alfred of England and founded such universities as those of Paris and Pavia.

What memories crowd upon us as we recall those schools of Armagh, of Mayo, of Clones, of "Arran of the Saints," of Clonard and Louth, of Clonmacnoise and Bangor, of Glendalough and Cashel, and so on, down the long and brilliant bead roll of those holy seats of learning, where seventy thousand students from all parts of the world, studied at one and the same time. No wonder that when speaking of those schools, and the training received within their walls, the eloquent Montalembert should exclaim: "There also were trained an entire population of philosophers, of writers, of architects, of carvers, of painters, of caligraphers, of musicians, of poets, and historians, but, above all, missionaries and preachers, destined to spread the light of the gospel and of Christian education, not only in all the Celtic countries, of which Ireland was always the nursing mother, but throughout Europe, among all the Teutonic races — among the Franks and Burgundians who were already masters of Gaul, as well as amid the dwellers by the Rhine and Danube, and up to the frontiers of Italy."

These Irish missionaries and scholars founded over one hundred monasteries outside of Ireland. Of these, twelve were in England, thirteen in Scotland, nine in Belgium, nineteen in France, ten in Alsace, seven in Louvaine, sixteen in Bavaria, six in Italy, fifteen in Switzerland and Thuringia, besides others in various parts of Europe.

Is not the study of such wonderful facts as these enough to awaken the student's mind, and elevate it to the noblest thoughts of that wonderful country that has done so much to honor God, and make brilliant the history of the Church? And when the mind of the student is thus awakened there are other things sure to follow; among these may be noted, a strengthening of faith, a warmer and more devoted attachment to religion, to the pastors of that religion, to the Sacraments of the Church, and, consequently, to the greater improvement of life, and attention to the duties which all have to discharge to God and to their neighbor.

Right Rev. Bishop Wigger of Trenton, N. J., has caused it to be announced in all the churches of his diocese, that, in accordance with the decrees of the Plenary Council at Baltimore, all Catholics must send their children to Catholic schools under penalty of being refused absolution unless expressly excused from so doing by the Bishop for reasons which should seem to him sufficient. This valiant champion of the Church will see to it that the Catholics of his diocese shall learn their duty and perform it.

Since the publication of the decrees of the Plenary Council, the progress in the building of parochial schools has gone steadily forward and will so continue until a Catholic school — the true handmaid of the Church — is found in every parish.

Simultaneously with this progress must come a revision of our school books; or, perhaps, the issuance of an entirely new series common to the whole country. In connection with this revision, or issuance of a new series, it is fervently to be hoped that Irish-American Catholics will respectfully insist that Irish history be not overlooked in the books destined to be used by their children. This is manifestly so necessary that it cannot be expected to be set aside by those into whose hands the work of issuing school books will be entrusted.

But we are Americans, belong to America, and American thought must dominate the books used by our children, particularly the "Readers" for advanced pupils. No doubt of it, whatever. Our youths cannot learn too much about America, and of all things pertaining to our great country. America must stand first, and above all things else besides, and no class of people will more readily proclaim their loyalty and devotion to America than Irish-Americans. They have done so time and again, and have sealed their loyalty with their hearts' blood! There are no truer Americans to be found to-day than Irish-Americans. They appreciate their liberty, and the liberty their Church enjoys. They uphold the institutions of the country, and whether born here or on the soil of the Old Land, they are as faithful and as true to this country and its flag as it is possible for men to be. But Irish-Americans, like other classes of people, differ in many things;

thus, there are some who think that our Bishops have gone too far in the matter of Catholic education. These Irish-Americans shake and tremble all over when Ireland or Irish literature is mentioned. They are a nervous class, afraid of the sound of their own voices, and as they are generally well off in the world, they would rather not bother talking about Ireland, as such a thing may be unpleasant to their American neighbors' feelings. Ireland and poverty have been too long associated together to make it fashionable to speak of Ireland or Irish history. This class of Irish-Americans are of no great use to their Church, and their religious faith is wanting in that firmness and solidity that characterized the faith of their fathers.

It is to guard against this weakness of character in Catholics, that good Irish-Americans will see to it that the books used in our parochial schools shall have a fair share of Irish literature interspersed throughout their pages, not to the detriment of American literature, but supplementary to it.

The different series of school books at present in use in our Catholic schools, academies, and colleges, are, as a rule, particularly wanting in Irish matters. A very few extracts are found in some, but they are accidental and meagre. The books used by the Brothers of the Christian Schools are the best in respect of Irish extracts.

It is not necessary to particularize those that are most wanting in this regard, as such a course might seem invidious.

It is not for sake of Ireland, nor for a sentimental love of the history and literature of that country, that Irish matters should have their legitimate showing in our school books, but for sake of the pupils, for sake of their religion, and for the extent and acquirement of their knowledge. The literary value and excellence of such matter will not be denied, and no richer storehouse can be drawn upon to furnish our youth with examples of all that is noble, holiest, and best.

Whatever tends to strengthen the faith of our children must be warmly inculcated in their training. Whatever enables them to cherish respect and love for their pastors must be placed before them in attractive colors, and whatever means are necessary to continue in them the true missionary spirit of their own people must be carefully nourished, if the Church in this country is to have a future history of progress commensurable with its character in the present and in the past.

We have now among us Italians, Germans, Poles, and Hungarians. None of these is a missionary people, never was, and never will be. The German Catholics are a fine race, and support the Church and their pastors decently. The Poles and Hungarians, in many instances, are a troublesome lot of people, and are careless, and disorderly, and not infrequently opposed to ecclesiastical authority. They are given to grave scandals and bitter feuds, and are often a source of vexation and trouble to the bishops under whose jurisdiction they live. The Italians are clearly divided into two classes; those who are practical Catholics, and those who are still affiliated with

Continental masonry. These are a wretched class, who have lost their faith and hate all religion. Individually, many Irish-American Catholics are by no means all that they should be in their relations to their Church and to their religion. Of all classes and nationalities, they are most to be blamed for the laxity of their lives, and for the scandal of their bad example. But all these will pass away. It is to the rising generation that the Church must look for its future. Probably nineteen-twentieths of that generation will be found to be of Irish descent, and just in proportion as the purity and grandeur of the religion of their forefathers is placed before their mental vision, so will their lives as Catholics become.

The introductory remarks of this article show the religious side of Irish history; but the history of Ireland is not confined to religion. The history of her patriotism and of her great men, her struggles for religious and national freedom, have an interest for the young that will abide with them to a good end. PETER MCCORRY.

How St. Francis of Assisi Fed the Birds.

THERE is in the Louvre a charming little picture by Giotto, of St. Francis preaching to the birds. The saint's face, with an earnest, loving expression, is looking up at the birds, that, with outstretched necks and half-open beaks, appear to catch his words. The old legend which this painting illustrates, with all the artist's vividness in presenting a story, is equally charming in its simplicity. It is as follows: As St. Francis was going towards Bivagno, he lifted up his eyes, and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions: "Wait for me here, while I preach to my little sisters, the birds." The birds gathered around him, and he spoke to them somewhat as follows:

"My little sisters, the birds, you owe much to God, your creator, and ought to sing His praise at all times, and in all places, because He has given you liberty and the air to fly about in; and though you neither spin nor sew, He has given you a covering for yourself and little ones. He sent two of your species into the ark with Noah, that you might not be lost to the world. He feeds you, though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord." As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, stretched out their necks, and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads to the earth.

His sermon over, St. Francis made the sign of the cross, and the birds flew up into the air, singing sweetly their song of praise, and dispersed towards the four quarters of the world, as if to convey the words they had heard to all the world. St Colomba used to feed the sea-beaten herons that alighted on the island of Iona. The sparrows would descend and eat out of St. Remi's hands; and the birds would hover around the hermits of Montserrat, and eat from their hands.

The Citizens' Public School Union.

"THE Citizens' Public School Union," of Boston, is one of the most dangerous and insidious organizations that have yet been formed for seducing Catholics from allegiance to their Church. They have changed the popular tactics of coercion; they do not advocate adverse legislation; they believe in moral suasion, and in conciliating Catholics by a show of fairness, and by making the public schools so much better than the parish schools that Catholics will insist upon patronizing the former at the expense of the latter. The spirit of the organization is indicated by the constitution of the society which says:

"The object of the Citizens' Public School Union is to aid in securing for any child a suitable intellectual, moral, and industrial education, free from the injurious influences of political and religious controversies, and to this end to secure the election of a school committee which shall fairly represent *all citizens* of Boston.

"Both men and women shall be eligible to membership.

"The Citizens' Public School Union shall consist of citizens of Boston who wish the Public School system of the city to be continued for the benefit of all its children, and who unite to secure that object; but no person shall be admitted to membership who will refuse to vote for a Catholic, or for a person of any other faith to become a member of the school committee, provided such person is believed to be loyal to the public schools, and otherwise suitable for the position."

Another indication of their policy is the fact that the pamphlet committee was authorized to publish and circulate the pamphlet entitled Our Common Schools, which was prepared by Francis Parkman, "and may be found at Clark's book-store at five cents a copy." And what is the purport of that pamphlet? Its animus is indicated by the following sentence: "The truth is, that our system of Common Schools is the best for Catholics as well as for Protestants,"—in his opinion—"and that its overthrow,"—who wants to overthrow it?—would be a disaster to the people of all communions, whatever it might be to their clergy,"—an ungentlemanly fling. "There are many among the most capable and intelligent of the Catholic population who in their hearts wish to maintain it, for they feel that it is for their interest to do so,"—but they are sadly mistaken. "Many Catholic parents know that their children are better taught in the public schools than in those of the parishes,"—they don't know any such thing—"and that they leave them far better fitted for success in life,"—and thereby sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage.

The writer goes on to claim, in a plausible but sophistical manner, that the tendency of the public schools is democratic, by fusing all sects and creeds into one homogeneous mass—yes, of Agnostic scepticism—and he then declares: "The most effective defence of the public schools will be the increase of their teaching efficiency, and the maintenance and growth of their superiority over the parochial schools,"—a laudable ambition certainly. "Already," he says, "there is a feeling among the humbler classes of Catholics that there is a kind of distinction in attending the one as compared with the other,"—a distinction

founded in pride,— "and that to give their children the best chance in life they must send them to the former and not to the latter," — a most fatal delusion. Then after a word of warning to the zealots, counselling moderation to those who would refuse Catholics any participation in the management of the schools, he acknowledges that Catholics have the advantage of Protestants in organization. The latter are divided, while Catholics are united under their celibate clergy. Still he finds ground for great encouragement in the fact that "the interests of the Catholic laity are not always those of their clergy,"— which is certainly a bold assertion,— and he says, "It is folly to excite them to fanaticism by displays of Protestant fanaticism." Very good. "The ecclesiastics," he says, "it is true, will never be content till education is under their own control,"— why should it not be?—"but their flocks will be satisfied with the public schools in spite of them,"—a spiteful remark for a gentleman.

There is the policy of the new organization clearly and frankly stated. It is to wean the Catholic laity from loyalty to their priests and to their church, by making the public schools superior to the parish schools, and convincing the laity that it will be more respectable and more for the temporal interests of their children to patronize those schools than their own Catholic schools. We are not going now to argue formally against the positions, or endeavor to disprove the statements of Mr. Parkman. We are not going to comment more at length upon the courtesy or the wisdom of his policy. We shall simply content ourselves with remarking that, while our enemies might naturally take courage from the fact that a few disloyal Catholics prefer the public schools to their own, it would be great folly for them to count upon any extensive or permanent alienation. The Catholic Church never changes her great essential principles, or her policy, in obedience to public clamor, or the complaints of a few of her own disgruntled members. The sacred principle of Christian education can never be yielded. It is an essential part of her system. Owing to her feebleness in numbers and influence in the past years,— the result of centuries of cruel persecution,— this principle has been in abeyance, and many of the present generation of Catholics have been educated in the public schools, and it is not surprising that they should be more or less under the influence of their training, But as parish schools continue to be established in accordance with the law of the Church, and the present generation dies out, all opposition to parish schools will cease, and if our Protestant friends, in the meantime, should not have learned to do us and themselves justice by allowing positive religious instruction in the public schools, parish schools, in the Catholic Church at least, will have become universal, and all Catholic children will be educated in them.

He who draws us away from humility, under some plausible pretext, is a false prophet, a ravaging wolf in sheep's clothing, ready to devour what we have taken so much time and trouble to hoard up. — *St. Peter of Alcantara.*

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER III.—RAILWAY AUTOCRACY.— (*Continued.*)

Tyrannical Combination.— Trade Crippled.— A Blood Sucking Process.— Value of Land Depreciated.— Disastrous Emigration.— Indifference to the People's Wants.— Irish Farmers.— Two Great Defects.— Third Class and Return Fares.— State of Carriages.— Some Curious Passengers.— By Laws Disregarded.— Irish Fairs and Fares.— Market People in Belgium.— Waste of Perishable Food.— Cost of Conveying Cattle.— Turnpike Boards.— Want of Resources in Ireland.— Financial Ruin Possible.— Marble Quarries Unworked.— Charges from America.— A Useless Court.— Failure of Mills.— A Desolate Picture.— Steamboats and Railways.— Absence of Quotation.— An Isolated Town.— Royal Commissioners' Report.— Reckless Expenditure.

In Ireland there are about twenty-six hundred miles of railways in a country possessing fifteen million acres of cultivated land. The counties most in need of development, such as Donegal, Mayo, Galway, Cork, and Kerry, are sadly destitute of cheap and expeditious methods of transit, both for goods and passengers. The twenty-six hundred miles of railways are split up into different companies, with special boards and expensive officials. These companies have hitherto acted in a tyrannical and selfish manner. They form a powerful combination, called a "conference," where representatives of the railway and steamboat companies meet and regulate the fares. The respective companies form a strong combination; the main object of their monthly meetings consists in laboring to extract the extreme rates and keep down competition. If this conference saw its own interest it would at once establish low through rates from every town in Ireland to the chief markets in England, and enable Ireland to compete with the foreigner. For France, Holland, Italy, Belgium, as well as the new continent, deal with London. The railway companies, throughout Ireland, should deal with the competitive Irish ports in the same way that English railway companies have arranged among themselves to deal with their competing ports, Fleetwood, Liverpool, and Barrow, charging equal rates to all the interior English stations. Paris has equal rates with Dunkirk, Calais, Dieppe, and Boulogne. It is simply monstrous that Irish railway companies, in the face of such examples, should try to cripple the trade of their own country.

One efficient man might conduct the whole railway system of Ireland, not so large as two of the English companies, with two hundred per cent. capital less than that of the London and North Western, and while discharging this duty, he might safely allow himself two days a week for fishing or shooting. A reform in this direction is absolutely imperative. The combination of the railway and steamboat companies, together with their purchase of several of the canals, on which they levy excessive rates or which they allow to fall into disrepair, is greatly to be deplored. This unjust combination has broken down all fair competition and retarded commerce. It is high time the trade of the country should be free from this blood-sucking process, which has been going on too long. When Parliament gave authority to railway companies to forcibly enter into and break up land, it did so in the interest and for the good of the people. This, however, is not the way in which railway legislators regard the question. They have arranged that the people of this country shall not enjoy even the same rights over their own railways which are per-

mitted to the foreigner. Americans and others, in consequence, can undersell the British farmer in his own market. Railway legislators are allowed to raise the value of lands in America, and other corn and meat producing countries, by allowing the foreign producer the right to use our railways at less rates than those allowed our own people. The value of British land is depreciated in the same proportion as that of other countries is enhanced. There are hundreds of thousands of acres in Great Britain and Ireland wholly uncultivated, and much more only partially developed, while we are paying annually several millions a year to the foreigner for what we could very well supply ourselves. Doctrinaires are calling on the country to assist her sons in emigrating, for the purpose of cultivating the artificially protected lands of foreign countries. In May, 1887, the pick and flower of the laboring class, to the number of nineteen thousand, left Ireland, causing the price of labor to run up two hundred per cent. The stream is going on still, depriving the country of its best wealth. If trade and agriculture are to revive, emigration must be checked, and, on several objects of traffic, a uniform railway charge must be introduced. No greater proof of the incapacity of the present railway companies, and their indifference to the wants of the people, can be shown than the statement that a beast can be transported from Canada to Bristol cheaper than from Kilkenny to the same town. Farmers in Ireland are prohibited from sending their cattle direct to the English markets. All they can do is to send them to Dublin, there to be purchased by a ring of dealers, who traffic with the railway and steamboat companies for a less price than they would charge a farmer. On the whole question of goods there is a great irregularity of charge, and an extraordinary want of promptness in attending to the wants of the trading classes.

The general defect of the Irish railway system is a want of adaptiveness to the sundry wants of Ireland, and a total disbelief in the possibility of development. This applies with the same force to passenger and goods traffic. The passenger trade admits of large development if more facilities were given. In England, third-class fares are generally a penny a mile; they are fractionally over this in all parts of Ireland. Return tickets are more scarce, while the few given are obstructive to their own use. They do not give long dates, and will not allow the passenger to get out at intermediate stations; the restrictive conditions are far more numerous than in England, while the passenger arrangement is far less liberal. Besides, the third class is regarded with contempt; the accommodation is so filthy and uncomfortable in the carriages that it is impossible for respectable people to go in them. Passengers are allowed to bring a class of goods that would not be tolerated on any English or Scotch line, such as baskets of ducks, hens, rabbits, small pigs in bags; these are taken into third-class carriages, and a calf is known to have travelled in a first-class. The companies, in many cases, fail to enforce their own by-laws; they are, for the most part, under different management, and, all working for their own hand, neglect the interests of the general public. The

rivalries and endless jealousies of those petty companies entail public loss. There are about thirty-six million pounds invested in Irish railways, with gross receipts of under three millions; the extensions during the last few years have been very slight. From 1873 to 1885, a period of twelve years, the receipts do not indicate much progress. The charge for a return ticket for a distance of ten miles is 3*s.* 3*d.*, first class; the corresponding charges for second and third are equally high. Men going to fairs and markets would avail themselves of railways if the fares were low; but the conflicting interests of many companies prevent this. Fairs in Ireland are held early in the morning; the trains start too late to carry the farmer to market. The object of the directors and hotel-keepers is, that the people who attend the fairs should stay over night; in this way the interest of a few is set against the benefit of the many. The consequences are, that people ride their own horses, or drive their cattle to market for long distances, rather than avail themselves of the railways, which often run close by the road. No attempt has been made to accommodate the public similar to that followed with such notable results in Belgium. The trains in that country are usually crowded with market people.

Many of the remote districts of Cork, Kerry, and Donegal, are bankrupt for want of railway accommodation. Kenmare, a small town in Kerry, occupying the apex of the bay, has no cheap means of transit; pigs have been sold there thirty and forty per cent. less than in Cork, for want of a market, while perishable food, like fish, is literally wasted. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited the coast of Mayo and Sligo, the coastguards gave him a return of two hundred and fifty thousand creels of herrings caught in a fortnight. Of fifteen hundred pounds' worth of fish caught in Clew Bay, the men did not get ten pounds in cash for the whole lot, there being no railway to transport it to market. The existing companies will not extend their lines to meet the wants of the fishermen; indeed, they will sanction no extension unless that extension bears directly on their own interests. The directors are content with moderate dividends that are safe; besides that, they entertain the notion that a traffic in cattle, minerals, and food supply pays to a certain point, but beyond that they have no desire to develop future traffic. The cost of conveying cattle everywhere in Ireland is excessive compared to England; in this matter Ireland stands at a great disadvantage. The cost of bringing a beast from Cork to Dublin is 17*s.* 9*d.*, while to transport it from Dublin to Manchester, the greatest central market in England, is only 9*s.* 8*d.* The cattle trade in Ireland, lately showing signs of enlargement, is greatly crippled by the present charges. A truck of cattle from Ballinasloe to Dublin, a distance of ninety-one miles, is two pounds five shillings. The farmers, in many cases, prefer walking the cattle to removing it by rail, which is more expensive, and the animals are less subject to injury. The time taken by train is about fourteen hours, while the walking process occupies not less than five days.

Railroads are necessary to maintain a country in a sound, economic condition, but it is not fair to tax the present generation with the whole

amount of the cost. In Ireland, there is about one mile of railway to every twelve square miles of area and eighteen hundred inhabitants, whereas, in Scotland, where the physical difficulties of railway construction are greater, and the population more sparse, there is one mile of railway to every ten square miles and twelve hundred inhabitants. At one time, the public roads were made by turnpike boards; the government of the day raised the money and charged it on the baronies; those using them were compelled to make payment if horse traffic were employed. All the great highways, both in England and Ireland, were maintained by boards of trustees. When railroads were developed through the country, the turnpikes ceased to pay; then Parliment by enactment, in 1855, abolished turnpikes and handed the roads over to the grand juries. At the time they wound up, the government were recouped and overpaid for their expenditure. In many parts of Ireland, and especially where railroads are most wanted, the people are too poor to contribute anything towards their construction. There is really no place in Ireland where a railway can be made to pay, in the first instance, for the outlay. Neither Kerry, Cork, Donegal, nor any of the counties on the West Coast, can develop itself. Any system founded on the basis of the guarantee of a local taxation of the districts, must fail, for there are no resources in the neighborhood that at present could be reasonably expected to meet the interest upon the money expended on the extension. Whatever is done must be on the basis of the entire empire. Taxation for such improvement must be imperial. To make poor districts in Ireland construct their own railways, would be to commit a fallacy similar to that of the Poor Laws system, which makes the poor support the poor. The carriage of goods in those poor districts is highly extortionate. Meat in Donegal is conveyed at the rate of one pound per ton, which constitutes thirty per cent. of the price. If the government took the initiative in forming tramways and railways, taxing the districts capable of giving support, they could recoup themselves from the revenue of the railways when the industries were developed. The trustees of the district would undertake the duty of collecting it as they did in the case of turnpike roads. The present system of management, if continued, is likely to land the country in financial ruin. Since the abolition of turnpike roads, the railways are practically the highways of the country. The public should have some control over them and prevent private companies raising rates to the detriment of trade and commerce.

Irish produce cannot find its way into the English consuming markets, in consequence of the heavy rates adopted by the existing lines, and the absence of further extension where railways are required. Except the linen, brewing and distilling industries, Ireland has hardly any produce to export. Such articles as limestone, slate, coal, iron, poultry, and similar produce, have been overtaxed, and, in many cases, their development stifled. Galway serpentine, the most beautiful kind of Irish marble, is to be found in Recess, a quarry about thirty-five miles from the town of Galway, the nearest railway station. In consequence of the want of cheap transit, it has not been sufficiently

worked, Dublin artisans being able to get marbles from Belgium and Italy at half the money it costs to get them from Galway, owing to excessive rates. The same may be said of other quarries similarly situated, besides which, some landlords demand a heavy royalty before the mine is opened, effectually killing the industry. The counties of Limerick and Tipperary, and a great portion of Cork, are entirely dependent on the production of butter. The falling off of the quantity sent to Cork is attributable to two causes, high rates and foreign competition. Butter is charged by the firkin; the rate from Tralee to Cork, 83 miles, is 10*d.* per firkin, or £1 2*s.* 6*d.* a ton. From Fermoy to Liverpool, via Dublin, 299 miles, the rate is £1 13*s.* 4*d.* per ton; the railway distance 161 miles, for which the company gets 10*s.* 10*d.* per ton, against 15*s.* 6*d.* for 38 miles from Fermoy to Cork. From Kilmallock to Liverpool, 261 miles, the rate is 30*s.* per ton. The railway company gets about 7*s.* 11*d.*, for 124 miles, as against 15*s.* 6*d.*, to Cork, a distance of 41 miles. The same unfairness is exhibited in the transportation of beer. The railway company will carry a ton of English ale or porter 165 miles at 6*s.* 6*d.*, while they charge 11*s.* 8*d.*, for a ton of the same article manufactured in Cork, over a distance of 55 miles. There is no competition with railways in Ireland, while the rates in many cases are prohibitive. Pork is an article largely consumed in Cork. The rate charged for about 40 miles, from Dungannon to Belfast, is 13*s.* 4*d.* a ton, not carted at either end; adding cartage 2*s.* 6*d.*, it would bring it up to 15*s.* 10*d.* On the other hand, the rate charged for American bacon, coming the same distance, 40 miles, is only 10*s.*, including cartage at both ends, giving 5*s.* 10*d.*, a ton against the Irish producer.

The carriage of flax from Stranolar, in Donegal, to Belfast, eighty-six miles, is £1 1*s.* 8*d.* The rate from Ghent, in Belgium, is only 18*s.* 8*d.* Taking any distance in Donegal, breadstuffs can be carried from America to Londonderry at about half the rate they can be conveyed from Londonderry to the interior of Donegal. It is more costly to convey produce from Donegal or Derry to its markets, than it is from America to Derry.

It may be said that there exists a Railway Commissioners' Court, capable of adjusting those differences. Of this court it may be stated, as a sample of its action, that Mr. Hickman, the largest ironmaster in Straffordshire, deliberately informed the Select Committee that he was afraid to invoke its protection, in consequence of the great expense. Under those circumstances, farmers and small traders cannot be expected to make much use of it. The railway companies in conference unblushingly arrange the rates, instead of competing with each other. It is plainly the duty of Parliament to see that it is within the power of the humblest trader to obtain protection against such excessive charges. If a wholesome reform were effected, the people of Ireland would be benefited, and the whole nation would participate in the general impetus given to both trade and agriculture. The stoppage of the milling industry has also been caused mainly by the difference in freight, from wheat being carried from the seaboard to the interior,

and sent back again manufactured to the seaboard. The inland carriage alone prevented a miller in the interior from carrying on his business, because he had against him the fact that the manufactured article comes from America with one carriage, whereas the wheat comes in bulk, and one-fourth of that is offal, the carriage of which turns the scale of cost against the home producer. The only prosperous mills now running are those on the seaboard, to be found in Dublin, Newry, Cork, and a few in Kerry. It is cheaper to send a ton of flour from Chicago to Liverpool (20*s*. a ton) than from Londonderry to Manchester.

The brick trade in Ireland owes its decadence, in a great measure, to the heavy rates of carriage. An eminent builder in Dublin stated, in his evidence before the commission, that he could get bricks as cheaply from England, landed in Dublin, as he could procure them from King's Court, a factory only fifty miles from Dublin, notwithstanding the fact that a railway ran through the brickfields. The carriage of all minerals in Ireland is double what has to be paid in England. It is no wonder then that there is an absence of manufacturing industries in Ireland. The spectacle which strikes a stranger is that of desolation and decay, large milling concerns idle, extensive warehouses in ruins, squalid suburbs in all towns, and, for the most part, a starving, discontented people. The prolonged agitation concerning the political condition of Ireland, has detracted the attention from its industrial aspect. Several industries have been nipped in the bud; others never had a chance. It is now as cheap to send goods from any manufacturing English district to the remotest town in Ireland as it is to send goods from Dublin to those towns. Irish manufacturers are thus handicapped against their English and Scotch opponents. The cultivation of sugar from beet once promised to be a hopeful industry. It failed through want of farming knowledge, machinery, and cheap transit of goods. Farmers do not grow, not having a market to dispose of their produce. Many of the small railway companies strive to get the same money for doing less work, instead of doing more work at a reduced rate. The small amount of steamboat opposition has not cheapened the rates, as they act generally in conjunction with the railways; the doubtful advantage of securing more civility in case of complaints is all that they have achieved. Another serious defect in the management of railways is the absence of quotation. A man should be able to know the cost of conveying his goods from a central town in Ireland to the English markets. There is no such thing as sending cattle to an English firm of salesmen; even in long journeys, from Kerry to Dublin, the trader never knows what will be charged for goods, there seems to be no rule, and the charges on several commodities vary considerably. The means of communication between the different systems of railway are very defective and entail great loss of time. As an example of this, lately there has sprung up a considerable business in Kerry cattle. Buyers have to go backwards between Kerry and Tipperary; often a delay of two or three hours at the Limerick junction takes place, entailing loss of time and serious interruption of

business. The service of the trains is inconveniently arranged, in consequence of the independent interests of the several companies. A quotation of through rates upon equitable terms continuously from one line to another is greatly needed.

For example, to take goods from Belfast to Sligo, the Great Northern will quote to Enniskillen, and no farther; the trader must then apply to Enniskillen for the Sligo line, and so on. Goods cannot be invoiced through at one charge from Belfast to Sligo; all payments must be made separately.

The town of Kenmare is twenty miles from a railway station. The whole country on each side of the bay, on which the town is situated, is entirely precluded from contact with other markets, in consequence of a want of railway communication. The produce of this part of the country consists of butter, pigs, and eggs. There are no means of bringing them to the market except by cart, and from some parts of the district it is over fifty miles to a railway station. In the whole country west of Kenmare there is not a single railway of any kind. In this locality there is a considerable fish traffic, and men are known to pull their boats thirty miles, on the chance of selling some of their fish in Kenmare. They come from Dursey Island on the south and Rossmore Island on the north of the bay. The whole of this part of Kerry is without railway accommodation. It is difficult to get statistics as to what traders spend for carriage in bringing goods to Kenmare. One small trader, a meal merchant, for the last thirty years, paid an average of five hundred pounds a year carriage from Cork to Kenmare for goods. Ireland, compared to England, is not rich in minerals; but the few places where any exist are not developed, for want of railway communication. The coal fields of Kilkenny deserve some accommodation. The present output of coal from that district is about eighty thousand pounds per annum — much less than it ought to be, if there were any means of getting it away. This promising district is no more than fifteen to twenty miles from a line of railway, yet no attempt has been made to connect it, and thus this mine of wealth has been left undeveloped. About twenty short lines, judiciously fixed here and there, would provide all the communication wanted. Some of the finest fishing grounds in the world are of this coast, entirely unworked.

Turning to the report of the Royal Commissioners on Irish Public works appointed in 1888, we find that both fares and goods rates in Ireland have remained nearly stationary for a number of years, or, indeed, have in some cases actually increased. The commissioners continue: "There can be no doubt that even the ordinary first and second class passengers' fares are (with few exceptions) high as compared with the charges made in other countries, still more so in relation to the limited means of the inhabitants, which would make fares, even equal to those in England, proportionately more onerous to them. This burden is only partially alleviated by the special low rates which are often given on market tickets, and by the reduction on return tickets, a system which has been largely abandoned in England in favor of a general reduction of fares."

And in summing up the commission state: "Whatever may be the cause, there has not been in Ireland that growth in third-class traffic which has been so remarkable in recent years in England, which fact would seem to indicate that Irish railway management has not adapted itself to the necessities of this class."

The commissioners quote the following instance of the methods of management in force on Irish railways: "Dublin is the only large city in the United kingdom out of which there is no night train provided for third-class passengers to the principal centres of population. The night mail train on the Great Southern and Western line, in spite of repeated remonstrances, has no third-class carriage attached, and this state of things was defended by the representatives of the company. On the Great Northern line, a singular element is introduced by the fact that a third-class carriage is run from Dublin to Drogheda by the night mail, and on Sundays to Dundalk, and is there detached, so that third-class passengers wishing to reach Belfast have to pay an excess fare." As another instance of the same want of convenience, we may mention that from Dublin to Belfast the population of which are about two hundred and thirty thousand and two hundred and seven thousand exclusive of the surrounding districts, there is no train between nine A. M. and five P. M. which traverses the distance (one hundred and thirteen miles) in four hours, and in such a case we cannot but believe that increased facilities would attract traffic. No experiment, however, has been made in this direction.

Third-class season tickets are practically non-existent in Ireland. It appears from the Board of Trade returns that in England and Wales the receipts from third-class periodical tickets were £324,113, being 19.2 per cent. of the whole season-ticket revenue of £1,682,158. In Scotland they produced £53,507, or 31 per cent. of the corresponding total, £171,072; but in Ireland, only the trivial sum of £856, out of a total receipt of £48,898, from season tickets, was derived from third-class passengers. We cannot understand why this class should be excluded from the facilities afforded by periodical tickets, and experience in Great Britain appears to show that such extension would almost certainly be beneficial to the railway receipts. The Great Northern system of five hundred and twenty-two miles has three independent managers, each in charge of a separate district. Such a state of things does not tend either to efficiency or economy in the work of the line, or to the convenience of the public. It is, no doubt, a survival of the time before 1877, when that system belonged to several independent companies; but its continued existence after twelve years can hardly be defended.

A few figures will show the initial and Parliamentary expenses of railway companies.

The Parliamentary costs of the Brighton Railway averaged £4,806 a mile.

The Parliamentary costs of the Manchester and Birmingham Railway averaged £5,190 a mile.

The solicitors' Bill for the Southern Railway Company consisted of ten thousand folios, and amounted to £240,000.

Astonishing as these figures are, they give but a faint idea of the amount of recklessness in railway expenses. It would be easy to establish a railway system which would issue a saving of fifty millions of money, give cheaper fares and rates, and absolute security to life and property.

From 1873 to 1885, the population of Ireland has declined by half a million. This has affected the railway traffic, and helped to keep the railway receipts stationary. Bad seasons, low prices, and foreign competition have completed the impoverishment of the country, while the recent land agitation, with its terrorism and uncertainty, has demoralized a people for the most part hard working and honest, but thriftless through desperation and want of outlets to an industrious life.

Many are in favor of a general amalgamation of the present railway companies, with a government control. This, no doubt, would be a powerful means of lessening both fares and rates, and reducing the large staff of officials now employed; but it would be only a step in advance; better face the question boldly. All over Europe the railways are fast becoming national property, and the fate of our own iron highways, so important to a trading community, must be the same. England is not accustomed to grapple with large questions on a short notice. We left our Indian Empire for two hundred years in the hands of a knot of merchants in Leadenhall street; no wonder we have allowed our iron roads, for half a century, to be under the control of a handful of commercial speculators, who, at best, are human, considering only their own interests.

Chapter IV. next month.

A Wise Father's Good Counsel.

"HUNDREDS of young men, of fine natural ability and through education, make miserable failures in life, merely because they have rich parents," said one of the oldest and most successful iron merchants in St. Louis to Stoves and Hardware. "If they were thrown upon their own resources from the start, many of them would not only succeed in a monetary sense, but would become worthy and influential citizens. As it is, the majority fail, simply because they lack incentive. Over thirty years ago, I started in business with scarcely any capital, but with plenty of courage and energy, and a firm resolution to accumulate enough to place my family in comfort in my old age. Never allowing myself to forget this object for a moment, I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes. Now I have a son who recently graduated at a prominent institution of learning. Instead of selecting a profession, he looks forward to a life of activity in a mercantile pursuit, and has commenced work as an assistant shipping clerk in my establishment. The work is hard and the pay small, but as he masters the business he will advance. After a while he will earn his way through the various departments to a desk in the counting room. It may take several years, but the practical knowledge

thus gained is essential to a successful business career, and, besides, it is a knowledge obtained only by such work. Of course I could have placed him in the counting-room at first at a good salary; but this would not have given him the necessary experience, nor have enabled him to obtain the independence and self-reliance that comes with a thorough mastery of business. In the years to come that boy will have a knowledge of business that will always find him employment, should financial reverses come. But, as a rule, financial reverses never come to men with such a training. If rich fathers would encourage their sons to work through such an experience, they would see the day when their sons would bless them for it. Idleness will ruin any young man."

For a Columbus Day.

WHY not a Columbus day, Pan-American, if you please, but, in any case, United States American? Columbus, though a Roman Catholic, and, perhaps, a saint — a fact and a possibility that do not discredit his ambitions or his work — was the first Columbian — an American before America. He was not a George Washington, it is true; nor a St. Patrick: least of all was he a Pilgrim Father, and yet, were it not for his Christian grit, his humanity, his courage, dash, patient persistence, neither the sons of the pilgrims, nor the sons of St. Patrick, nor any one of the sons of Liberty, could now proudly sing of a land that is 'the gem of the ocean, and the home of the brave and the free.' Why not, then, a Columbus day?

In the spring we have two great national festivals, Washington's birthday, and St. Patrick's day. In fact, St. Patrick was neither an American nor an Irishman. Still there can be but little doubt that, if he had not been born so long before Columbus, he would have been as truly American as every Irishman is. Could it be that some of us have forgotten that Columbus was an American before St. Patrick was *ex post facto* naturalized? If our memory has been at fault, shall we not hasten to correct it?

The 4th of July is our summer national festival. We have no autumn festival, nor have we a winter festival. Pilgrims' Day is provincial, if not sectarian. While we are waiting for a winter national festival, let us not tarry in marking the autumn calendar with a golden letter, on October 12, the day Columbus landed on the thrice-blessed soil of San Salvador. We have written poems, biographies, essays in his honor. Orations we have made by the thousand. With a superlative World's Fair, the New World is about to celebrate the fourth centenary of his so fruitful a discovery. Shall we honor him only every four hundred years, or even hundred years? Shall we treat the greatest of the moderns with less consideration than some self-asserting nations show to a poet whose sense of form renders his immorality all the more hurtful, or to a musician whose audacity has made a disordered talent and a formless form be accepted as the highest art? Has even Chicago, the home of patriotic, intellectual, world-civilizing enthusiasms, a Columbus Colosseum or a terra cotta bust?

Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers.

PART III.

In the second article of this series I referred to the connection of the Meagher family with Terra Nova. Although not strictly germane to my subject, it may not be amiss to mention, that it is claimed (and apparently confirmed by the evidence adduced), that Pamela, the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was a native of Newfoundland, being the offspring of one Jeremiah Coughlan and Nancy Simms of Fogo Island. Coughlan was appointed naval officer, with jurisdiction over that portion of the coast, in 1770. He may or may not have been a loyal Irishman; but Nancy Simms is unmistakably English. It would encroach too much upon the space allotted me to attempt even a summary of the arguments put forward in behalf of this view. They can be found in full in the Colonist (St. John, N. F., Christmas, 1888), embodied in an able article from the pen of Rev. Mr. Pilot, whose position as Inspector of Anglican Schools has given him excellent opportunities for acquiring the information contained in traditions of the fishing hamlets. Mr. Pilot states, that, in 1784, Rev. Mr. Chapman, Anglican Missionary at Fogo, received from Louis Philippe a letter making particular inquiry regarding the Simms family and Pamela. This letter was handed to the senior representative of that family; but through some negligence remained unanswered. Mr. Pilot approaches his sketch in a most sympathetic manner, and refers to Lord Edward as having thrown himself, with all the energy of a hero and a patriot, into the struggle "of the Irish for liberty of conscience, and for the exercises of those civil rights from which for centuries they had been unjustly denied."

> "Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and
> Wolfe Tone sunk serene,
> Because they could not bear to leave the
> Red above the green!"

In 1786 Father Edmund Bourke, O. S. D., a native of Tipperary, came to Placentia and built the old chapel and presbytery there. He is believed to have been a brother to Dr. Bourke, first Bishop of Halifax, N. S., and was a nephew of the martyred Father Nicholas Sheehy. He remained at Placentia till 1798, when dreading English vengeance he left for Halifax, having been, in some way, implicated in the rising. Probably his terrible offence was that he sheltered or assisted some hapless fugitive. In any case it is not clear how he became safer by going to Halifax. About 1794 Rev. Patrick Whelan, O. S. F., came to Harbor Grace. In 1779 while making a voyage along the coast of his extensive parish, he was overtaken by a storm, his skiff swamped, and all on board drowned. The body of the good priest was alone recovered. He was found erect in the water, "his Breviary under his arm, a cane in one hand, and a small bag containing the pyx in the other." How many of the slandered, *silenced*, *suspended*, *unauthorized*,

priests went to their deaths in like manner while serving their people? God knoweth.

In 1788 a furious attack was made upon Dr. O'Donel by the deputy-governor, one Capt. Pellu, who demanded the expulsion of all priests in the island except those who might be kept in salutary dread by the presence of a garrison. Dr. O'Donel succeeded in disabusing the governor's mind of the hostile impressions caused by this letter. Elsewhere he speaks of the arbitrary power of this Pellu: "'Tis true that he can act as he pleases, as he is king, priest, and prophet in the Island." Although Dr. O'Donel had got permission to build a chapel in St. John's, he did not find it so easy to carry on his ministrations outside of that settlement. Desiring to convey the consolations of religion to the people who were scattered around the coast, he applied in 1790 to Pasha Milbank for permission to erect a few chapels. From this worthy he received a reply stating in substance that it was not his purpose to extend facilities for Catholic worship; but, on the contrary, it was his serious intention to restrict the facilities already enjoyed. So much for A. S. ideas of religious toleration. This, too, six years after the proclamation of George III., *by the grace of God*, allowing liberty of conscience to all persons. In 1791 Dr. O'Donel gained an ally in the person of Mr. Reeves who was then appointed Judge-advocate, and who appears to have been very far ahead of his times in his ideas of liberty for other people. He ably supported Dr. O'Donel against the boorish and intolerant Pasha Milbank. Shortly afterwards Dr. O'Donel wrote to Ireland for another Franciscan missioner, adding that "*it is absolutely necessary that he should speak Irish.*" This indispensable condition gives us a striking object-lesson as to the nationality of these brave old church-builders, the heroes of the days of floggings and house-burnings. In 1793 the penal laws in Ireland were partially relaxed. Catholic worship was permitted; but it was stipulated that Mass should not be celebrated in any building having a steeple or a bell, such luxuries being considered incompatible with the continued existence of the British Empire. At the same time the feeling towards the so-called colonists, as summed up by Lord North, was that "whatever they loved to have roasted the governor was to give them raw; whatever they wished to have raw he was to give it to them roasted." This, of course, is a purely metaphorical expression.

In 1796 Dr. O'Donel was appointed Bishop of Thyabira, *i. p. i.*, and Vicar-Apostolic of Newfoundland, in response to a memorial sent to Pius VI. by the priests and leading Catholic laymen. He was consecrated at St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, on Sept. 21, 1796, by Bishop Hubert, of that city, who was the nearest Episcopal dignitary available for that purpose. On his return from Quebec, Dr. O'Donel made a pastoral visit to Placentia, — the old-time head-quarters of the French. The English then had a lieutenant-governor and a garrison. The garrison is only a memory now; the old fortifications have crumbled before the mighty hand of time; scarcely a mound remains to indicate where they once stood. One, at least, of them after all its vicissitudes, finally supplied stone to build the foundation of the

Presentation convent which was established there in 1863. This would have been a bitter *Crux* for that Lieut. Elford, who, in the days of Chaos, ordered all women to be banished from the island. One or two old cannon still remain marked with G. R. and the broad arrow; but when the present Catholic bishop of St. John's visits Placentia on his periodical tour, the rusty old guns are disinterred from the accumulated debris, and made to do honor to the guardian of faith, even at the risk of explosion, and consequent demolition of the ubiquitous small boy. And so:

"Time at last makes all things even."

In the same year, Dr. O'Donel, while on his way to Ferryland, was blown off to sea for three days, while the waves ran mountain high amid the broken ice which surrounded them and menaced them with destruction. As a sample of how colonization was encouraged in "the oldest British colony," we may note that during the regime of Pasha Waldegrave (1796–9), that potentate, when taking his annual farewell of the island during the winter season, issued orders to the sheriff, strictly prohibiting the erection of any buildings during his absence. On his return, one spring, he found that one Mrs. Gill (doubtless a lazy Celt) had erected a fence around a plot of land which she claimed had been granted her by a former Pasha. He sternly rebuked the sheriff, and threatened to dismiss him. When Waldegrave's term of office had expired, he determined that no such plea should be used in *his* name. For the benefit of the incoming Pasha, he left a statement that he had made no land grants. This was *assisted colonization* with a vengeance. Not until 1811 was it possible to build a house without special license from the governor. Our old friend, Pasha Milbank, held that the possession of any land ought to subject the holder to imprisonment or banishment from the country. It was under such auspices as these that "Britain's most ancient colony" was *colonized*. Great is the power of audacity! Since we have indubitable evidence that there were tyrants in those days, it is satisfactory to know that they were hated as they deserved to be. A few years before the time of Dr. O'Donel, the old records mention the case of a man who was fined five pounds for refusing to detail one of his servants to perform some duty for one Harris, a justice of the peace. Doubtless the *gravamen* of his offence lay in his contemptuous remark, that "neither justice, constable, commodore, nor all the commodores in h—l should have one of his men." Evidently there was no doubt in the popular mind that Oliver Cromwell should have an efficient retinue of commodores, as became such a Heaven-sent deliverer.

In 1799 the regiment of soldiers stationed at St. John's became disaffected, and were in intimate relations with the oppressed and discontented people outside. Between them they organized a plan of campaign, which, if not speedily checked, would have seriously endangered, if it did not entirely destroy, the British connection. In that case, there would have been an appeal to the protectorate of the

Western Republic, and a consequent lopping off of one of the tentacles so vigorously described by Congressman Cummings, on Sept. 9, 1888. But it was not written so, — at least, not then. Bishop O'Donel threw all his influence on the side of the government, for while the outrages of vicious authority may be condoned, there is no palliation for the excesses of a people goaded to desperation by generations of misgovernment. Between him and Col. Skerrett the threatened revolt was averted. Panegyrics innumerable have been chanted over his action on this occasion. The matter, however, seems to narrow itself down to this: Did he do his duty? If he did, no need for panegyrics; if not, they are utterly out of place. We hear so much about the pre-eminence of British law, that I have taken the trouble to get a synopsis from a legal friend, who puts the matter in this shape: —

"Protection to person and property is always a condition precedent to allegiance. Between the governed and the governor there exists an implied contract. The subject gives his allegiance to the state in consideration of the state securing to him all the rights, privileges, and immunities of citizenship. If the subject wilfully breaks his part of the compact he is a traitor: if the government neglects or refuses to perform its portion of the contract, then the subject is *by operation of law* released from his contract, and rebellion is not only justifiable but absolutely commendable."

It is safe to say that if ever a politico-social system stood in need of a salutary blood-letting, that system was the one in vogue at that time. The blood shed for liberty is not spilled in vain. People who get their liberty without a struggle can scarcely be expected to estimate it at its true worth. When it comes sanctified with the blood of those who died for it, and watered with the tears of their mourners, then it will take root deep in the heart-strings of the nation, and be treasured as something to suffer for, something to bleed for, something to die for. This is the sort of liberty which becomes dearer than the apple of the eye: —

> "For Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft is *ever won*."

Freedom thus achieved is likely to be prized dearer than life, and will not readily become a marketable commodity for political chivalry. Dr. Howley says: "Dr. O'Donel's influence was cheaper and more serviceable than an armed force." It was certainly appraised in a thoroughly cheap-jack spirit. He received an annuity of two hundred and fifty dollars which was probably less than the cost of the Colonel's groom, not to speak of a regiment of soldiers. Bishop Mullock indignantly denounced the parsimony of the government of that day by which, "while the profligate favorites of royalty, and the cadets of a beggarly aristocracy were drawing their thousands annually from the pension list, *fifty pounds* was considered a sufficient reward for the acknowledged and invaluable services of the Catholic bishop." Good Bishop Mullock evidently forgot that when such services can be had for nothing,— when

they are cheerfully and loyally proffered,— they are not likely to receive honorable recognition from a government that sneers at sentiment, and makes £. s. d., its Divine Providence. *Money rules the world.* About the time of the destruction of this conspiracy (as if to exemplify the ingratitude of princes), Bishop O'Donel was walking past a bar-room one day and Prince William Henry, then a midshipman in H. M. S. Pegasus, being inside threw a sharp weapon after him. It only caused a slight wound, but might easily have killed the venerable bishop. For a little while there was a reasonable suspicion that this hoodlum might never sit on the British throne, for all the bishop's loyal instructions could not eradicate the detestation which these sturdy Celts bore to the *Shanna-Soggarth*, let him come in the guise of British Prince or Portuguese Jew. The people were exasperated almost beyond restraint, although the bishop did his utmost to mollify their anger and indignation. The commander did not think it prudent to trust altogether to their forbearance, so he sent a company of marines to arrest the royal rowdy, and, when he had been taken on board, the ship speedily departed. This was Terra Nova's last sight of Judge Pinsent's princely *Justice of the Peace.*

In 1804 the population of the island had grown to twenty thousand three hundred and eighty. In 1805 a post-master was appointed, and, in 1806, the Royal Gazette was printed by John Ryan. The historians do not inform us whether or not he was a "King's Ryan." Shortly after its establishment he was called to order by Pasha Holloway, who ordered that the paper should be more carefully conducted, and that nothing should appear in its columns "indicating anything inflammatory against the government of Great Britain or its dependencies, and never to give or suffer any opinion to be given upon the policy of other nations, but to confine the paper solely for what was to the benefits of commerce and the inhabitants of this government, and others trading with it." The composition of this ukase has nothing indicating that the schoolmaster was abroad among the pashas. But its initial clause would seem to hint that there were people there then, who thought that the "government of Great Britain," like other sublunary institutions, was open to criticism. This opinion did not coincide with the views of the pasha.

In 1807, Dr. O'Donel, worn out with the toils of his arduous mission, besought the Holy See to relieve him of its responsibilities, and, in compliance with his request, Father Patrick Lambert was appointed his successor, under the title of Chytra, *i.p.i.* At this time the population of Newfoundland was estimated at twenty-six thousand five hundred, of whom half were Catholics, who were served by six priests. When Dr. O'Donel was leaving St. John's for Ireland, the leading Protestant inhabitants sent a letter to Pasha Gower, asking him to request the British government to allow Dr. O'Donel some slight provision for his declining years. In reply, this potentate promised to use his influence in behalf of the "Romish bishop." This expression probably fell from his pen for want of knowing better. The march of education, and the general spread of refinement, during

the past eighty years, do not seem to have brought any more light to certain *historians* and almanac makers, who, as a concession to modern politeness, speak of the "Church of Rome," as if an American Catholic had any more connection with the Catholics in the Leonine City than an Italian Catholic has (let us say) with the church of Hong Kong. Each one,— the American, the Italian, and the Mongolian,— is joined in the bond of faith and the unity of the spirit, sheltered by the mantle of the universal church which is Apostolic and Roman. There the connection begins; there it ends. Dr. O'Donel died at Waterford, in 1811, aged seventy-four, and was buried in Clonmel.

Dr. Lambert, second bishop of Newfoundland, was a Franciscan like the father of that infant Church. Previous to his appointment he had been Vicar-Provincial for Ireland. A man whose constitution was far from robust, he was not an ideal prelate for such an onerous mission, and after eleven years he was unable to any longer support its responsibilities, and was relieved from the duties of the Vicariate.

His Episcopate, however, saw a few chapels erected, and at his departure he left seven priests in the island. He also had enlarged the chapel in St. John's to meet the requirements of the growing congregation. In his time Episcopal visitations were no holiday trips. In 1807 he made a short visitation and confirmed nearly four hundred persons. About this time he was in communication with Bishop Plessis of Quebec, who wished Dr. Lambert to assume the Episcopal charge of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in addition to the pressing claims of his own island See. Dr. Lambert declined this invitation, being of opinion that he "had too much sailing around the coast of Newfoundland without going across to the continent." The first Bishop of Nova Scotia (Dr. Bourke) was not appointed till 1816, and Dr. Dollard, of New Brunswick, was not appointed till 1842. In 1809, travelling from St. John's to Ferryland, while endeavoring to clamber over a tree which obstructed the tortuous foot-path, Dr. Lambert fell and broke some of his ribs. The total population of the island by this time was about thirty-five thousand, of whom fully three-fourths were Catholics. Looking at things as they stand now, when the Catholic population is rather less than half, it seems a pity that some steps could not have been taken to preserve this relative proportion. Newfoundland ought to be a Catholic country. What would it be without the faithful Catholic Irish? Who came to it and adopted it for their own? Whose struggle brought it a modicum of liberty? Certainly the Irish. They were the most oppressed; upon them the fetters pressed quite heavily; it is only the oppressed who are impelled to dare all for freedom. It may be said that the statutes forbidding the settlement of the island made no distinction of creed. That may be; but the same power that hunted the priest, and harried his people, ordered the performance of divine service after the Anglican rite. There is no record of an Anglican minister having to fly for his life while the house which had sheltered him was burned over its owner's head. I am glad that such is the case. But if the Catholics had not been *specially* singled out for persecution they would not have had a

monopoly of it. Who are the most heroic figures in our early history? Cabot, Lord Baltimore, and Bishop St. Vallier. Beside these men your Gilberts and Dorrills make a poor show. However, despite all drawbacks, and the evils which have their roots in the era of persecution, it is now a free land where no man need be in bondage save those whose souls dwell in self-imposed fetters; and it is highly complimentary to the intelligence of Newfoundlanders,— non-Catholic alike with Catholic,— that they have peacefully and honorably settled the education question; a triumph not yet achieved by the self-esteemed superior intellects of the United States and Canada.

It is safe to say that nowhere else under the sun is the Catholic Church so little hampered by government interference with the management of the schools. In every parish and curacy the priest is *ex officio* Chairman of the Catholic School Board, and his influence is paramount, — not merely nominal. How long this happy condition of things will continue depends in great measure upon the priests themselves. Even now, political charlatans are laying their mines against the denominational system, on the plea of its expense. The total educational appropriation for 1887 was less than $119,000, or $4.55 *per capita* on the attendance in the primary schools. They, of course, plead that the division of the school grant detracts from the results which might be derived from that expenditure. We admit that, but declare it an unavoidable evil, and a dilemma not of our making. We stand where we always stood; those who abhor divisions can at any time close the breach. It is rather too large a demand upon our good-nature to say: Join us, and all will be peace! Of course, denominational schools add to the expense of education. Equally, of course, such expense might be avoided just as the multiplication of sects and church fabrics might be avoided. But in the present condition of religious feeling, an undenominational school is as irrational as an undenominational church; for, what the church is to the adult that the school is to the youth. One argument can easily be taken away from those who lift their voices against religious education, and whose stock tirade is the "inefficiency of denominational schools." Let the directors of the Catholic schools lift them to the highest plane of efficiency, and thus leave no ground for cavil. Where the government grant is insufficient to remunerate competent teachers, let this sum be supplemented by diocesan or parochial collections. It is easier to do this than to support parochial schools, when the denominational system has succumbed to the zeal of its enemies and the indifference of its friends. That the schools are not, in all cases, as useful and efficient as they might be, the writer, unhappily, has but too much reason to know. But it is a painful subject, and I am not sure that it would be profitable to dwell upon it. J. W. O'R.

ARE you in peace? asks a saint. If so, prayer will preserve you therein. Are you tempted? Prayer will sustain you. Have you fallen? Prayer will raise you up. Have you lost your courage? Prayer will restore it to you.

The Pope on the Social Problem.

CHARITY can alone solve the social problem. In former ages her mission was acknowledged and accepted by all.

I now demand that the social edifice be restored and strengthened by listening once more to the teaching of the Church, by leaving her spirit free to act in conformity with the conditions of modern times. I wish that, by a sincere return to Christian principles, men should endeavor to restore, to secure between employers and workmen, between capital and labor, the harmony and union which can alone guarantee the interest of both, and alone contribute to the private welfare of all.

The remedy must come from the faithful accomplishment of the mutual rights and duties which society imposes on its members; from our respecting and protecting the interests of all.

Men in power should know that armed repression and the might of battalions are not a remedy for social suffering and discontent.

Let all social classes mutually respect each other. Let the interests of the laboring classes be secured from all danger. Protect childhood and youth; make for woman a sanctuary in her home. Exert yourself to cherish at the domestic hearth, and in the household, purity of morals and the habits of a well-ordered life.

Employers are commanded to look upon the working man as their brother, whose miserable condition they are bound to alleviate as much as they can. They must watch over his spiritual as well as his bodily interests; they must edify him and his by their own good example, and observe towards them the rules of equity and justice, by contenting themselves with honest profits.

As to the working men, they are bound to lead a moral life, by practising faithfully the duties enjoined by religion.

Create your Opportunities.

DO not wait for opportunities. You would only resemble the stolid traveller in the fable, who, having come to a river which lay in his path, sat down on the bank till the waters had all flowed by. You should seek for a ferry or make a raft on which to cross; God gives man invention to enable him to find resources against the difficulties towards his progress. The difficulty itself is oftentimes the most golden of opportunities. At any rate, men of resolute temper seek and find, or make their opportunities, just as the industrious husbandman often makes the very soil on which he grows his crops. Have you not seen one man prosper and grow rich on land on which its former possessor grew hopelessly and hopelessly poorer year after year? Have you not seen many a stout-hearted farmer and his sons, with no capital but their courage, their perseverance, and the strong arms that served a resolute will, cover many a stony field with an abundant harvest, and convert an unsightly and unwholesome swamp into a rich meadow, a well-stocked pasture? REV. BERNARD O'REILLY.

Independence in Politics: Catholics only Partially Citizens.

CATHOLICS are slow to learn that political fairness is one of the unattainable hopes, so long as they remain slavish adherents to one or the other party in American politics. A Catholic is, *prima facia*, a Democrat, and without any reason as parties are now divided. While in the past, as against the Federalists and Whigs, there may have existed reasons, none whatever remain to attach him now to either the Republican or Democrat party; they have equal claims and equal faults, so that his opportunity for independence is excellent. Yet it is safe to say that he asserts less freedom than any other Christian, and there is some truth in the claim that Catholics go as an unthinking mass on election day. This claim has so many exceptions that we are led to hope for its early disappearance.

We are only apparently American citizens; we enjoy only *fractional* citizenship. There is one parallel between the Catholic and the colored man. Both are permitted to claim citizenship, but not to enjoy its fulness; they both suffer from prejudice, one because of color, and the other because of conscience; yet I fear they aid in oppressing each other, with the advantage in favor of the colored man, because he opposes his oppressors while Catholics sustain them in power.

The Catholic citizen is barred in many ways from reaching exalted political positions; his Church is at war with some secret societies which exert a potent influence in caucus, convention, and party council; vigorous blows from the hierarchy, and constant warnings from the Catholic Press keep the society man reminded that the Church is unfriendly to his class, so he is necessarily unfriendly to her children.

A Catholic is, therefore, easily defeated in nominating conventions, and the method for choosing delegates expose him to a contest in which entire fairness does not prevail.

If a Catholic is so strong that a convention will nominate him, the members go home disheartened to give him only a passive support.

Appeals against him come secretly and openly to gentlemen not of his faith, often descending to false accusations in which his character is made to suffer. Appeals are openly made against him by a few ministers, and many "American Protestant associations" organized against his Church. If he be an Irish Catholic he may be compelled to fight over again "The Battle of the Boyne" and its unpleasant memories; and, lastly, he must meet certain defeat upon the Common School Question.

The Catholic is also deprived of *full* American citizenship, because of intense ignorance in the public mind regarding the teachings of his Church, or the allegiance which he owes to his priest; few non-Catholics know, or have time to learn what the truth is on those questions.

It is folly, then, for a Catholic to claim *full* American citizenship, and it is wisdom to look his fate fairly in the face.

We have stood for nearly a century in one political party, only to find that improvement comes with a snail's pace, while our able men remain in obscurity, or else are wrecks left by some campaign in which their names appeared as candidates.

I have before me the first volume of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, with an able article by Rev. Joseph Vincent O'Connor, in which he states that "no Catholic could be elected President of the United States," and he might have said that no Catholic could ever receive a nomination for that office. When he asserts that "no one can deny that religion is generally a fatal drawback to Catholic success in the political world," he but mildly draws upon the truth.

Those who care to study the facts ought to read the story of Hon. James P. Barr, a Pennsylvania Catholic, and others, as told in this volume (vol. 1, p. 386, and vol. 4, p. 1, and 196), in which the writers maintain the proposition that "Catholics cannot hope to gain political patronage, no matter how the parties stand."

A Catholic (Hon. Jas. C. Madigan, of Maine), in 1875, presumed to run for congress, but was defeated, of course, and that campaign produced the famous *anti*-Catholic circular, the story of which appeared in the Pilot of Sept. 18, 1875. Mr. Madigan was a distinguished citizen and able lawyer, unassailable upon any other ground.

Another Catholic (Hon. Chas. McCarthy), twelve years later, contested for mayor of Portland, only to meet the same fate and same treatment. Mr. McCarthy's sterling character and fitness is known all over New England.

Hon. Francis Kernan, in 1872, was nominated to succeed Hoffman as governor of New York; but his Catholicity defeated him by fifty-five thousand, although the state went largely Democratic in the election of 1870 and 1874. Mr. Kernan can be called "Nature's nobleman," and this cause alone defeated him.

Hon. Hugh O'Brien's first and last campaign in Boston for Mayor resulted about as did Francis Kernan for governor, yet his career and character are exalted by a life of honorable endeavor. Hon. William R. Grace sought and obtained sad experience (although elected) in contesting for Mayor of New York City. He must feel humiliated when he looks upon his majority of only three thousand and six, while the non-Catholic upon the National Democratic ticket at the same election received over forty thousand.

I recall a confident prediction made by a prominent member of the Republican National Committee, a few days before the election of 1880, in which he said: "Hancock will be defeated, and chiefly because Grace (a Catholic) is running for Mayor in New York City; the Democrats would not stand that." I watched the result, and have often since talked with the same gentleman over his prophetic correctness. So bitter was the prejudice, in the Democratic ranks, that they defeated their entire National ticket as a punishment upon the leaders who gave the Mayor of one big city to a Catholic, yet we continued and still continue to vote that ticket.

We do not place the Republican party where it could owe us any favors; while we give that party nothing but blows, how can we look for caresses or kindness from them? I have before me a review of Judge Etgelds' Forum article by the Chicago Tribune of Feb. 4th, in which it is stated, that, in 1860, of 4,099,152 persons of foreign birth in the United States, the Irish and Germans contributed three fourths, and those who were *Roman Catholics* were Democrats, and those who were *Protestants* were mainly Republicans. These figures may not be absolutely accurate, but they are too nearly correct to justify either caval or contradiction; no possible reason is apparent upon the surface why they should thus divide upon religious lines in a purely political matter. Yet it is a "true bill" upon an indictment against us, the contents of which it behooves us to examine.

I will refer you to a few Republican performances in the same line. Chief Justice Dunne, of Arizona, so favorably received at the late Catholic Congress, was dismissed in 1875 for his freedom in expressing Catholic thought, and General Grant felt the necessity, in 1876, of making anti-Catholic speeches at Des Moines and other places, although he was as liberal minded as man could be on general subjects, and probably did not then believe what he uttered.

Gen. P. A. Collins is reported, in the Pilot, Feb. 15, 1888, as of the opinion that General Sheridan's religion would impair his chances as a candidate for president upon the Republican ticket, and Hon. George Bliss, a convert and distinguished lawyer, tells the New York Sun that no Catholic could be elected.

In the American Catholic News, Feb. 9, 1887, is an able article showing that General Sherman forfeited his chances of the presidency when he married a Catholic wife; and I have an ugly political document issued by the Republican Central Committee entitled "Vaticanism in Germany and the United States."

Hon. John Lee Carroll, who presided over the late Catholic Congress, was disgracefully cut in Baltimore, when he ran for Governor of Maryland upon the Democratic ticket, a fact which Daniel Dougherty ventilated in November last. Even the name of "Carroll," so loved and so honorably borne, could not save him from this assault.

The Democratic party could not nominate a Catholic for Governor in any close state, because its American voters would repudiate him and endanger the entire ticket, yet the Catholic vote is confidentially relied upon to elect their ticket in every Northern state.

I have given you only a few instances; but the list is immense, and constantly increasing, until Catholics fully recognize that they are only *partially* citizens of this republic, in full enjoyment of the franchise and small offices, but excluded even from aspiring to exalted political places.

The remedy I suggest is political independence. It is pleasant to be consistent; but consistency in political action is not what it seems to be.

By the nature of parties they dissolve every four years and go into liquidation. When political revival takes place again, it is upon

a new platform, which puts forward new claims, to a new nation, under changed conditions, and retains little except the catchword of a name. The whole field should then be surveyed anew regardless of the past. We do not trade always at the same store, nor grind at the same mill; neither should we blindly vote a ticket because it sails under the same sign.

Independence in politics is urgently asked by leading Catholic Divines. Archbishop Ireland says: "The future of the Irish people in this country depends largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." This applies with equal force to Catholics.

John Gilmary Shea, in the American Catholic News for Jan. 22, 1890, urges independence as a remedy for such evils as recently overtook a Catholic candidate for Mayor in Providence, R. I., where twelve hundred Democrats voted against him, and, of course, defeated him.

It cannot be possible that Catholics are all "Free Traders," or "Tariff Reformers," or "Protectionists," or that they are all of one mind on prohibition in Minnesota or repudiation in Virginia; they must honestly differ as do other men; they must also learn as they grow older, and should honestly change their conclusions based upon increased information; they should fully act and think upon candidates and principles as they arise; they should vote against unfit men, and should consider any man unfit who misrepresents or opposes their people; no party should be able to count upon them as so many packages of shelf goods, with no change except wrinkles and age. They should vote conscientiously; but they should try earnestly to see "the right upon the other side," and change readily when convinced. Such conduct would insure respect for their views, and fear of consequence would grow in all other classes who now feel that no matter what happens the Catholic vote is sure to take one rut and land in the same party. This course would relieve the priests from the false charge of guiding or directing the Catholic vote.

I suppose that it is true that in the last Presidential election the vote of the priests and students of theology was largely opposed to that cast by the Catholic people. I am so assured by a prominent New York pastor, and this vote alone was sufficient to change the result. The priests and students act independently, and they would be delighted to have the people do likewise; such advice is always given, and the wonder is that it has been so long disregarded.

A reason exists for party allegiance upon citizens who are not Catholics. They may want party aid and may aspire to office when the party machinery must be depended upon; but this reason does not (except in great Catholic centres) apply to the Catholic citizen. He knows that in his case the party machine is sure to break when he appeals to its strength, and therefore, party allegiance is not so strongly imposed upon him as on his non-Catholic neighbor.

I suggest that his interests and his reasons call for independence in voting, and that Catholics should divide their allegiance between political parties with great willingness, and that newspapers which

teach this rule all the year, and public men who do the same, will, as time rolls on, be more and more understood and appreciated. Unfortunately for reflection the Catholic vote in times long past was unwittingly against the slave and in favor of his bondage. Let it not upon great moral questions in the future, such as temperance and criminal punishment, allow any class to guide it wrong a second time, but as far as possible think and act without influence or prepossessions.

O'BRIEN J. ATKINSON.

No Place Like Home.

These lines, whose only intrinsic value lies in the wholesome truth they convey, were suggested by a notable article on a kindred subject, which appeared in the MAGAZINE for March, from the powerful and practical pen of the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.

FROM the Bard in wisdom grown hoary
To the blissful and gay sonneteer,
The Poets tell many a story
Which their truths to the people endear.
Among the soft themes they've given
There's a ballad that never can gloam,
It sounds like a sweet hymn from Heaven,—
The grand anthem of "Home, Sweet Home."

The birds that build 'mid foliage,
The beasts that in couples agree,
The fish in their cool, limpid cottage,
Both constant and blissful we see.
They portion their pleasure and sorrow,
Nor cower at the cares of the day,
But hopefully wait for the morrow—
Proud man! you might walk in their way.

Take root somewhere, fellow toiler,
Do not drift with the world's wild tide,
When troubles encompass, the moiler
May sigh for some place to abide.
A seat by a hearth-stone well lighted,
A life with the gentle and true—
If on prizes your vision is sighted
Let these be your objects in view.

If alone in the world you tarry,
Illured by the glitter of gold,
Your spirit may break with the worry,
And your petrified heart become cold.
Seek peace in some still, homely bower,
Where the sunset with sheen covers all,
In the twilight to pass a calm hour
While the shadows of night slowly fall.

Oh, sweeter the child-chorused ditty
That heralds the time of repose,
Than the endless jar of the city
Where friends are by Greed changed to foes.
And dearer their innocent prattle,
Or the smile of a fair, wifely face,
Than the din of Ambition's loud rattle,
Or the tainted esteem of the base.

When dastard Misfortune has taken
The promise that bloomed in the breast,
And by hope and strength we're forsaken,
The frame may be longing for rest:
Oh, then, for a friend who will cherish,
And soothing release from the rude,
When the light of our lives shall perish,
And the mind amid darkness must brood.

Not on tablets of bronze or granite
Should a citizen's name be set;
A fitter memorial for it
Are the children which he may beget.
The family moulded Christ-fearing,
Alike true to their creed and their sod,
In word and deed will be pleading
When their father has flown to his God.

W.

OH, may we come to feel and to know that we have but one faith, one hope, one love, one consolation in weary, painful time, and one reward in the grand jubilant eternity — Jesus Christ and Him crucified.— *Father Faber.*

Slavery and Christianity.

SECOND PART.

For such evils as those we have described, help could only have come from above; and it came. Christianity entered into the world.

Inasmuch as the Son of God came down from heaven to bring salvation to mankind, he consummated on the cross, for all without distinction, the sacrifice of redemption. Therefore, is it said that in sight of God there is no distinction of persons, but that all men in like manner have become children of God in Christ. "In Christ," says the Apostle, is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither slave nor freeman, neither male nor female; all are one in Christ." (Gal. iii. 26–28; Col. iii. 11.) The Gospel is for all, and will be preached to all, slave and freeman alike. The word pronounced from the Cross by the Son of God, who became man and died to save the souls of all, has established for all time an equality of dignity between the souls of all men, slaves included. All men are become brethren in Christ the Lord, who redeemed and elevated them to the rank of children of God.

Thus it was, that, as regards its fundamental principle, slavery received a death-blow. From the stand-point of Christianity, the slave could no longer be looked upon as a mere *thing*, or a mere instrument. Since he shared, equally with the freeman, in the blessings of redemption, the right and dignity of personality was restored to him, and he ceased to be a "*Vile mancipium.*" The principle on which slavery rested, namely, that a certain class of men had no right to be regarded and recognized as persons, was abolished, and the institution of slavery was thereby shattered from within. The Christian could no longer look upon his slave as a being without rights, and absolutely at his mercy; he must henceforth recognize his slave as vested with the right of personality and all remaining natural, human rights. The sole vestige of slavery which remained could only be the relation of service in which the slave stood to the master; everything outside and beyond this relation, as well as outside and beyond the duties and rights that followed therefrom, must disappear. Since the master was obliged to regard the slave as a brother, of equal rights with himself in the religious order, nothing of slavery which conflicted with this relation could survive, and must be swept away.

What neither the Pagan religion nor the Pagan philosophy could effect was accomplished by the Christian religion the moment it entered into the world. It struck a fatal blow at the heart of the institution of slavery when it broke the principle on which slavery rested. True, indeed, the complete abolition of slavery could not have been accomplished at a single stroke. Christianity could not enter into the world with the demand that all the slaves be at once and immediately liberated. For, inasmuch as the institution of slavery had grown up from within with the whole social organization of the time, an immediate liberation of all the slaves would have been equivalent to a complete overthrow of the existing social order; Christianity would have started on its

course as a revolutionary power. This was neither possible nor permissible. Hence it was, that, from the outset, and in the first centuries, the Church did not assail the legalized existence of slavery; externally it continued to exist, and the Church admonished the slaves not to run away from their masters, but to pay them due obedience. The efforts of the Church were directed to this end — to christianize the relation between master and slave, to make this relation one of simple service merely, in order that through the intervention of Christian love, all friction between master and servant might wholly disappear. This served its purpose perfectly for the time; the total abolition of slavery presupposed a change of the whole social organization in accordance with the spirit of Christianity, such as could be accomplished only in the course of centuries.

In this sense we are to understand the counsel which the apostles gave to the slaves and their masters:

"Servants, be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ; not in the way of eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good-will doing service, as unto the Lord, and not unto men: knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And, ye masters, do the same things unto them, and forbear threatening; knowing that both their Master and yours is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with him." (Ephes. vi. 5–9.)

And St. Peter writes as follows:

"Servants, be in subjection to your masters in all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward; for this is worthy of grace, if for conscience toward God a man endureth griefs, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye sin, and are buffeted for it, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye shall take it patiently, this is worthy of grace with God. For hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for you, leaving an example, that you should follow his steps." (Pet. i. 18.)

It was not, then, the abolition of the institution of slavery which the apostles first aimed at; they desired only to christianize the relation between master and slave; the slave should obey his master in accordance with the will of God, and patiently endure contradiction after the example of Christ; on the other hand, the master should recognize in the slave, one vested with equal rights as a brother in the Lord, and regard him no longer as a mere contemptible *thing*, but as a personality, created like himself, in the image of God, and a sharer in the salvation of Christ. The bond of Christian love should link both together as one.

We can easily understand, then, why it was that the Apostle Paul advised slaves to remain as they were: "Wast thou called (to Christianity) being a bond-servant? care not for it: nay, even if thou canst become free, use it rather," i. e., remain a slave, and employ that state for the benefit of your soul's salvation, and thereby show yourself truly (spiritually) free. "For he that was called in the Lord, being a bond-servant, is the Lord's freeman; likewise, he that was called, being free, is Christ's bond-servant," i. e., even as a slave, you are in a state

of Christian freedom, and your master, though free, as a citizen, has no precedence over you, since he, too, is but a servant of Christ.

So, too, when the same Apostle Paul sends back to his master the runaway slave with the request that he be pardoned and treated mildly:

"I beseech thee for my son, whom I have begotten in my bonds, Onesimus, who hath been heretofore unprofitable to thee, but now is profitable both to me and thee; whom I have sent back to thee in his own person, that is, my very heart; whom I would fain have kept with me, that in thy behalf he might minister unto me in the bonds of the gospel; but without thy mind I would do nothing; that thy goodness should not be of necessity, but of free-will. For perhaps he was therefore parted from thee for a season, that thou shouldst have him forever; no longer as a servant, but more than a servant, a brother beloved, specially to me, but how much both in the flesh and in the Lord. If then thou countest me a partner, receive him as myself. But if he hath wronged thee at all, or oweth thee aught, put that to mine account. I Paul write it with my own hand, I will repay it: that I say not unto thee that thou owest to me even thine own self besides." (Ep. to Philemon, v. 10–16).

In the same manner did the Church, as we have said above, conduct her relations to the institution of slavery in the first ages of her existence. The apostolic father, Ignatius of Antioch, a disciple of the Apostle John, admonishes the Christian slaves, "not to pride themselves too much on their equality with their masters, but to serve them more zealously, in order to become partakers in a greater and better freedom. Nor should they desire to have their freedom purchased out of the common fund, lest thereby they fall under the slavery of the passions." Nor did Origen contemplate the abolition of slavery from without, rather its abolition by spiritual agencies, when he says: "We instruct the slaves so as to awaken noble thoughts within them, that thus they may become free through the Word." (Contra Celsum 1. 54.)

The aim of the ancient Church was, first of all, to free the slave from *within*, that is, train him to lead a Christian life, and be obedient to his master, such being the will of God. And, in fact, this inward freedom, namely, the higher religious and moral education of the slave, must necessarily precede his bodily freedom, if this last would not be dangerous, and fatal to the slave himself. Once spiritually free, he could all the more easily endure the lack of physical freedom, and it is a fact that the Christian slaves, in great numbers were distinguished for the practice of the highest Christian virtues.

But the Church, in the meanwhile, strenuously insisted that the masters should not regard or treat their slaves as mere "chattels" or "instruments," but as their servants, on an equal footing as Christians, and should recognize them as brethren, dealing with them in a spirit of Christian love. These views soon became universally prevalent among the Christians. "We are reproached with the fact," says Lactantius (Inst. div. 5-16.), "that among us are neither slaves nor masters. No, we call them brethren, and they are such. While a difference may exist as regards their bodily condition, we pass judgment on such earthly arrangements from the view-point of the soul. Hence it is, that we have no slaves; we call our slaves brethren and treat them as such,

our associates in the service of Christ." And St. Chrysostom says: "God created no slaves, but Adam and Eve, as free beings, with like dignity, like souls, like gifts; hence it is, that though the external relations remain, slavery exists no longer among Christians; to serve with Christ is now the greatest, the highest evidence of love; to be a slave of Christ is a title of glory. Only in the world is there any distinction; before God there is none; therefore should masters treat their slaves as brethren, as sons, to whom they should set an example of Christian virtue." (See Hettinger, *Apologie des Christenthums*, Vol. 2, p. 262.)

VII.

But in proportion as time advanced, and the Christian spirit came to be more widely diffused throughout society, the conviction began to grow among the Christians that not only should slaves be treated gently and lovingly, but that it should be considered as a work, good, meritorious, and pleasing in the sight of God, to set the slaves wholly free in accordance with the will of God. Many instances are recorded in the early history of the Church, in which the slaves of Christian masters were formally endowed with freedom. The first example was in the case of Hermes, Prefect of Rome, under Emperor Trojan, who, on the day of his baptism, liberated twelve hundred and fifty of his slaves. Chromatius, also a Roman of high position, who was converted under Diocletian, followed next, and set free fourteen hundred of his slaves, bestowing rich presents upon them, with the remark: "It is not fitting that those who are the children of God should be any longer the slaves of men." Many women of patrician rank who had become Christians acted in like manner, or induced their husbands to do so. "Daily," writes Salvian, "are slaves vested with Roman citizenship, and permitted to carry away their savings in the house of their master." In each instance the Church asked for the liberation of the slaves, inasmuch as it was in accordance with the will of God. It commonly took place in the Church, before the altar, accompanied with the blessing of the priest; and while the pagan Romans in their last will were wont to devote hundreds of slaves to the State, for the purposes of the amphitheatre, the Church required of her children in their testamentary dispositions to bestow freedom on their slaves.

The Christian spirit also opposed, to the extent of its power, the reduction of freemen into a state of slavery. In many instances their freedom was purchased when they had become slaves through capture in war. Many pious bishops devoted a portion of their ecclesiastical revenues to this purpose; nay, the gold and silver vessels of the churches were not seldom employed for the same object. Collections were also taken up to purchase the freedom of those in prison. The liberated slaves were then taken under the protection of the Church; a number of councils gave definite instructions to this end. First of all, provision was made for their maintenance, though herein lay the chief obstacle to their liberation. In many cases property was bequeathed for the support of the freedmen. The Church never sanctioned any

effort of the slaves to effect their emancipation by force; all such attempts were forbidden under severe penalties.

One can easily perceive that the labors of the Church in behalf of the slave, especially her position, that in the religious order he was on a footing of equality with the freeman, were wholly beyond the comprehension of the pagan intellect of the time. Paganism regarded the slaves as beings hateful in the sight of the gods. It was a standing reproach against the Christians that they degraded themselves to the level of outcast slaves, dealt with them as equals, and this was one of the chief reasons why the pagans looked down with contempt on the Christian religion as fit only for slaves. This circumstance, however, did not prevent many of the slaves who had been won over to Christianity from exercising a marked influence in the conversion of pagan families, especially of the women and children. They showed their gratitude to the religion which had ennobled them, by scattering the seeds of salvation among those in whose service they labored.

But as long as paganism showed itself thus hostile to the relation which Christianity maintained towards the slaves, and while the Church was the victim of persecution in the early centuries, it was hardly possible that a milder spirit could have made itself felt, which would have essentially altered the character of the State laws bearing on slavery. It was only when Christianity had gained the victory, and the Church had wrested freedom from her foes, that secular legislation showed a more humane feeling towards the slaves. Constantine appointed a special tribunal to adjudicate between master and slave; laid down special penalties for acts of cruelty to slaves; made it illegal to crucify them; introduced an easier and simpler form of manumission; recommended their liberation on religious grounds; forbade Jews to hold Christian slaves, and declared it unlawful to brand the forehead of runaway slaves with the letters F. H. E. A like spirit influenced the Christian successors of Constantine, especially Justinian, who annulled many of the old laws against the slaves which Constantine had allowed to stand, and thereby alleviated still more the lot of the slaves.

How earnestly the Church labored to improve the condition of the slaves, may be inferred from the fact that she did not refuse them admittance into the ranks of her clergy. A slave could become a bishop, and once such, he was *eo ipso* free. For a year after his ordination, and while still only a priest, he could be claimed by his master. But his recently acquired dignity and position materially modified the treatment to which he was henceforth subject. After awhile, however, this law became wholly obsolete.

VIII.

As a consequence of the migration of races which ensued on the downfall of the Roman empire, the Germanic tribes occupied many of the conquered provinces, bringing with them in their train, the institution of slavery, under a form scarcely less cruel and oppressive than that which had existed among the civilized Romans themselves. The

slave had no rights, and, so far as law was concerned, was the same as the beast. His master could misuse, slay, and sell him as he saw fit. All legal proceedings against him began with torture; mutilation of the most frightful sort was the ordinary mode of punishment.

The Church had to begin once more her work of trying to infuse a milder spirit into slavery, with a view to its entire abolition in time. She set herself to the task with unabated energy and courage. Over three hundred laws and decrees of synods and councils, in the early part of the Middle Ages, might be quoted to show how the Church labored in behalf of the slave: it was decreed that he should not be put to death without a legal trial; that he should not be overburdened with labor beyond his strength; that he should be allowed to set aside a portion of his savings with a view to purchasing his freedom, etc. The marriage of slaves was declared indissoluble. The Church set her face against the prevalent custom according to which the noble or the freeman who married a female slave forfeited his rank and position, and, disgraced by the union, sank, with himself and his children, into a state of slavery. Through the influence of the Church the very opposite came to be the rule; the freeman who married a female slave, elevated her, by the fact, to the position which himself occupied.

The bishops assembled at Chalons, A. D. 650, under King Chlodwig II., decreed that for the future no Christian slave should be sold into countries beyond the limits of the Franconian Kingdom. Other synods and Popes decreed that no Christian slaves should be sold to pagans and Jews, and that all known to exist in such a state of slavery should be ransomed. Jews were obliged to surrender their slaves on payment of a fixed sum; in case it were known that they had sought to lead their slaves into apostasy, the slaves were set free without ransom, and the Jews subjected to punishment. The enactment which forbade the sale of Christian slaves to Jews and pagans was renewed over and over again; for it was chiefly Jews who were engaged in the slave traffic. The Venetians also were in the habit of selling Christian slaves to the Mahomedans, whereupon Pope Zachary forbade the traffic under penalty of excommunication.

The influence of the monastic orders was brought to bear with marked effect in the amelioration and final abolition of slavery. Not only were slaves in monasteries better treated than elsewhere, but in many of these institutions there was an express law forbidding them to hold slaves among their possessions, and when their property included slaves, or when any one entered a religious order, and donated to the monastery his lands and slaves attached thereto, all such slaves were declared free. It was the Greek monasteries that first refused to tolerate the existence of slaves within them, but later on, in the seventh century, this humane custom came to be introduced into the West. In particular, St. Benedict of Aniane, the restorer of monasticism under Charles the Great and Louis the Pious, labored unceasingly for the liberation of slaves.

Thus, through the influence of the Church and the religious orders it came to pass that, by the end of the tenth century, when the Carlo-

vingian kingdom was in progress of formation, the custom of buying and selling slaves had almost ceased. In England the slave-traffic lasted somewhat longer, but by the twelfth century the victory of the Church in that country also was complete.

IX.

Now that an end was put to the traffic in slaves, slavery, in so far as it existed, passed among the Germanic races into the condition of bodily ownership (serfdom). The serfs were merely the servants of their lords; but they could not at will release themselves from servitude, and their children also remained in the same servile condition. Still, they were in some degree self-dependent; they held a certain portion of land, and a habitation thereon. Here they could found a family and cultivate the holding assigned to them. A certain share of the produce belonged to the lord, the remainder to the serf-tenants. They and their children were attached to the soil,— *glebæ adscripti*, — and as vassals were obliged to accompany their lords to battle. They were, in a word, bondsmen; but their master was not permitted to infringe on their essential human rights; indeed, it may be said that they enjoyed certain rights as citizens. They were called serfs or "body-servants," from the fact that their master, in some sense, owned their bodies, that is, their bodily activity, their labor, and the fruits of their labor.

It is true that serfdom was a relic of ancient slavery; but the condition of the serf was a radical improvement on that of the slave. Again, did the Church take up the work of sweeping away this sole surviving relic of ancient slavery. In the Middle Ages the Church herself owned serfs, as, at an earlier period, slaves — she could not wholly disregard existing social conditions — but she was, at the same time, the advocate and the defender of the serfs. The bishop was their legally appointed proctector in his diocese, and was bound to exercise vigilant care in shielding them against the ill-usage and oppression of cruel and tyrannous masters. (*Corp. jur. can. cap.* 6, *X*, *de immunitate*, *III.*, 49.) The Church punished the lord who ill-used his serfs without cause and without legal trial; vindicated for the serfs the right of Christian marriage; upheld their marriage as a true marriage; adjudged them capable of entering into wedlock with free citizens; and defended the validity of marriage entered into without consent of their masters. According to the laws of the Church, and later on according to the civil law, serfs were admissible as witnesses against freemen, and the stigma of serfdom, was, in great measure, effaced, when not a few of those born in a servile condition were seen to have attained to the highest ecclesiastical dignities. Furthermore, the Church always insisted on the principle of the brotherhood of all men in Christ, and on the consequent duty of treating the serfs with mildness; ofttimes set the example herself of a wholesale emancipation of the serfs by changing their condition into that of free tenants,— *ministeriales*, — and everywhere preached her old doctrine, that to liberate from serfdom was one of the most meritorious works of Christian mercy.

Thus it was that, among the Christian nations of the West, serfdom by degrees wholly disappeared: a free peasantry arose; freedom in trade began to develop itself; commerce flung off the cramping fetters that had heretofore impeded its movements, and thus by a gradual process, in the Christian-Germanic countries, an active industrial life was evolved. Society, in the course of the centuries, was born anew under the influence of the Christian spirit and the Christian Church, and in the process of regeneration was wholly purged of the ancient evil, — the institution of slavery, — from which it had so grievously suffered. It was not by violent action that this result was attained; the evil was expelled only after the lapse of a long period of time; but precisely on this account the restoration to health was all the more complete; and the agency by which the healing process was set in motion and perfected was the Christian spirit, represented by the Christian Church. "Worthy of all due recognition and respect," says Alexander von Humboldt, "are the noble and courageous efforts of the Christian clergy in the Middle Ages, and in the early centuries of Christianity, to defend those rights which mankind has received from nature." "But especially it was amid the silent recesses of the cloister, where the son of the king, of the duke and the count, conscious of a higher origin, and of a new birth in Christ, shared in a spirit of brotherly love in the sorrows and joys of life with the son of the serf, that the free, keen eye of the mind pierced through all the outer veils and wrappings which hid from man the original nobility of his fellowman." (Moehler). Thus, in the long run, slavery was bound to give way.

X.

But at the very time when, among the Christian nations of Europe, slavery had well-nigh disappeared, there arose in every land, over which the banners of Islam floated, a form of slavery, perhaps more cruel and oppressive than any which had prevailed in ancient times. In their wild raids, the followers of Islam dragged along in their train thousands upon thousands of Christian prisoners, who, when not slaughtered at once, sank into a cruel state of slavery. Especially among the settlements which had sprung up along the northern coasts of Africa, the capture of Christians had become, so to speak, a regular branch of trade. Their pirates had rendered the whole Mediterranean sea insecure; plundered the shores of Christian countries; seized the vessels of the Christian powers, and led off the captives into slavery.

Here once more Christian charity came to the rescue. Funds were amassed to ransom the unfortunate Christian slaves; bishops devoted the revenues of the Church to the same purpose. But what is specially worthy of note is, that religious orders were founded, the object of whose institution was the ransom of Christian slaves, and which imposed on the members the obligation of placing themselves as a pledge in the hands of the slave-merchants, in order to effect the liberation of Christian slaves. With a view to this purpose, even before the close of the twelfth century, the Order of Trinitarians or

Mathurins was founded by two Frenchmen, John of Matha, and Felix of Valois. Innocent III. confirmed it in the year 1198, and assigned its members a distinctive garb — a white robe with a red-blue cross on the breast. Destined for the ransom of Christian slaves, the Order was permitted to hold property and collect alms. A few years later on, St. Peter Nolascus founded a somewhat similar Order for Spain, under the title "Maria de Mercede." Both religious Orders achieved great results in their time, for the object in view.

At length the Christian powers were compelled to enter the lists, and suppress the plundering and piracy of the barbarous Mahomedans. Already in the year 1270, England and France entered into a holy alliance for this purpose, which did not fail of good results. A century later, in the year 1389, the pirates suffered severe reverses at the hands of the combined English, French, Genoese, and Venetians, and again, between 1506 and 1509, from an expedition sent out by Ferdinand the Catholic. Still the inroads of the pirates were far from being suppressed, strengthened as they now were by aid from the Turks. In the year 1535, Charles V. equipped and despatched a fleet against the Corsairs; he succeeded in capturing Tunis, and forced the Turks to acknowledge the sovereignty of Spain. A treaty was formed, which bound the Turkish leader, Muley Hassan, to close his ports against the pirates, and release without ransom, all the Christian slaves in his dominions. But a rival of Hassan, Barbarossa, boldly continued his piracies in the Mediterranean, and Charles V., in the 1541, undertook another expedition against North Africa. He failed to attain his object, however, as the fleet was dispersed by a storm. From that time on, the Christian states of Europe were not ashamed to conclude treaties of peace with the pirates, and even to pay them tribute. It happened repeatedly that the treaties were violated, and it was only under the stress of English cannon that even a temporary observance of the treaties could be enforced. Finally, the conquest of Algiers by the French, in the year 1829, put an end to the capture of European vessels, and the enslavement of Christian prisoners. The slave-trade then reverted to the interior of Africa, and the decimation of the negroes has continued down to the present day.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

In Heaven we Know our Own.

WE shall rise again with the same persons, with the same countenances, only free from all defect and made light by the light of Jesus; with the same characters, only with a perfection coming from God; the same as we are in childhood and manhood we shall be; and we shall know each other. Every one will know every one they have known in this life. Not only shall we know each other and all the saints, but moreover we shall know all the saints who are not yet born; we shall all know each other in the light of God's countenance. Therefore, do not mourn for those who are dead as those who mourn without hope. Do not ask, "if we meet, shall we know one another?" Fathers and mothers,

children who are gone before you, you will meet them; they will know you, and you them in the kingdom of God. Brothers and sisters, they will know each other. Do you think that Martha and Mary and Lazarus do not know each other? — that Andrew and Peter are not brothers still? — that Peter and James do not know one another? One great proof is this, that Jesus, the Son of God, and Mary, the Mother of God, are side by side in the kingdom of God, in all the perfection of maternal love, and in all the perfection of filial love, and will be for all eternity. These bonds and the spiritual sanguinity of pastor and flock, all these will be eternal in the kingdom of God. Then, lastly, there is an eternal home for you. This earthly home is passing away. To you that are young, and think little of death, it is like the great ocean which is far off, and the sound of which you cannot hear. But as life goes on the sound comes to you, as the sound of the sea when you are drawing near it. It is like going to the sea-side. First we hear the distant murmur, and this grows and grows until we hear the full dash of the waves. The home that is now so full of bright faces, of memories of the past, and hopes of the future, all that will be gone before long. But when the day of desolation comes, and you may be all alone in that home which is now so full of happiness, say to yourselves, I have an eternal home which will never pass away. My Father's house has many mansions, and in that Father's house is the home of all His children. They will meet once more in perfect identity, perfect recognition. The home will never be desolate, and none shall ever more go out, for it shall be full of children of God to all eternity. CARDINAL MANNING.

The American Flag.

THAT ocean-guarded flag of light, forever may it fly!
It flashed o'er Monmouth's bloody fight, and lit McHenry's sky;
It bears upon its folds of flame to earth's remotest wave,
The names of men whose deeds of fame shall e'er inspire the brave.

Timbers have crashed, and guns have pealed beneath its radiant glow,
But never did that ensign yield its honor to the foe;
Its fame shall march with martial tread down ages yet to be,
To guard those stars that never paled in fight on land or sea.

Its proud folds float, despite the frown or smile of Europe's kings,
Where Freedom, mountain-throned, looks down and her defiance flings;
Guarded by crag and mountain peak, from the continent's divide,
She speaks in awful eloquence, "Touch not that flag of pride!"

Its stripes of red, eternal dyed with heart-streams of all lands;
Its white, the snow-capped hills that hide in storm their upraised hands;
Its blue, the ocean waves that beat round Freedom's circled shore;
Its stars, the print of angels' feet that burn forevermore.

James Riley.

EVERY one should say to himself: Though I should have all virtues, if I do not possess humility, I deceive myself, and whilst I consider myself virtuous, I am only a proud Pharisee.— *St. Vincent de Paul*

Marshal MacMahon's Splendid Eulogy on St. Patrick.

THE GALLANT FRENCHMAN TELLS OF HIS FORTUNATE DAYS.

PARIS, March 16. Marshal MacMahon dislikes interviews and interviewers, but St. Patrick's Day is the one subject he is ever ready to talk about. So when the New York World correspondent called to-day at the Marshal's house, in the Rue Belle Chasse, the face of the gruff old soldier brightened, as he said: "Mais, St. Patrice is my patron saint, and has been protector of my family and myself for long years. My name is Patrick, among others, and it is this name that I gave to my daughter. It is quite a family name with us in every generation. For many generations past one child, at least, has been put under the direct protection of the patron saint of Ireland. They used to tell me when I was a boy, that on St. Patrick's Day of the year 1808, three months before I was born, my mother saw the Saint in a dream, and that he told her that her child would be a son, and that he would live to wear a crown.

"That prophecy was never realized,' said the Marshal, with a laugh. "The nearest approach to it was when I was Viceroy of Algeria, and essayed to found an Arabian kingdom. You know how that experiment ended; but as I look back on my life, I notice that all the more important dates of my career fall in St. Patrick's month, that is to say, in March, or on St. Patrick's Day itself. Thus, it was on St. Patrick's Day, in 1871, that I returned to France, after signing the peace between Germany and France. This began my career which ended in my election as President of the French Republic. But long before then I had occasion to notice the curious coincidence between the day of my patron saint and those on which great events of my life occurred. Thus, it was on St. Patrick's Day, 1825, that I heard of my nomination as cadet to the school of St. Cyr. Again, in 1845, it was on that auspicious day that I was told that my appointment as colonel had been decided upon. Ten years later, in 1855, it was on the morrow of St. Patrick's Day, that I heard that I was to be recalled from Constantine to France, where, in the following August, I was appointed to the command of a division of infantry under Gen. Bosquet.

MEMORIES OF THE CRIMEA.

"My success during the Crimean War was such that, after the battle of the Malakoff, I was appointed Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and next year, in June, I was created Senator, which at that time was a greater distinction than it is now. I remember very well that on the 17th of March, in that year, Gen. Cissy told me that before the year was out I should receive the distinction, and so it happened in the following June. Three years later, in 1859, that is to say in March,

it was proposed to me that I should take command of the Second Corps d'Armée of the Alps Army. This post I did take in the following April. It was during this campaign that we won the battle of Magenta, and that the title of the Duke de Magenta was given me on the battle-field. After that came my life in Africa.

"My attempt to found a kingdom in Algeria, strangely enough, was again on St. Patrick's Day. On two other occasions two more important events connected with my administration of that province occurred on St. Patrick's Day. Thus, in 1868, on that day, the Chamber voted extraordinary subsidies for the relief of the terrible distress that existed there, and, in 1870, owing to the interference of the Ollivier Cabinet, I handed in my resignation as Governor. I

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

had quite different ideas about colonization from these gentlemen, who wanted the province parceled out into small holdings for individual property. My resignation was only accepted a few months later, but I had made up my mind to go, whether they accepted it or not. I might say a great deal about my life and work in Africa to show how abominably the distress that existed in Algeria was exaggerated by my enemies in the empire. It used to be said that the famine was so great that acts of cannibalism were of frequent occurrence. All that was untrue. Certainly the colony was not in a prosperous state; it cannot be denied that, owing to the want of capital, there was great distress, just as there is to-day in Ireland; but it was not the way to improve the prosperity of it to do what the opposition papers did — to publish the worst lies they could invent, frightening people away."

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

The Marshal then told The World correspondent of events connected with the Franco-Prussian War which he has never before touched upon in his utterances. His words, doubtless, anticipate much that he will include in his Memoirs, and, anticipating these, have a historical value that are inestimable. The Marshal continued: "During the Franco-Prussian War my patron saint seemed to desert me, though, perhaps, if I had been allowed to act as I wished, things might have been different in the end. Thus, at Woerth, but for DeFailly failing me, things might have gone otherwise for France. What could my men do, being only thirty-five thousand against seventy-five thousand? That day was the saddest of my life. Never were tears nearer my eyes than when I saw my gallant soldiers mowed down like hay, and the standard of France falling into the hands of the enemy. Then came the retreat on Chalons, which was successful enough, and my subsequent appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Chalons army by Palikao. Poor Palikao was in the greatest hopes of success. I remember that as he handed me my commission he said, 'We expect everything from a general like you at the head of such an army.' Yes, but why was I not allowed to follow out my own plans? Politics have also been stumbling blocks in my way. I wanted to draw back on Paris, leaving Bazaine at Metz, and the other armies of the Garonne, the Rhone and the Loire to be organized.

"Palikao, however, explained to me that a backward march on Paris would inevitably lead to the overthrow of the Empire. That decided me to march on Rheims, though I did so with a failing heart. Then, in August, I heard that the Prussians had apparently abandoned the plan of march on Paris. I changed my tactics, marching back down the Aisne Valley.

"Then came the formal order to join Bazaine, couched in such terms that I had no option but to obey. I pushed forward with all haste, but precious time had been lost. All heart seemed to have gone out of my men, as if they foresaw the disaster that awaited them — Sedan and captivity in Germany.

ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY.

"It was in 1873 that another incident occurred on St. Patrick's Day connected with my career. It was on the afternoon of that day that I met De Fourton, who told me that my election as President of the Republic was assured. I did not thank him for the prophecy, because I never was a political man. I had no ambition in that direction. However, eight weeks later it was fully realized." The Marshal, who so far had been speaking with great readiness, suddenly paused, interrupting himself just at the moment when I hoped he would speak about his career as President of the Republic, and explain the many charges of disloyalty to the Republic that were brought against him. "*Voilà tout ce que je peux vous dire*," he added brusquely,

"JE SUIS; JE RESTE."

"But, Marshal," I said, "after your election did St. Patrick's Day have no further connection with your career?"

"I don't want to speak about that period at all," he answered. "I may say, though, that it was in March, 1875, that Buffet took over the Cissy Cabinet. I remember we had a consultation together on the 17th of that month, and Buffet said if Cissy had scourged the Republican journals with whips, he would scourge them with scorpions. Again, in March of the following year, I had a consultation with Dufaure, in consequence of which he accepted the formation of the Cabinet. Finally, it was on St. Patrick's Day, 1878, that I drafted the speech I read at the opening exhibition of that year. "You see," said the Marshal, "that day which is dedicated to the saint whose name I bear has been an eventful one in my life, which, on the whole, has been a happy one."

Before leaving, the World correspondent ventured to ask the Marshal how his memoirs were progressing. "They are quite private," said the Marshal, brusquely. "I have nothing to say about them. Whatever I may write will be for my family alone. I am a soldier, and not a historian. But there is scarcely anything more left to be written."

A Word to Girls.

AMONG the most essential accomplishments of a young woman, housewifery takes a very prominent position, and we are not inclined to admit that any young girl has received a good education unless she has learned how to be the mistress of a house. No matter how well you may have been instructed in all the accomplishments of a finishing school, your education is still unfinished if you are ignorant of your household duties; and whether your position in life be such a one as to demand your actually discharging these duties yourself, or whether you have simply to see that they are discharged by others, it is equally important that you should know all about them. Do you expect to be the mistress of a home? Remember, then, that your own happiness and comfort, as well as the happiness and comfort of your husband, depend on your ability to order that home well.

Now, in all probability, we are addressing those who are in humble circumstances. Very likely you will have to work hard with your own hands to make your home an attractive place. Well, learn how to do this. Perhaps we are speaking to those who may marry men who are possessed of competence and wealth. Well, a knowledge of good housewifery is essential to you, otherwise you must rely entirely upon your servants, and then instead of being mistress in your own house you will be only a guest; and your life will be rendered a miserable one by careless and neglectful domestics who will impose upon your ignorance.

In order to become acquainted with household duties, enter upon them now. You say that you are occupied, that you are engaged in study or are learning a business. Persevere then, in either case, by all means, but recollect that the performance of special duties in the house

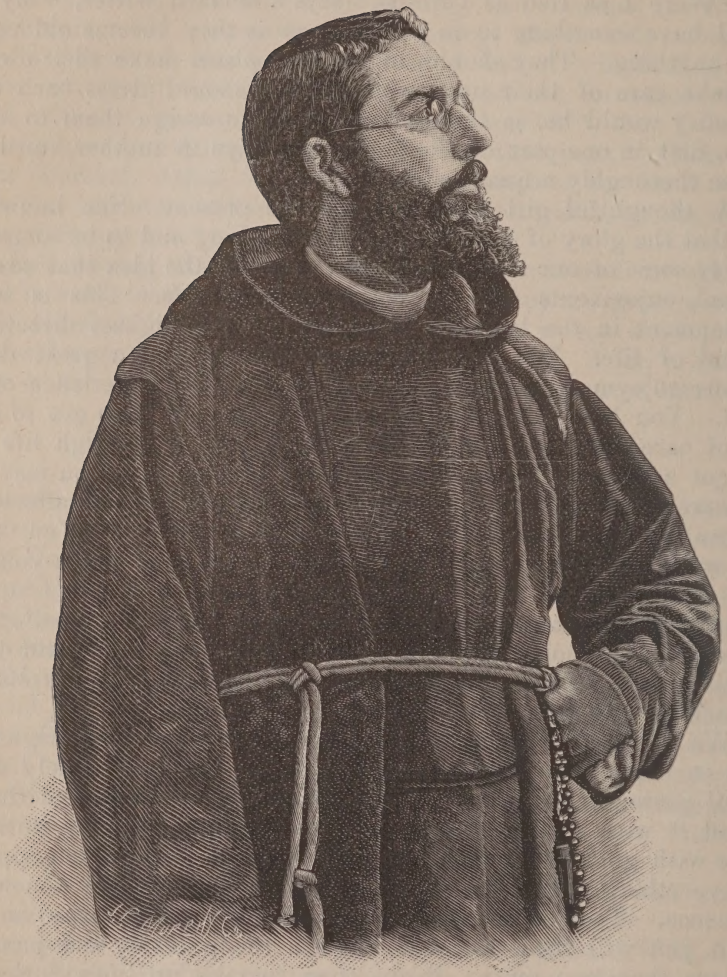
will form an excellent relief. To feel that the house is tidier for our efforts and the comfort of our family increased, is the surest warrant for content and cheerfulness. Find some household work to do, and do it regularly. Learn to help yourselves and to be independent of all circumstances.

"Were I as rich as Crœsus," says a modern writer, "my girls should have something to do just as soon as they became old enough to do anything. They should, in the first place, make their own bed and take care of their own room. They should dress each other. My policy would be, as the girls grew up, to assign them to special duties, first in one part of the house, and then in another, until they become thoroughly acquainted with all.

A thoughtful girl looks beyond the present. She knows and feels that the glory of her life is to do something and to be something. Possibly some of our readers may have formed the idea that ease and personal enjoyments are the chief ends of life. This is wrong. Development in the broadest sense, and in the highest direction, is the end of life. You may find ease with it, and a great deal of precious enjoyment, or your life may be one long experience of self-denial. You have got a position to maintain; you have got to take a load of care upon your shoulders, and to bear it through life; you have got a character to maintain, and let us hope that you may have the heart of a husband to cheer and the intellect and affection of children to develop. Self-enjoyment is not for you. You have a great work to do, and if you have a spark of the true fire in you, your hearts will respond to these words. You are not called upon to occupy a prominent position before the world, but you are called upon to exercise that home influence which shall make the world better. Remain where God places you: some of the noblest conquests have been achieved in a humble home.

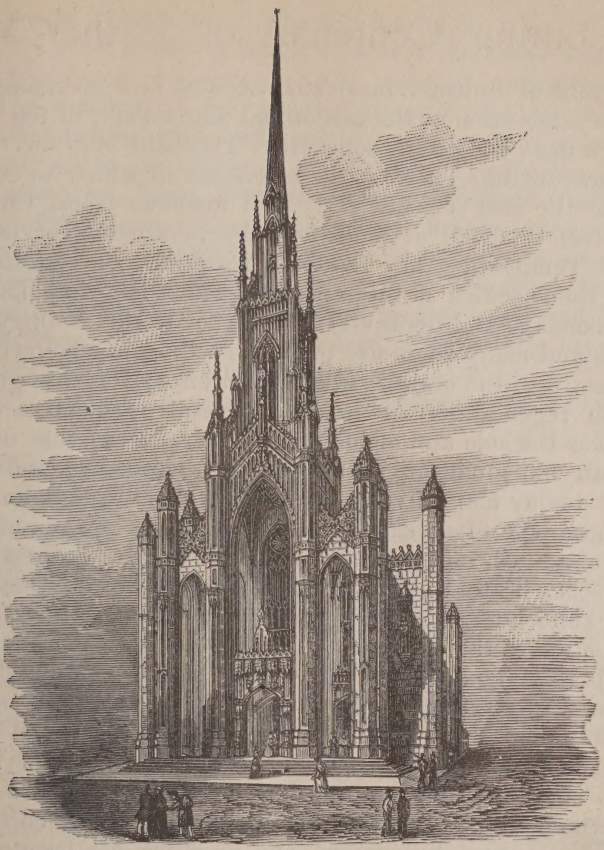
We would urge upon you to begin life, then, with the right ideas about it. Life is a real and earnest thing. It has homely duties, painful passages, and a load of care. Cultivate the will and the wish to meet it with a womanly spirit. Your imagination may clothe the future with gold and purple; but all this will fade as you approach, and everything will wear its own natural aspect when touched by experience. Then if all these ideas of life's reality have no place in you, you will then be forced to learn them sternly and painfully; for learn them you must. Begin, then, to take up life's duties now. Learn something of what life is before you enter upon its graver responsibilities; endeavor to train yourself for the discharge of its duties, that you may at least acquit them after the pattern of that good wife of whom the inspired author writes: "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in the time to come."

Rev. Father Stephan, the well-known Catholic missionary, has gone to the Turtle Mountain, Indian Reservation, commissioned by Miss Drexel, of Philadelphia, to investigate the reports of destitution among the Indians, and to supply them, if necessary, with food and clothing.



REV. THEOBALD MATHEW, O. S. F. C.,

Was born on the 15th of August, 1859. In the year 1876 he joined the Capuchin branch of the Franciscan Order (of which his illustrious predecessor was a member). Holding a prominent position in this ancient order, and being identified with all the National movements, which he has so ably advocated at home, he was selected by the Irish National Committee, and sent to this country to further the completion of the memorial erected to the memory of his namesake—The Great Father Mathew.



FATHER MATHEW'S CHAPEL WHEN COMPLETED.

It is now more than half a century since the Capuchins of Cork, Ireland, emerged from their humble dwelling in an obscure by-way of that city, where, as Father Arthur O'Leary, a distinguished member of the Order, in his letter to another Franciscan, Father Laurence Callanan, says they were "Buried between salt-houses and stables." Father Mathew, then Guardian of Cork, selected a most conspicuous site, on the opposite bank of the Lee, for his new church, which came to be known as "Father Mathew's Chapel," begun in 1832. The building is in the light-pointed Gothic style, similar to Salisbury Cathedral. If the original design was entirely carried out, it would be one of the most elegant and graceful ecclesiastical structures in Ireland. It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, sixty feet broad, and was intended to have a tower and spire two hundred feet high, and three lofty arched approaches to the main entrance fronting the river. The estimated cost was twenty thousand pounds. The church, with which Father Mathew's name is so closely associated, remains to this day unfinished. Four uncapped pillars, architectural torsos, are all that exist of the imposing frontage contemplated by the architect.

No more appropriate tribute to the memory of the great Capuchin and large-hearted philanthropist could be conceived than the completion of this church, and a more fitting time could not be chosen than the occurrence of his centenary. A vigorous effort is at last being made to accomplish this praiseworthy object, which will necessitate an expenditure of several thousand pounds, and as the other demands upon the citizens of Cork for religious, charitable, and philanthropic purposes are very numerous and pressing the committee are compelled to appeal to their fellow-countrymen, and to all lovers of the memory, and followers of the example, of Father Mathew, at home and abroad, to help them in speedily completing his memorial church. By doing this they will most fittingly honor a great public benefactor, and fulfil one of the dearest wishes of his last hour on earth, while they will also help to perpetuate, in the worthiest form, the mission of piety and philanthropy to which his life was cheerfully sacrificed. They invite the co-operation of all, and especially that of the Total Abstinence Societies, in every part of the globe.

The Coming Centenary of Father Mathew.

An event of unusual interest in secular and ecclesiastical affairs will be the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth of one of Ireland's most illustrious sons, Rev. Theobald Mathew.

No more fitting place could be chosen in which to celebrate the event than the seat of his early and arduous labor, Cork, Ireland. It is needless to dwell at length on the invaluable service this great apostle of Temperance has rendered mankind, by enabling them to throw off the shackles of intemperance which long had kept them in a state of bondage and depravity. His visit to this country dates back fifty years, and many there are to-day in affluence who owe their prosperity directly to the almost superhuman efforts of this great man of God. The regeneration of his fellowmen, irrespective of creed or country, was the sole aim of his mortal life, and to this noble end he devoted all his great powers of intellect, eloquence, and persuasion. There are to-day many living monuments of his great and enduring work — those who fifty years ago received from his sacred hands the "Pledge" and never once violated it. There are many others now passed away who stuck firmly to their promise, and in their last moments could have their sufferings greatly alleviated by using alcoholic beverages, but denied themselves the comfort in the hope of meeting in the eternal city with him who gave them the "silver medal," and yielding it up unsullied and untarnished. The Irish people in all parts of the globe, who owe so much to this great social reformer, should lend their aid to make the celebration one of great and memorable solemnity.

What could be more appropriate on this occasion than the completion of the church which bears his name, and whose corner-stone he laid? Half a century has passed, and no effort has been made to further this noble work, the funds of which, in his benevolence and charity, he distributed among the famine and fever-stricken victims of '47, hoping for better days to resume the work; but he was called forth in the noontide of his life to receive his reward in the celestial kingdom of his Father.

To-day there stands on the banks of the beautiful Lee four uncapped pillars, all that now remains of the once contemplated imposing structure,— a reproach to those who revere the memory of Father Mathew, and share the fruits of his apostolic labor. To wipe out this reproach, it becomes incumbent on all those of Irish birth or lineage, to lend their assistance to the Rev. Theobald Mathew, namesake and countryman of the great apostle whose portrait is given on page 462, and come forward with their accustomed liberality — so characteristic on such occasions — to make his mission throughout the country the success it justly deserves. So that the Catholics of America may join with Ireland's sons and daughters in commemorating, in a becoming manner, the centenary of one of the greatest philanthropists and benefactors of his age.

Boston, always foremost in every philanthropic and charitable

cause, has already given marked proof of her appreciation of, and sympathy with, the good object in behalf of which the above distinguished Irish Capuchin Priest was sent by the national committee to this country. The lectures he has recently given in the city and vicinity have been attended by thousands, while his appeals, earnest and forcible, in behalf of the principles of his illustrious namesake, and of his centennial memorial, have been generously and enthusiastically responded to. Prominent citizens, including the governor and mayor, have tendered him an invitation — which he has gladly accepted — to deliver a special lecture on the late Father Theobald Mathew, on Sunday, April the 20th, in the Boston Theatre; and such a subject, which will, without doubt, be ably treated, is eminently calculated to secure an audience equal to the occasion.

MARGARET M. WALSHE.

THE following communication, which explains itself, was recently sent to Rev. Father Theobald Mathew:

We, the undersigned, in recognition of the valuable services which your illustrious namesake and countryman has rendered humanity all the world over, and desiring to promote the object of your mission here, that of raising funds for the completion of the memorial erected in his commemoration, request you to name some evening before your return on which the citizens of Boston would be afforded the pleasure of hearing your masterly lecture on that great patriot and apostle of temperance, the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew.

John Q. A. Brackett, Thomas N. Hart, William Byrne, V. G., Hugh O'Brien, John E. Fitzgerald, Patrick A. Collins, Patrick Donahoe, A. Shuman, John Boyle O'Reilly, John B. O'Brien, Thomas B. Fitz, John F. Cronan, William Coveney, Stephen O'Meara, Denis O'Callaghan, John W. Ferguson, Richard F. Tobin, Charles H. Taylor, Rufus S. Frost, Christopher J. Fay and others.

The following reply has been received:

To His Excellency the Governor, His Honor the Mayor, Very Rev. William Bryne, V. G., and others.

GENTLEMEN: — I accept with sentiments of pleasure and grateful pride the kind invitation you have tendered me to deliver a lecture on the great patriot and temperance apostle, Father Theobald Mathew. I highly appreciate the motives that have inspired you in this matter, and shall, on my return to the old country, proudly bear testimony to Boston's generosity and patriotism. I would fix the 20th of April as the date most convenient for the above-named lecture. With deep respect and gratitude I am, gentlemen, Faithfully yours,

FATHER T. MATHEW, O. S. F. C.

IT is a long time since a Pope of Rome sent his blessing to a Protestant Bishop of England; and when the Bishop of Rochester — who was an Evangelical of the Evangelicals — read among the news from Rome, in a daily paper, recently, that the Sovereign Pontiff had so honored him, he must have rubbed his eyes. The surprising event had the simplest of explanations. His Lordship has an only son, who is also a convert to the Catholic Church; and Him the Holy Father received in private audience on the last day of last month. "The Pope received Mr. Thorold with that singular grace and kindness for which he is so well known, and at his special request gave Mr. Thorold a special benediction for his father."

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN, of Chicago, has authorized Rev. Maron Farah to build a church for the Arabs of that city. They have a distinct liturgy, but adhere to Rome.

A Glittering Project.

All is fair in love and war, and — reportership. Therefore it isn't anybody's business how our reporter came into possession of the following private letter.

STRICTLY PERSONAL.

Dear Rev. Mr. Green: — Your admirable paper on The Bible in the Public Schools, which appeared in the Nashville American, gave me intense satisfaction. Here, said I, is an intelligent man, and as true-hearted as he is level-headed.

Two of your statements, however, struck me with unusual force, namely: "Catholics are not permitted by their pastors to read the Bible. . . . They study the catechism, which treats largely of the adoration of the Virgin Mary," etc.

Now, since you are evidently sincere, you have not made these assertions without being absolutely sure of their truth. You would not utter such statements on mere hearsay. You must, therefore, be acquainted with pastors who forbid Bible reading, and with Catholics who are not permitted by their pastors to read the Bible. On this surely I have built a splendid scheme.

Oh, my dear sir, our fortune is made! Do not be startled, but I assure you our fortune is made, if you but carry out my crude directions. Now attend:

I propose that we capture alive one genuine specimen of the priest who forbids Bible-reading. Such a curiosity has never been exhibited in these United States; and I'm convinced that he'd be a famous "draw." I have heard and read frequently of such creatures, more frequently even than I have read of the renowned sea-serpent. But, not only have I myself never, never caught a glimpse of either, but, also, I have never, never came across anybody else who had. Among my large circle of acquaintances, whether Catholic or Protestant, I have yet to find one man who can exhibit the priest who forbids Bible-reading. If you turn out to be that man, my long search is rewarded.

You are honest and intelligent; your letter evidences both. Therefore, it is impossible to suppose that you make statements, public statements, without being able to corroborate them.

Habeas corpus, habeas corpus! Let that be our banner. Produce the man, the priest, who forbids Bible-reading. Then cage him, label him large and conspicuously, "Only Living Specimen of the Bible-forbidding Priest on Exhibition in America. Greatest Show on Earth. Most Genuinely Authenticated Curiosity in any Museum."

Can't you see, my dear sir, that our success is assured? Barnum and Forepaugh would wilt before us. The mermaid, the wild man, the two-headed girl, would fade into insignificance beside our "Only Living," etc.

Please write without delay to arrange particulars. One dollar admittance would not, I think, be too high. But even should we put it as low as ten cents, our profits would be very large.

You see, a monstrosity like this, which everybody has often heard

of, but which no one has ever seen, would attract the entire public. I'm convinced that millions of Protestants have never gazed upon a *well-authenticated* specimen of the kind, and would gladly pay for the privilege.

We don't care for tradition nowadays, — tradition, nor hearsay evidence, nor disputed points of history, what we want are facts, — visible, tangible facts, and ocular demonstrations. Therefore, let's you and me trot out our priest, our genuine, Bible-forbidding priest, to be gazed upon by an eager throng, ever anxious for instruction and solid information.

He, of course, would be the central attraction, but mightn't we add one or two side-shows? It would be grand if you could procure one genuine forbidden-to-read-the-Bible Catholic! I would not, my dear sir, thus relegate the whole work to you, were I able to do it myself; but I am not. Your opportunities are better than mine. You say, unequivocally, "Catholics are not permitted to read the Bible by their pastors." By this I know that you have a number of intelligent and truthful Catholic acquaintances from whose combined testimony you learn the above fact, namely, that they are forbidden to read the Bible. You are more fortunate than I, for I have not a single such acquaintance. All Catholics whom I ever questioned, declare that Bible-reading is common among devout Catholics; that it is not forbidden; that it is studied in convents and colleges; that Catholic publishers get up very neat pictorial Bibles for children; that Protestant publishers make more money on the sale of Catholic Bibles than they do on Protestant ones; that Catholic book-stores keep a good assortment of Bibles, etc. In fact, my efforts to discover the forbidden-to-read-the-Bible Catholic have been utterly futile, whereas yours have been crowned with glorious success.

Now, let us make this success still more glorious in the dime-museum business. You are the only person who has declared himself able to produce the above curiosity.

Nearly all Protestants firmly believe that Catholics cannot read the Bible; but the Protestant who can produce even one genuine forbidden-to-read-the-Bible Catholic never turns up. Therefore, hasten we to secure at least one such prize, and exhibit it to a delighted public. You capture the prize, and I'll manage the advertising.

And please try also to get a well-authenticated Virgin-Mary adorer. I have never come across one myself. It would be a taking card in our advertisement, don't you think? The method of authenticating we'll agree upon later. It must be thorough and unquestionable. The adorer-of-the-Virgin-Mary must not be accepted merely on his or her own testimony. People might say: "He *says* he adores the Blessed Virgin; but perhaps he's lying, like the bearded woman, don't you know. He lies for the salary."

No, the genuineness of our curiosities must be above suspicion. The adorer-of-the-Virgin-Mary must be proved to give divine homage to the Blessed Virgin, that is, to consider her as God. He (or she) must be proved to give far more homage to her than Protestants and

seculars give to their heroes, generals, or writers, to the memory of Cranmer, the statues of Luther, the pictures of Calvin, the clothes of Washington, the buttons of Grant, and the like.

Protestants know, of course, that Catholics adore the Virgin, and can't read the Bible; but the Protestant who can produce his specimen is yet to show up. Consequently our collection will be unique, especially as our great point shall be its *authenticity*.

Just think what intense gratification it will be to Protestants to gaze with their own eyes upon these positive proofs of the truth of Protestantism and the falsity of Rome!

Keep this project profoundly secret. It would be dreadful if some one should get in ahead of us.

I tell you, my dear sir, it's a giant scheme. Spare neither time nor expense in caging the best specimens.

IMMENSE ATTRACTION.

ONLY LIVING, WELL-AUTHENTICATED,
BIBLE-FORBIDDING PRIEST
ever discovered in America!
Also, a real *live*
Forbidden-to-read-the-Bible Catholic,
and one genuine
Catholic-Virgin-Mary Adorer,
All procured at fabulous cost and pains.

That will make a neat hit as a wall poster, don't you think? Hoping for an early reply, I am, Yours confidentially,

New Orleans. M. T. ELDER.

The Month of May.

NOTHING is dearer to the heart of the true Catholic, and nothing is dearer to the heart of God, than devotion to his tender Mother. The love for Mary is but the reflection of love for God. She was the noblest creature of God, the Father; the tender Mother of God, the Son, the purest Spouse of God, the Holy Ghost; Three in One and One in Three, unite in doing her honor, and the Catholic love and devotion for Mary's name are due honors for that which God has so highly honored.

The month of May, the month of budding life and fragrance, has been appropriately set apart by Holy Church for her devotion. Through the Catholic world her altars are burdened with flowers, tenderest hymns are chanted in her honor, the sweet echoing of young and innocent hearts join with the praises of celestial choirs, heaven and earth are drawn in closer union, and her sweet name seems laden with special graces and blessings. Pray then to Mary, in union with the whole Church, for the favors specially needed. Pray for your families, for the erring, for the suffering, for all. And be sure, that during this sweet month, Mary's heart is even more tender, and her hand more lavish with the infinite treasury of grace committed to her.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

The Child of Mary.

"*Enfant de Marie.*"

"CHILD of Mary!" Name of honor,
Prouder far than kingly crown —
God Himself to win that title
From His heavenly throne came down.
He the first-born Child of Mary
Calls us to His Mother's side,
Shares with us His dearest treasure:
"Mother, 'twas for these I died."

O Immaculate, unfallen,
Tarnished by no breath of sin!
Yet I dare to call thee Mother,
Open, Mother, let me in!
Thou of Mercy's self art Mother,
And thy heart is meek and mild;
Open wide thy arms and take me,
As a mother takes her child.

God forgive those erring Christians
Who would spurn the tender name
Which with joy at Christ's own bidding
Mary's loving children claim.
"Lo, your Mother!" said He dying;
Yet some coldly turn away.
Ah! forgive them, sweetest Mother,
For they know not what they say.

"Child of Mary!" May my feelings,
Thoughts, words, deeds, and heart's desires,
All befit a lowly creature
Who to such high name aspires.
Ne'er shall sin (for sin could only)
From my sinless Mother sever —
Mary's child till death shall call me,
Child of Mary *then* forever.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

The Little Companion.

CHAPTER VII.

Holy Communion.

Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. — *St. Mark. x.* 14.

I WILL now say a few words to you about the Holy Eucharist. The word Eucharist means thanksgiving. This adorable Sacrament was founded by our Blessed Lord at His last Supper when he took bread in His hands and said, "Take ye and eat, this is My Body," and taking the chalice into His hands He said, "Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins. Do this for a commemoration of Me." Whenever a priest says Mass he uses these words, and our Lord deigns to come down from heaven, and to be present mysteriously in the bread and wine over which these words are said. So when we receive Holy Communion we miraculously receive the Body and Blood of our Lord. He really comes to us. What an honor! If a great king were coming to visit us how careful we should be to prepare our house for his coming. We should be all impatience and would say, "Who am I that this great king is coming to visit me? Ought we not to prepare our souls well for our Heavenly King's visit to us? Think how dreadful it would be if a great king came to visit us, and we invited him into a dark dungeon. This is what we do when we make a bad communion; when we ask our Lord into a heart which we have not given wholly to Him, loving Him and

keeping His commandments. Alas! "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself." But perhaps some of you have not yet made your first Communion. If you have not you should often make a good spiritual Communion. Do you know what that is? It is to ask our Lord to come to you in spirit. A good spiritual Communion is very pleasing to our Lord. A Saint once had a vision in which she saw the spiritual Communions in silver vases, and real Communions in gold ones.

When you receive Holy Communion, our Lord is with you just as much He was with those little children whom he blessed and said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

CHAPTER VIII.

Holy Mass and Days of Obligation.

Where there are two or three gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them. — *St. Matt.* xviii. 20.

I AM now going to talk to you a little about the Holy Mass. The Holy Mass is a Sacrifice, for Jesus Christ is offered up for us. The Altar represents Calvary — the place where he was really crucified. We should try to imagine that we are with our Blessed Lady and the holy women, who were with our Lord at His death on the cross. The Holy Mass is not a different sacrifice from that of the Cross, for our Lord still offers Himself on the Altar to His Heavenly Father. On Mount Calvary our Lord shed His Precious Blood for us, but He does not shed His Blood in the Holy Mass. So the Holy Mass is the same Sacrifice as that of the Cross, only the *manner* in which our Lord offers Himself is different. For our Lord cannot suffer any more.

The Holy Mass is offered for four ends: firstly, to give honor and glory to God; secondly, to thank Him for all His goodness; thirdly, to obtain forgiveness for our sins; and, fourthly, to obtain all graces and blessings through our Lord Jesus Christ.

We ought to behave at Mass with great devotion and attention; but, especially, during the Canon, or solemn part of the Mass. We should always try to be in good time for Mass. We are bound to assist at Mass every Sunday, unless we are prevented by some good reason; also on Holy-days of Obligation. The Holy-days of Obligation observed in England are: —

1. Christmas Day. 25th December.
2. The Circumcision. New Year's Day.
3. The Feast of the Epiphany. 6th January.
4. The Ascension of Our Lord. Forty days after Easter.
5. Corpus Christi. Second Thursday after Whitsuntide.
6. The Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. 29th June.
7. The Assumption of Our Lady. 15th August.
8. The Feast of All Saints. 1st November.

On these days we must not only hear Mass, but we must rest if we can from servile works. If we are obliged to work on those days the Church lets us. Though not bound to, we should always try to

hear a Mass on All Souls' Day, 2d of November, and on Our Lady's birthday, 8th September, to wish her many happy returns of the day.

CHAPTER IX.

The Holy Souls.

If any man's work burn, he shall suffer lose; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.—1 *Cor.* iii. 15.

I DARESAY you have heard of a great many different Orders of nuns. You have heard of the Franciscans, the Carmelities, the Sisters of Charity, and many others; but, perhaps, there are some of you who have never heard of an Order which has been founded about thirty-three years, called the Helpers of the Holy Souls. It is a French Order. The name of their foundress was Mère Marie de la Providence. When she was a little girl she thought often of the holy souls of dead people, who are delayed in purgatory before going to heaven. One bright day she was running after a butterfly, with some of her little companions, when all of a sudden she stopped and said to them, "Tell me, if one of our little companions fell into the fire, would we not try to pull her out?" Her companions answered, "Yes." She then said, "The poor souls in purgatory are in prison. Our Lord only asks one prayer to release them, and that prayer we do not say." So the thought of purgatory entered her mind even in the midst of her pleasure; and when she grew up she founded this beautiful Order of nuns, who pray, suffer, and work for the repose and release of the souls in purgatory. There is a day in the year on which we ought to pray very much for these poor prisoned souls. That day is All Souls' Day, the day after All Saints' Day. As I told you in my last chapter, you should try to hear Mass on All Souls' Day. In France the people go to all the cemeteries and put flowers on every grave. Not one is forgotten. The holy souls long to see our Lord. The delay is dreadful; but there is one great happiness in purgatory. They are all sure of heaven at last. They can never lose our Lord. Our Lord loves these holy souls very dearly. They are His friends, and he looks to us to pray for them. St. Ambrose says, "All that we give in charity to the faithful departed is changed into grace for us, and, after our death, we shall find its merit doubled a hundred-fold." When they are in heaven, be sure they pray for us, who still struggle here, and who prayed for them in their own need.

After grace, before and after meals, many people say, "May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace." For we should remember that our Blessed Lord has given us food to satisfy our hunger, but that the poor souls in purgatory are not yet satisfied, and that they still cry, "I thirst, I thirst after my God." We should often say little indulgenced prayers for them, such as "My Jesus, mercy!" "Mary, help." Even while they are in purgatory the holy souls are powerful intercessors. Though they cannot help themselves, they can help us, and, therefore, we ask them to pray for us.

Our Lord appeared to St. Gertrude, and told her that He was just as pleased when we helped a soul out of purgatory as if we had helped Him out of prison.

THE END.

A Strange Story.

I.

It was a fair-day in a town of the Pyrenees. This fair is held twice a year only — on the feasts of St. Michael, for the 8th of May, and the 29th of September. It lasts for several days, and is of great importance; for from towns, villages, and mountain hamlets, the people flock to it in vast numbers. A busy scene, indeed, it is; the rush, the shouts, throngs of people mixed with the throng of cattle, the cracking of whips, and the beating of drums, by which attention is called to public announcements of all kinds, are but a few of the sounds and sights that might be enumerated. Gare! Gare! (Look out!) is the incessant exclamation of scores of voices, as horses, cows, sheep, oxen, donkeys, pigs, and especially pigs, are, from time to time, crowded together in wild confusion. It is always a very funny, as well as a very busy day, thanks to the favorite domestic animal of the country. Pigs are everywhere! If you are standing beside a stall of highly colored sweets, home-made candy in all sorts of primitive forms and colors, by a counter laden with the strong homespun cloth of the country, deep in the examination of sabots (wooden shoes), great and small, or of laces, silk handkerchiefs, or cotton bandanas, piggy is there, too, pushing his inquisitive nose into everything, in a persistent, but by no means ill-natured way. Especially is he attracted by the perambulating variety shops, the owners of which have a clever way of reminding the family pet that the contents of the "shop," which is only a reversed umbrella filled with pins, needles, tape, buttons, with et ceteras, is not his affair. A sharp turn of the umbrella brings the points of the frame nearer to his snout than he finds agreeable, and he withdraws, for the time, to a safe distance. But it is only to watch his opportunity. At the first favorable moment, he makes a playful rush under the "counter," and the merchant and his wares are often separated. But these are trifles that amuse idle spectators; the real business of the fair is the sale of cattle.

II.

A wealthy farmer brought to this autumn fair his numerous stock. He had good luck in finding a purchaser, and, at the close of the half-yearly market, had the satisfaction of carrying away with him a well-lined wallet, in exchange for his flocks and herds. Not all were as fortunate as the jolly farmer. Not all who hovered around the stalls and booths of the market-place had sold their wares as profitably as he, and some, indeed, had nothing to sell, and no money with which to buy. The latter was the case with two men who had nothing better to do than to watch their more fortunate neighbors. They beheld the happy farmer rejoicing in his luck, saw the exchange of horses, cows, and sheep, for gold, silver, and bank notes, and even saw the farmer's leathern wallet close upon a small fortune. These two men were friends in "ill luck," as they called their improvident

manner of life. "Good fortune" was no friend of theirs, they declared; and talking over their mutual disappointments, they grew embittered, discouraged, gloomy, and envious. "Why should those who already have so much receive more?" one asked the other. Their eyes met; their thonghts were the same. The farmer's way home was their way too. Across mountain and stream, through valleys, glens, and lonely paths, within sound of a rushing river, whose bed was deep and whose current swift, their own road lay, and so did the farmer's. "Let us lighten him of his load; he will never miss it," said one. "He is strong; suppose he resists?" answered the other. "We are two."—"But if he still resist?"—"We are two; your hearth, like mine, is cold; your children and mine are hungry and naked."—"But if he should still be too strong for us?" No reply, only a look into each other's gloomy eyes. After a while one asked the other: "Would you do him harm?" The question was low, the voice faltering that asked it. The reply was long in coming; at length it came, but weak and in an uncertain tone. "I would not take his life."—"But he is strong; and what if he resists?" reiterated the other. There was no answer, but a sigh or groan, and they walked on and on. The night was growing dark. "The farmer tarries late."

III.

"He is with his friends at the inn; they are feasting and drinking. He carries a light heart."—"Let his purse also be light," was the reply. The darkness deepened, and the shadows gathered around. The mountain path became less and less distinct. "Let us wait here." They took shelter behind a beetling crag that shut them in from the road. Darkness settled down while they waited; and there was yet no moon. A footstep was heard at last. Their hearts beat loud; it seemed almost as if the rushing river Gave, instead of blood, was surging in their veins. "Come, are you ready?" The voice of the speaker was trembling, and the reply unheard, but they started from their lair. It was only to re-enter it hastily. A flood of light lay across the path, and showed them the farmer — in the midst of a goodly company.

"His friends are accompanying him part of the way. Let us hasten forward; we can intercept him at the gorge." Again all was dark, as they issued forth and followed their prey. From time to time the moon penetrated through the deep shade, and showed them the farmer walking on alone, firm, erect, and bold. His air and manner irritated them. They were in advance again — within the mountain gorge, deep, dark, awful. They withdrew once more to wait for the traveller. "He comes."—"Ready!"—"Stop! What is this?" Once more he draws near, but not alone. His friends are with him still — another chance is lost. They must seek still another spot for their work, but it must be beyond a village, which they were now nearing. "Who were those men?" they asked each other. No matter; whoever they were, they would not pass the end of the gorge at that hour. "Look, he is alone!" They saw him clearly now, safe beyond the

dangerous pass. Through the silent village streets they followed him, and waited his coming at a lonely cross-road. How white they were, crouching in the darkness, hardly breathing for fear of being overheard by him, as he drew near. An ivy-covered wall hid him from their sight for an instant. "When he passes it, will be our time." But lo! he has passed it, and is beside them, and fear smites them as they behold him. For the third time he is surrounded by a group of men. Trembling and afraid they shrink back into the shelter of the hedge. One fell on his knees. "Come," said the other, "Let us go; we are not to do this devil's work. Rise!" he repeated hoarsely. But he had to help his weaker companion to his feet, and take him by the arm and lead him. "I shall go at once to the priest," said the fear-stricken man; "come thou with me. We have been saved from doing an evil deed."

IV.

They sought their parish priest, and told their story. That they were sinners, he had no doubt; but, to prove its truth, the priest sought the farmer and asked him, in a general way, for news of St. Michael's fair, — what luck he had had, and of the events of the road.

The honest farmer suspected nothing, and told how he had sold his cattle to good advantage, how he had supped with his friends, and then set out for home. "Alone?" — "Yes." — "Did you stop anywhere?" — "Yes." When he was passing a sanctuary of our Lady, he had suddenly remembered that it was the anniversary of his father's death; and he stopped there to recite his rosary for the souls in purgatory.

Ah! thought the priest within himself, these souls for whom he prayed were his companions and protectors on that fearful road. But he continued his interrogatory: "Some of your good friends came part of the way, at least, with you?"

"No; it was late, and I would not let them do so. I know the road too well to need guide or guard," was the farmer's reply. Ah, thought the priest again, how little he suspects how much he needed both guide and guard that night, or who they were that kept him company in that dread hour. "But you met some one, either coming or going, between this and the village?" — "Not a living soul," was the decided answer. The priest was convinced — convinced and grateful. He had gained two souls to his flock, and the farmer's life was safe, thanks to the protection of the holy souls.

MRS. JANE CAVE, in the Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.

The Angels of May.

I HOPE you are not tired reading of angels, for, in the month dedicated to her who is the Queen of Angels, it is but natural I should tell you about the Angels of May. It is the first day of Mary's month; the evening devotions are over; the cathedral is closed. To human eyes all within is in darkness, save where the lamp keeps its silent watch before the hidden God, yet the church is radiant with rays of

heavenly light, which stream from the golden wings of the angels, who kneel in rapt adoration round the tabernacle throne. Mary's altar is hung with snowy drapery, and decked with sweet flowers. On the brow of the fair marble statue rests a crown of priceless gems, which, time after time, were laid by the great ones of the earth as an offering at the feet of the Queen of heaven. Now angels approach, remove the stones which form the crown, and replace them by gems of wonderful lustre and heavenly beauty, in comparison with which those of earth seem dim. And these glorious jewels are diamonds of charity, sapphires of prayer, rubies of self-denial, pearls of obedience, amethysts of patience, emeralds of humility — acts performed in honor of Mary by those who now kneel at her feet. From her throne in heaven Mary smiled, and she who never pleads in vain asked for graces for those whose offerings sparkled in the crown. Dear children, you will make a crown for Mary during this month. Form it, if you will, entirely of one species of precious stones of charity, of obedience, or form it of many. Rich or poor alike can give Mary such gems. The advice St. John Berchmans gave with regard to devotion to Mary was, to adopt some practice, no matter how small, and to be faithful to it. If you follow this advice you will, at the close of this month, be able to lay a glorious diadem at the feet of her who is crowned with twelve lustrous stars, and she will stretch forth her hands and bless you with a mother's blessing — a blessing which will fill your young hearts with purity, peace, and love.

Buffalo Bill Wakes up the Romans.

One of the strangest spectacles ever seen within the walls of the Vatican was the dramatic entry of Buffalo Bill at the head of his Indian cowboys, the day when the ecclesiastical, secular, and military court of the Pope assembled to witness the twelfth annual thanksgiving of Leo XIII. for his coronation. In the midst of the scene of supreme splendor, crowded with the old Roman aristocracy, and surrounded with the walls immortalized by Michael Angelo and Raffaelo, there suddenly appeared a host of savages, in paint, feathers, and blankets, carrying tomahawks and knives. A vast multitude surged into the great square before St. Peter's early in the morning to witness the arrival of the Americans. Before half past nine o'clock the ducal hall, royal hall, and Sistine chapel were packed. Through the middle of the three audiences was a pathway bordered with the Palatine Guards, the Papal gendarmes, and private chamberlains. The sunlight fell upon lines of glittering steel, nodding plumes, golden chains, and shimmering robes of silk, and all the brilliant emblems of pontifical glory. Suddenly a tall, chivalrous figure appeared at the entrance, and all eyes were turned toward him. It was Buffalo Bill. With a sweep of his great sombrero he saluted the chamberlains, and then strode between the guards with his partner, Nate Salisbury. Next came Buck Taylor, who towered above the tallest man in the palace, his long hair tied back on his shoulders, "Broncho Bill," in buckskin,

and after him trooped the cowboys splashed with mud, and picturesque beyond description. "Rocky Bear" led the Sioux warriors in the rear. They were painted in every color that Indian imagination could devise, and every man carried something to present to the medicine man sent by the Great Spirit. Rocky Bear rolled his eyes, and folded his hands on his breast as he stepped on tiptoe through the glowing sea of color. His braves furtively eyed the halberds and two-handled swords of the Swiss Guards. The Indians and the cowboys were ranged in the south corners of the ducal hall. Buffalo Bill and Salisbury were escorted into the Sistine chapel by the chamberlains, and were greeted by General Sherman's daughter. A princess invited Colonel Cody to a place in the tribune of the Roman nobles. He stood facing the gorgeous diplomatic corps, surrounded by Prince and Princess Burghese, and all the ancient families of the city.

When the Pope appeared carried above the heads of his guards, preceded by the Knights of Malta, and a procession of cardinals and archbishops, the cowboys bowed, and so did the Indians. Rocky Bear knelt, and made the sign of the cross. The Pontiff leaned yearningly towards the rude groups, and blessed them. He seemed to be touched by the sight. As the train swept on the Indians became excited, and as a squaw fainted, though they had been warned not to utter a sound, they were with difficulty restrained from whooping. The Pope looked at Colonel Cody intently as he passed, and the great scout bent low as he received the benediction. After the thanksgiving Mass, with its good choral accompaniment, while now and then the Pope's powerful voice was heard ringing from the Sistine Chapel, the great audience poured out of the Vatican. When the Indians went back to camp, they found the only warrior who did not go to the Vatican dead in his blanket. Rocky Bear told his followers that the Great Spirit had done it.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

It will be with pleasure that your readers will hear that most of the Indians in Buffalo Bill's "troupe" are fervent Catholics, and were very anxious to see the Pope. When this desire on the part of these inhabitants of the "Wild West" was made known, the Holy Father immediately consented to receive them on the day of his coronation in the Ducal Hall of the Vatican. And what a strange, eventful sight that will be! The nomads of the prairie grounds, the aborigines of the American forests, those men who were in full possession of America when the See of Peter was established, to see them in the presence of the Vicar of Christ, bending their noble figures lowly to the ground to do homage to the father of the faithful. What a sight for a painter! These good Indians say that they found no interest in the other cities of Europe, nor would desire to return to any of them; but they were anxious to see Rome, of which they had heard so much from the "black gowns," their beloved Fathers. The fervor and earnestness they still retain, in the practices of the religion, is a proof that the "black gown" did his work well. I have been told that one of the most conspicuous

figures among the Indians is one who should have sucked in his religion with his mother's milk, retaining some of the brogue along with his acquiring Indian tongue. As soon as it was known at the Vatican that there were many Catholics among the campers in "Prati Castelli," where Buffalo Bill has taken up his quarters, a supply of precious rosaries and other sacred objects was sent over for distribution among them, and religious sent to visit them, who were very kindly received, not only by the Catholics, but also by the Protestants, or rather non-Catholics, as there is very little religion among the others. Undoubtedly the show has been a phenomenal success. Never was there such enthusiasm about a public exhibition since the days the Coliseum used to be filled to see the gladiator. Tickets for places are sold at double their value, and though the place can contain ten thousand people, every seat is occupied long before the time fixed for commencing the performance.

We learn that Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) is a Tipperary man.

A Catholic Boy to a Free Thinker.

NOT long ago a Catholic boy was travelling in a train between Brussels and Namur. In the same train was an infidel school inspector. On passing before a Catholic Church the boy uncovered his head in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, which he knew was kept in the church.

The inspector, who up to this time had been reading a newspaper, on seeing the reverence paid by the boy to the house of God, began to laugh, and the following dialogue ensued:

"To be sure, my little friend, you must be an altar-boy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "and I am just preparing for my First Communion."

"And would you please tell me what the curate teaches you?"

"Well, he is just instructing me in the mysteries of religion."

"And, please, what are those mysteries? I have forgotten all about those mysteries this long time ago, and in a couple of years it will be the same with you."

"No, sir; I will never forget the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation, and of the Redemption."

"What do you mean by the Holy Trinity."

"One God in the Persons."

"Do you understand that now, my little friend?"

"Where there is a question of mystery three things are to be distinguished; to know, to believe, to understand. I know and I believe, but I do not understand. We will understand only in heaven."

"These are idle stories; I believe only what I understand."

"Well, sir, if you believe only what you understand, will you tell me this: How is it that you can move your finger at will?"

"My finger is moved because my will impresses a motion to the muscles of my finger."

"But do you understand how this is?"

"Oh, yes: I understand it."

"Very well, if you understand it, then tell me why your will can move your finger and not, as in the case of a donkey, your ear?"

That was too much for the learned school-inspector. He made a sorry face, coughed, and muttered between his teeth: "Let me alone, little fellow; you are far too young to teach me a lesson." He resumed reading his newspaper, and never took his eyes from it until his unpleasant little travelling companion had stepped off at the next station and disappeared from sight.

A Clever Boy.

"FATHER," said a hopeful sprig, "how many fowls are there on the table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner table; "Why, my son, there are two."

"Three," replied young smartness.

"Three, sir?" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them; "I'd like to have you prove that."

"Easily done, sir; easily done! Isn't that one?" laying his knife upon the first.

"Yes, that's certain," said his father.

"And isn't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was listening with astonishment to the learning of her son; "really this boy is a genius and deserves encouragement. Here, mother, you take one fowl and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

The Cavalier's Madonna.

THERE was once an accomplished and very pious cavalier, named Ojeda, who was remarkable for his enthusiastic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He it was who settled the Isthmus of Darien.

Wherever he went he carried with him a lovely little painting of our dear Lady, and if wrecked on dangerous coasts, or wandering in pathless woods, he used to fasten this picture to a tree, and, kneeling there before it, devoutly pray. In a little chapel which he built, in fulfilment of a vow, he placed his beloved picture, and when he died the natives of the place became its guardians, and looked on it as something to be held sacred.

One day some one came to the Indian village, where this chapel and picture were, and found the little building kept with the greatest neatness and the picture regarded with awe and love. And though he begged and pleaded he could not induce the good old chief to let him take away the famous Madonna of Ojeda.

This is all I know of its story, but I wonder what became of it — whether the chapel still exists and the picture still hangs there. There are pictures that are famous the wide world over — Raphael's superb Sistine Madonna, Fra Angelico's lovely "Virgin of the Crown," Murillo's wonderful "Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin;" and yet, even when thinking of them and desiring to see them, the heart turns with reverence and affection to that Indian village, and would fain find that chapel and kneel before our Lady's picture there.

What love it tells for her whom Jesus loved beyond all other souls beside! Oh! may we also love her more dearly and devoutly ever, for such love and devotion will surely bring us always nearer and nearer to the Sacred Heart of our dearest Lord. Father Faber has some beautiful lines on this very thought, in his hymn "To Our Blessed Lady"—

Mother of Mercy! day by day
My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

. . . . . .

But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God;
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?

Get me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And Mother! when life's cares are o'er
Oh! I shall love thee then indeed.

Jesus, when his three hours were run,
Bequeathed thee from the cross to me;
And oh! how can I love thy son,
Sweet mother! if I love not thee?

THE DANGER OF BAD EXAMPLE.— No virtue is more necessary to a Christian, but scarcely is there any more difficult to be put in practice, than that firmness of mind which can enable a man to maintain his principles and stand his ground against the torrent of custom, fashion, and example. Example has upon all minds a secret and insinuating influence, even when ourselves are insensible of its operation. We imperceptibly slide into some resemblance of the manners of those with whom we have frequent intercourse. This often shows itself in the most indifferent things. But the resemblance is still more readily contracted, when there is something within ourselves that leans to the same side which is countenanced by the practice of others.

Bring up a Child in the Way It Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PARENTS are in duty bound to learn the truth of their children's complaints of teachers before sitting in judgment.

THE Catholic Church is certain of one thing, and that is, that if her children are not educated to be good Catholics, they will never be good citizens; and she is also certain that they will never become good Catholics in schools which are opposed to her faith.

TO avert the danger of loss of faith to our children, Catholic parents will send them to Catholic schools, where they will be certain that they will keep their faith, learn to be dutiful citizens of our country, and take their places among the business and professional men and women of the country, fully equipped in knowledge.

IF parents and teachers combine in the education of children and work together for their advancement, it is beyond doubt true that the children will experience the effect of such a combination, make greater and quicker progress in their studies, and eventually come forth from the school-room educated sufficiently and a credit to both parents and teachers. The contrary is just as true.

A BEAUTIFUL custom. It is a custom in many schools in France for children to count their daily voluntary privations with grains of wheat; and these grains, ground and kneaded and baked by themselves, are transferred into the Sacred Bread of the altar, which they receive in Holy Communion. They receive thus, with the Body of the Lord, the fruit of their own labor, a double blessing, which extends through their future lives.

OUR schools are opened and closed with prayer to God that our children may have God's aid in their studies and His protection against all evils. Our Holy Mother Mary is also besought to exert her gracious powers, and to keep our young safely in religion's pure care. In these things our schools differ from all others, and the parents who look to the future of their children soon see the difference, and for no reason would they permit their children to be educated elsewhere.

IT does not matter to a Protestant child whether he sits in school beside a Jew or an infidel; he has no faith to lose. But to a Catholic child, it is an important matter whether his companion be a Jew, Protestant, or infidel. He may learn from them to despise or think less of his faith, and by degrees he will lose it. The least which can be said in the matter is, that such a school for a Catholic child or such a companionship is filled with danger to the child's eternal welfare. Protestants, Jews, and infidels may not see this fact in the light given to us, but it is, nevertheless, true.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

ANY OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS changing their places of residence should inform us by card or otherwise. tf.

BISMARCK, at one time the terror of Europe, particularly France, has retired to private life.

WE have had the great pleasure of adding the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, to our subscription list this month.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS is the title of the new novel of William O'Brien.

Moody Merrill, Esq.

WE refer to the article of this gentleman in our issue of this month. He is one of the most level-headed men in Boston, and knows what he is talking about.

From The Boston Herald.

Donahoe's Magazine.

THE February instalment of this Roman Catholic monthly contains an article on Prize Fighting in England, by Mr. W. F. Donovan, one of the Herald attaches. More and more this periodical is improving its character. It is the MAGAZINE of the million, and its selections are choice, readable, and often valuable. Not only is the character of the MAGAZINE greatly improved from what it used to be, but there is more and more original matter, written by the American clergy and laity.

THE proposal to throw open the Lord Chancellorship of England to Roman Catholics is severely exercising many Conservative members who have in their constituencies a large number of English Roman Catholics.

IN the last week of February, the manager of the Opera House, Atlanta, Ga., auctioned seats during the engagement of the Jefferson-Florence combination, and realized four hundred dollars in premiums. The manager, Mr. De Give, suggested to divide the money between three charitable institutions, two Protestant, one Catholic. Jefferson refused to agree to this, excluded the Catholic charity, and divided the four hundred dollars between the two Protestant institutions. The rejected charity was St. Joseph's Infirmary which treats more Protestants than Catholics. Catholic readers will please make a note of this conduct of Joseph Jefferson, the actor. We did not think that Joe was such a bigot.

P. S. GILMORE added another act of Christian charity to the many he has already performed, by giving a concert on March 17th at eight P. M., at Xavier Hall, 30 West Sixteenth Street, New York. The proceeds were for the parochial school attached to St. Francis Xavier's Church. None of your Joe Jefferson about Gilmore.

PATRICK B. WYNN, who has been convassing for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is no longer in our employ. Should he impose on any one by saying he is connected with our MAGAZINE, and that they pay him any money, it will be at their own risk, as he has no authority to do business for the MAGAZINE.

IT looks as if the next Catholic American Congress would be held in Chicago. A resolution was adopted at Baltimore for the next meeting to be held in 1892 in the city which should succeed in securing the World's Fair. So Chicago will get the two prizes. It is a great city.

THE 11th of February was the twenty-fourth anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Williams as a bishop, he having been made coadjutor bishop of Boston, with right of succession, in 1886, at St. James' Church, of which he had long been the pastor. Most Rev. John J. Williams was born in Boston in 1822, and he is, therefore, sixty-eight years of age.

Good Disposition of a Millionaire.

BY the will of the late Col. J. Mervyn Donahoe, son of the late Peter Donahoe, of San Francisco, one of the most vigorous and enterprising men that California has known, $75,000 is divided among relatives, $25,000 is given for a public fountain, $20,000 for a Catholic orphan asylum in Marin County, $20,000 to a similar institution in the city, $100,000 goes to Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, to be divided amongst Catholic charities in the city. The residue of his estate, amounting to more than $2,000,000, is to be applied to the purchase of a suitable piece of ground and the erection thereon of a home for aged men and women, with a fund for the endowment of the same. His wife has been previously provided for, and has an estate of over a quarter of a million. Young Donahoe was in his thirty-first year, and recently gave promise of a fine financial record. He was educated by the Christian Brothers and Jesuits, married to the daughter of Judge Wallace, and as president of the railroad built by his father, had added many miles to it and placed it upon a prosperous basis. By his will he distributes about $300,000 to the Catholic charities of San Francisco, and leaves the residue of his estate, after providing for his wife by a third interest in the Union Iron Works (about $11,000 a year), to the building of a home for aged men and women, under the direction of Archbishop Riordan and his executors. Both of his children died in infancy.

GLIMPSES OF IRISH INDUSTRIES. We direct attention to the series of papers under the above head. The writer, J. Bowles Daly, LL. D., is an author of several books on Ireland, notably Ireland in the Days of Dean Swift, Ireland in '98, etc. Although the author is not generally known to our readers, he is well acquainted with Irish affairs. The Glimpses will be continued during the present year.

MR. HENRY O'MEARA, one of the editorial staff of the Boston Daily Journal, has now in press a volume of his poems. The following notice is from a recent number of a New York paper:

"My Friend, Henry O'Meara, of the Journal, is a poet who is destined to hold a place equal to those graceful songsters, John Boyle O'Reilly and Frank Dempster Sherman. I have before me as I write, several poems which brother O'Meara gave me while at a banquet a few nights ago. They are graceful and delicate, and some of them possess a certain spirituality that lifts one up above the common world. O'Meara has a brilliant future before him. The poet, John Boyle O'Rielly, was so pleased with a poem he wrote recently, as to write him a personal letter complimenting him upon it. Personally, Mr. O'Meara is quiet and unassuming, small of stature and slight of build, and one of those men whom one can never meet without being benefited. To work beside him is a positive pleasure."

The reader will find one of Mr. O'Meara's contributions elsewhere in this MAGAZINE.

The Bishop of Buffalo.

THE reports of the illness of the Rt. Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, the Bishop of Buffalo, have created much uneasiness in the minds of all who know and esteem him. We regret to say, says the Catholic Union, that the Bishop is still a sick man. Through all the weary winter weeks he has been confined to his room. He felt well enough last week to take a short drive in the warm sun, and enjoy the fresh air. But he has had to return to his sick bed again. However, the assurance of his skilful physician, and the heartfelt prayers of his priests and people, give the fullest confidence that ere long our beloved bishop will be thoroughly restored to health and strength.

A Nun's Prophecy.

La Minerve, of Montreal, says: "There is in Rome in the convent of St. Philippe de Neri a nun aged eighty-two years to whom Father Barnardo Claudi, of the Minimes Order, told forty years ago on his deathbed that she would see a proof of the wrath of God in the year 1890, and she adds that influenza is only the beginning of this.

Parochial Schools again Ahead.

THE parochial schools in New York City have again been successful in open competition with the public schools. In the examination of candidates for the West Point cadetship, accorded to the Ninth Congressional District, Edward Donnelly, of La Salle Academy, Second street, was the successful candidate with ninety-three per cent., and another Catholic school applicant was a close second. This makes the fifth consecutive victory in New York City for the representatives of the parochial schools in contests for West Point and Annapolis cadetships. No better answer could be given those who are decrying the poor secular education received in Catholic schools than to point out how much more serviceable it is even in securing national appointments. Though the attendance of the parochial schools is numerically far below that of the public schools, yet in a few months we have every cadetship offered in New York city taken by the pupils of the Catholic schools. It is time for us to cry out against the poor secular education received in the public schools.

MAJOR HENRY F. BROWNSON gave an interesting sketch of the life of his father, Orestes A. Brownson, LL. D., in the hall of the Brownson Lyceum, Providence, R. I., recently. Dr. Brownson was born in Vermont, in 1804, and overcame almost insurmountable obstacles to obtain an education. His twin sister is still living in the Green Mountain state at the age of eighty-six. The career and philosophical writings of Dr. Brownson show that he was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest literary lights of this country. His works have been collated and edited by his son.

A Noble Group of Buildings.

THE Catholic University at Washington, will, when all the buildings are erected, consist of a group of colleges ranged around a central park. The grand Hall of Science and Letters will be in the centre; the laboratories will be on either side; the library will be to the front; and a beautiful knoll, to the right and rear, will be reserved for the astronomical observatory. A handsome church will be between the park and the divinity building, connected with the latter by an arcade enclosing, and, to a certain extent, isolating the divinity grounds from the other departments.

St. Gertrude's Salutation to the B. Virgin

HAIL, Lily white
Of the Trinity bright!
No flower rare
With thee can compare.
Vermilion Rose!
The Godhead's repose.
No azure blue
Can rival thy hue.
Rose without thorn!
Of whom Christ was born.
Nursed by thy care,
Thy milk was His fare,
Primrose so sweet!
One boon we entreat:
Grace for us win
To live without sin.
This we implore
And ask for no more.

Political Situation in Germany.

OUR able contemporary, Church Progress, thus illustrates the political situation in Germany and the fall of the chancellor: "Bismarck's attitude toward the Church, ten years ago, may find a simile in a French marquis who was riding out one dav, when he passed an old priest trotting along contentedly on a quiet donkey. 'Ha! ha!' exclaimed the marquis, 'how goeth the ass, good father?' On horseback, my son — on horseback,' replied the priest."

Prayers in Schools.

A MONTH or two ago, a prosecution was set on foot in Hardin county, Ky., against Father Fitzgerald, for having taught the Catechism in a public school, and *after school hours*, where there were over a hundred Catholic pupils, all Catholics but two. The trial came off recently, and Judge Macbeth, concurred with Father Fitzgerald's attorney, that no offence recognizable by the law had been committed. The prosecution, therefore, as it deserved to do, burst like a soap-bubble.

Editor Dana, New York Sun.

In his oration at the banquet in New York on St. Patrick's Day, Mr. Charles A. Dana said: "Justice is the foundation of fraternity. Let us first have Home Rule and then we will have union. It will be a very different union from those that we have seen enforced in the British Islands, because it will be preceded by entire justice, by perfect Home Rule and perfect self-government in every part and republican in form. There is enough of republicanism in England and enough of democracy to begin the work, and we can trust in God and the principles of St. Patrick to bring everything out right in the end."

Great Gathering at Mechanic's Hall.

The grand hall of Mechanic's Building was filled to overflowing the night of March 16, when Rev. Richard J. Barry, pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, Back Bay, delivered his lecture on "Ireland: Her Cause and Aspirations." At half past eight P. M., the eloquent lecturer appeared on the platform. Four thousand is a moderate estimate of the number present, a great portion of the audience being composed of ladies. The lecture was a very able one, the principal points of it being rapturously applauded. The object of the lecture was to assist in raising funds for the completion of St. Cecilia's Church.

The lecturer concluded an eloquent address as follows: "Looking back over the past, counting the horrors that the past has brought, realizing all the bloody massacres of these weary centuries, taking all these into account, it is my firm conviction that the Irish race, determined and ready to go back over them all, to endure again national calamity, shame, and humiliation, to plunge again into the night that knows no dawn, they will welcome the sword and the battle-axe and the gibbet, rather than surrender in this hour the noble mission bequeathed to them of vindicating their despised and trampled country, and giving Celtic brains and Celtic energy full and free scope to work out their own destiny in a free and regenerated Irish nation." (Loud applause.)

St. Patrick's Church in Rome.

At the express desire of his Holiness the Pope, the Rev. Denis Mahony, O.S.A., of SS. Augustine's and John's, Thomas-street, has left Dublin for America for the purpose of collecting funds throughout the United States for the building of St. Patrick's Church in Rome. Father Mahony went out to America on a similar mission some years ago in aid of SS. Augustine's and John's, Dublin, and is well known throughout the states. He will begin his good work in the large and important city of Boston, — by special directions of the Propaganda, — where he is sure to receive a cordial greeting. Father Mahony took his departure from Queenstown, on board the Cunard liner Aurania, for New York, and carries with him the hearty good wishes of his numerous friends.

The Church in Ireland.

The Irish Catholic Directory for 1890, edited by the Very Rev. Canon Keogh, gives as the statistics of the Catholic Church in Ireland 32 archbishops and bishops, with two having no jurisdiction in the island; 1,013 parish priests, 1,895 administrators, curates, and secular priests, not employed in parochial work; 542 priests belonging to regular orders, making about 3,374 priests, though there are believed to be about 3,450, some retired or unemployed not appearing in the returns. The regular orders once so important in numbers in Ireland, are now chiefly in the province of Dublin, which has 38 houses of regulars and 277 regular priests, and in the province of Cashel which has 26 houses, with 167 regular priests. The orders are chiefly the Augustinians, Carmelites, Capuchins, Dominicans, Franciscans, Congregation of the Holy Ghost, Society of Jesus, Marists, Oblates, Passionists, Lazarists, Order of St. John of God. The diocese of Dublin has 511 priests, Meath standing next with 184; Kildare, 166. The United States has now probably more Catholics of Irish birth and descent in part or in the whole than Ireland itself. With its 14 archbishops, 73 bishops, 8,322 priests, it has the greatest body of English-speaking Catholics in the world.

THE Centre Party in Germany rejoices over its victory at the late election. It represents the Catholic section, and with its success comes the promise of blotting out the last vestige of the laws of persecution enacted by Bismarck and his fanatical followers in the days of their success. The triumph of the united Catholic party in Germany ought to lead the Catholics of France to do something for their Church and country. In Germany Catholics are but forty per cent. of the total population, yet they are successful. In France Catholics number, at least, five-sixths of the population, yet they are ignominously beaten at the polls, and then deprived of their rights and property by the infidel legislators. It is time for a change for the better in that unhappy land, says the Catholic American.

Family of the late Phil. Sheridan.

THE three little daughters of the late General Phil Sheridan are pupils of the Convent of Visitation, on Connecticut avenue, Washington. They are day scholars, living in retirement with their mother in their plain, quiet home on Rhode Island avenue. Mary, the eldest, is about fourteen and resembles her father, both in face and figure. The twins, Louise and Irene, are twelve years old and look very much like Mrs. Sheridan. They are dressed in plain black frocks and coats so exactly alike that their best friends cannot tell them apart. They wear their brown hair in a demi-length that admits of neither plait nor curl. They have the pretty convent-bred manner of paying instant attention when spoken to, and are as serious as little nuns. But there is a naive originality about them that is charming. It was the twins who made that pretty speech a few years ago. They were out walking, when some strangers stopped them and asked if they were Gen. Sheridan's children. "No," said Louise gravely, "we are the twins." "They are Gen. Sheridan's children," said Irene, pointing back to Mary and little Phil, who were following with their nurse. The boy is not only the idol of the house, but of the whole neighborhood, his usual cognomen being "Dear Little Phil." Mrs. Sheridan goes nowhere except to church, and that is usually to early Mass.

The Member for West Waterford.

MR. PARNELL never made a wiser choice than when he selected honest Alfred Webb as member for West Waterford. In him the people of that famous county have obtained a representative who may be trusted to discharge all his duties without fear or favor, for no truer Irishman lives than Alfred Webb.

Tribute to Our Girls.

THE New York Sun publishes a remarkable Sunday edition. On one side it may discuss grave theological questions; on the other serves up reading matter that appeals to the lowest tastes. In a late number it has treated its readers to a column or more of "Rabbinicus." This writer, with all his inherent prejudice against Catholic teachings, yet occasionally finds space for telling of the good work of the Catholic Church. In the course of his last article he says: "Must we not remember that the Catholic Church keeps in check thousands, hundreds of thousands of men, who, without it would have no check upon sinful impulses? May we forget its power for good as evidenced in the purity and honesty of most of the servant girls of this land? To their honesty as house-servants we trust our property at all times. To their purity as women we trust our own children. No, we must not condemn altogether, or so sweepingly, the Catholic Church."

COLLINS MEMORIAL FUND.

AMOUNT already acknowledged .	$42
Michael J. Donahue, Station A. Boston, ...	1
A Strabane Man	5

THE LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS (American edition), is sold for the low price of ten cents. The price of the English edition is twenty-five cents. For sale by all newsdealers.

BARBOUR'S Irish Linen Thread has stood the test of over one hundred years. Just think of it. It never had a rival. Head-quarters in Boston, 109 Lincoln St.

Australian Federation.

THE movement in Australia in favor of a confederation of the different colonies into the Dominion of Australia, is being watched with considerable interest by the members on both sides of the House, as it is known that if anything of a practical nature results from the recent Sydney Conference, a confederation of the antipodes will take place somewhat on the lines of the Canadian Dominion. Several requests have been received from Australia, for information pertaining to Canadian constitutional affairs. Meanwhile, it is proposed to give a positive aspect to the question, by introducing a resolution into the House of Commons, expressing sympathy with the movement to build up a United Australia.

Parochial vs. Public Schools.

SAYS the Catholic Review: The awful silence which prevails in the editorial department of the Protestant religious journals and educational sheets concerning the late triumph of the parochial over the public schools in New York City, threatens to grow deeper and more awful. Within the last three months, four examinations have been held in two congressional districts of New York City, for as many places at the military academy at West Point, and the naval academy at Annapolis. The four positions have been won by pupils of the Catholic schools. The competitors were from public and parochial schools alike, the examiners were public and parochial school teachers, and the significant feature of the four victories was, that the boys educated by the Christian Brothers not only took the cadet-ships, but took the succeeding places after the first down to the fifth, seventh, eighth, and tenth places, so that the public school scholars were not only simply defeated, but ignominously routed. Hence, the awful silence which has fallen upon the editorial departments above mentioned. Our esteemed contemporaries of the Catholic press will be kind enough to add to the gloom which has come upon the enemies of the parochial schools, by publishing these facts in large type, and crowing loudly until the next examination for a cadetship.

A Brave Sister.

SISTER BENEDICTINE, the superior at the city hospital, at Baltimore, saved the lives of all the patients in that institution Sunday, March 16. While making her usual round of the wards she detected a smell of smoke, which she traced to the stairway in the centre of the building. With great presence of mind she seized a hose with which the building is provided and turned on the stream. The flames had already gained headway and the intense heat several times drove back the brave little woman; but she pluckily returned and held her ground until assistance arrived, when more streams were directed on the blazing stairway and the flames were finally conquered. But for Sister Benedictine's presence of mind and courage the building, with its many patients, might have been consumed.

THE United Canada puts it briefly in this way: "The uncrowned king of England, the Times, has surrendered to the uncrowned king of Ireland, Charles Stewart Parnell."

Mrs. Donovan's Beneficence.

MRS. CAROLINE DONOVAN, who recently died in Baltimore, left Johns Hopkins University the very generous sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and ten thousand dollars to the Washington and Lee University of Lexington, Va. Although not a Catholic, she left twelve thousand dollars, the interest of which is to be paid semi-annually to the cardinal archbishop of Baltimore and his successors in perpetuity for the education of candidates to the sacred ministry of the Catholic church. She also bequeathed two thousand dollars to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

THE John Gilmary Shea Fund, a deserved tribute to the great Catholic historian's work, is growing. It has now reached about three thousand dollars.

Now is the time for Lawn Mowers, and agricultural implements of all kinds. We recommend all our readers to call on Gilbride & Gray, 49 South Market street, Boston, where they will get everything in the way of seeds, tools, etc., at the lowest rates.

MR. STEAD, in the Review of Reviews, sets down the ultimate cost to the Times of the Forgeries as one hundred thousand pounds. The first cost of the letters was about three thousand pounds. He says the circulation of the Times had dropped from, in a quarter of a century, sixty thousand to forty thousand, at which figure it stood in 1886. At present the article in the Review of Reviews says it is only twenty-five thousand. *On dit* that the Times is to be reduced in price to one pence.

Fifty-two Thousand Pounds.

THE Irish Tenants' Defence Fund now amounts to about fifty-two thousand pounds, and it has not yet closed. Alike in the splendid dimensions of the Fund, and the rapidity with which it has accumulated, it has surprised friend and foe. It has been subscribed within a period of little more than three months.

THE great popular hatters of Boston, Mariner & Co., 69 Hanover street, corner of Elm street. The finest description, and the finest display of Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, Gold-headed and other Canes, in great variety, can be found in their immense stock, at all times.

The Catholic Church

IN Australia has sustained a sad loss by the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Melbourne, at the advanced age of eighty years. Dr. Fitzpatrick, who was born in Dublin in 1810, was one of the pioneers of Catholicity at the Antipodes. Fifty-three years have passed since he undertook missionary duty in what was then an almost unknown country. Melbourne was the scene of most of his work, and the splendid cathedral of St. Patrick, in that city, stands an enduring monument of his zeal and of his organizing power.

THE late Father Damien was not the only priest who devoted his life to the care and cure of the unfortunate lepers. In the non-Catholic Press there seems to be an impression that Molokai is the only place where Catholic priests and nuns devote their lives to the care of lepers. As a matter of fact, besides those in the Pacific, there are leper hospitals founded and conducted by Catholic missionaries and religious in Trinidad, Madagascar, Japan, China, and India.

MAURICE F. EGAN, now of Notre Dame University, having adapted and translated the play of "Le Pater," by Francois Coppee, the same was successfully put upon the stage in New York by Augustin Daly. The Irish-American says: "It was altogether an Irish-American histrionic success, since the play was adapted by an Irish-American author, rendered by two Irish-American artists, Miss Rehan and George Clark, and put on the stage by an Irish-American manager, Augustin Daly.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

Cardinal Gibbons' Generous Gift.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has given one thousand dollars towards the erection of the new academy by the Christian Brothers in Baltimore, and a perpetual free scholarship will be established, to be known as the "Cardinal Gibbons Scholarship," which may be contested for by the pupils of all the parochial schools of that city. The Brothers intend to erect one of the handsomest buildings in Baltimore, the site, which has already been purchased, being at Cathedral and Mulberry streets.

THE BOSTON WALL PAPER CO., 20 Summer street, Boston, is one of the most extensive in the United States of America, and carries the largest stock of wall paper, window-shades, and drapery materials; those in want of this class of goods will get suited if they call at 20 Summer street, Boston.

THE celebration of St. Patrick's Day was observed from the rising to the setting sun. In the United States particularly, the day was universally observed. In Rome His Holiness wore the green immortal shamrock.

A Year's Advance.

MONTREAL True Witness: Since St. Patrick's day, 1889, the cause of Irish liberation has made a great advance. The gigantic conspiracy of the Tories, the landlords, and the Times newspaper — that most infernally atrocious concoction of political rascality ever conceived by the most abandoned of partisans — met with disastrous collapse since last we celebrated the national anniversary.

He Died for His Flock.

ADVICES from Newfoundland give particulars of the death from diphtheria of Rev. Father Walshe of St. Lawrence. He sacrificed his life. There was no doctor in the district over which the epidemic of diphtheria swept, and out of forty cases attended by the priest only one died. Then he succumbed to the dreadful disease himself.

MISS MILDRED TUCKERMAN, of Boston, whose musical talents and accomplishments have been warmly praised in cultivated social circles, will give her first public vocal recital in Bumstead Hall on April 21. Her programme will be varied and interesting, and her *debut* promises to be a marked success. In her concluding number, Miss Tuckerman will be assisted by her father, Mr. Sam Tuckerman. The accompanists will be Miss Annette Welsh, Mr. Joseph Adamowski, and Mr. Heinrich Schuecker. Tickets can be obtained at The Pilot office and at the ticket office, Music Hall.

The Carmelite Centenary.

THE Catholic Union of Boston has invited the Rev. Charles Currier, C. SS. R., to address the members of the Union and their friends on the subject of "The Carmelite Order of Nuns in America," and the address will be delivered in Boston College Hall, on the evening of Thursday, April 10. This is the Centennial year of the Carmelites — the pioneer nuns of America — and the lecture cannot fail to be deeply interesting.

A Remarkable Cure.

ONE Friday evening, in the city of W——, a lady who came of a pious family, and whose only brother was a priest, a model among his brethren, was taken ill. She had suffered a number of times before with a kind of hysteria, and on this particular night she became alarmingly ill. She was unconscious and violent in her actions until her strength waned from exertion, then her face assumed a pitiful expression and her case began to seem desperate. On this particular night her reverend brother chanced to call, being on his way from one place to another, and intended to remain over the night. He had seen many cases of hysteria, and did not feel alarmed until some time had elapsed. The lady was lying in bed, and the only witnesses were the narrator and the priest. The breathing of the sufferer became labored and violent, and all symptoms seemed to point to the worst. This priest had worked for God, and most faithfully and zealously, for a number of years. He had been pacing the room, to and fro, for some time, and, at length, going up to the side of his sister, as if by inspiration, he rapidly made the sign of the cross over her head, ending by a slight touch on the breast, and then turned to leave the room, but behold! scarcely had he reached the threshold of the door, the sick lady opened her eyes and looked around and at once recognized us. In a moment more she was sitting up in a rocking chair, and in ten minutes more she was reposing in sweet sleep, with the rosary beads in her hand, and from that day until this she has not had a similar attack, either slight or severe. The good priest said he had worked for God for so many long years and God in turn did not forget him in the favor he asked; but the feeling that came over me on beholding this wonderful cure, the feeling of fear, awe, and joy, was indeed great, and never will be forgotten, for the lady is my wife.

DR. A. M. DAM, 405 Columbus avenue, Boston, still carries on business there. Every one speaks well of him. He cures heart disease and paralysis, and is foremost in all his other practice.

Comptroller W. J. Onahan Receives the Lætare Medal of Notre Dame.

THE Lætare medal, awarded by the University of Notre Dame, at South Bend, Ia., each year to a Catholic signally distinguished in art, literature, or public affairs, was presented yesterday to William J. Onahan, of Chicago, Mr. Onahan was chairman of the committee on organization of the first congress of Catholic laymen held in America—the notable gathering whose recent deliberations in Baltimore attracted such wide attention. It was in this connection, as well as Mr. Onahan's untiring work in the cause of Catholic colonization, and his efforts in the cause of temperance and Catholic literature, that he was selected as the recipient this year by the faculty of the university. The rule is, that no previous intimation is given the person about to be honored, and Mr. Onahan was no exception in this particular. At his home in Macalister place yesterday afternoon, and with no concourse or display, the beautiful emblem was handed to Mr. Onahan by Rev. Father E. A. Higgins, S. J. Father Higgins, assisted by Rev. Father J. M. Hayes, acted as special delegate, representing Archbishop Feehan. The only ceremony was the reading of a fitting address from the faculty of the university by Professor Maurice Francis Egan, who was accompanied from Notre Dame by Rev. Father Zahm, C.S.C. No others but those mentioned were present except the members of Mr. Onahan's family. The address is richly illuminated, and bears a frontispiece painted by the celebrated artist, Gregori. The medal is of the purest gold, elaborately wrought and inscribed. Among those who have been honored with the medal, are Eliza Allan Starr, the artist; the Catholic historian, John Gilmary Shea, and the noted engineer who blew up Hell Gate, Gen. John B. Newton.

Do Away With Crime.

THE Catholic Sentinel: "We shall never be a perfectly civilized people," says Col. Ingersoll, "until we can do away with crime." We can never do away with crime until we can do away with humbug and cant, of which the Colonel is the apostle and representative—at two hundred dollars a lecture. Col. Ingersoll's gospel is filling the jails and prisons, and supplying the gallows with victims. Perhaps that is his reason for saying also "that as long as there is a penitentiary within the walls of which a human being is immured we are not a perfectly civilized people."

Pranks of a Young Methodist.

THE Catholic Sentinel: A young man named Holmes, a student of a Baptist Seminary, was received into the Catholic Church in Baltimore last December. He subsquently entered St. Mary's Seminary as a theological student. A few weeks ago he left the seminary and became a member of the Bethany Methodist Church, where he made a sensational address, objecting to the devotion to the Virgin, and charging that the teaching of the Scriptures was neglected in the seminary. Father Magnien, of St. Mary's, corrects the statement that Mr. Holmes had been a long time in the Seminary, and adds that during his stay Holmes was unable to follow the exercises and studies of the house on account of constant insomnia. Mr. Holmes's strange action creates a suspicion that he may be a little off; but even a fool or a maniac is good enough convert for the average Methodist.

Cardinal Manning speaks of Strikes and Bismarck's Fall.

LONDON, March 27.—Cardinal Manning said in an interview to-day, that he had received a special letter from his Holiness the Pope, who would, doubtless, take a more prominent part in the labor question as soon as he received reports from the bishops with whom he was communicating. The cardinal referred to the triumph of the late strikes, and the downfall of Bismarck, as omens of a new era created by an enlightened press and an educated people.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND SAFES can be bought very low, as well as all kinds of machinery, from Francis Supple, 195 Dorchester Avenue, South Boston.

HYGEIA LITHIA WATER, pure and reliable, can be procured in any desired quantity from Horace S. Woodbury, distributing agent, 60 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

Celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

THERE was no parade on St. Patrick's Day in Boston, but there were a great many social gatherings. The Charitable Irish Society, the father of them all, celebrated its one hundred and fifty-third anniversary. The business meeting of the society took place in the afternoon, President John H. Burke presiding. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: President, Michael T. Donohoe; vice-president, Edward A. McLaughlin; treasurer, John Conlon; secretary, Jeremiah W. Fogarty; assistant secretary, Edward A. Morrissey; keeper of the silver key, Thomas B. Fritz; directors, Charles V. Dasey, William B. Daley, Thomas Ryan, Thomas F. Taff. Annual reports of a favorable character were received from the secretary and treasurer. The financial report of the ball committee showed a balance of six hundred and ninety-five dollars, which will go to the building fund. About two hundred gentlemen sat down to the sumptuous banquet at the Parker House in the evening. President Donohoe occupied the head of the table, with the following distinguished guests and members of the Society: Gov. Brackett, Mayor Hart, Collector Beard, Hon. P. A. Collins, Rev. Charles Currier, C.SS.R., Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, Arthur Tessier, president St. Jean Baptiste Society; George Parsons, president British Charitable Society; Col. John C. Linehan, of New Hampshire, Gen. E. W. Hinks, U. S. A.; Sheriff John B. O'Brien, Hon. P. Maguire, Hon. Owen A. Galvin, D. H. Morrissey, Thomas F. Galvin, John A. Daly, Col. P. T. Hanley, Hon. M. M. Cunniff, Hon. W. W. Doherty, and Edward A. McLaughlin, and many others. Speech, song, and music were the order of the night. Everything passed off to the satisfaction of all.

WE call the attention of all our readers to the advertisement in another part of our MAGAZINE, of the Canton Knitting Mattress Company, of Canton, Mass. It is well worth perusing.

Protection of Fruit Trees.

THE Massachusetts Agriculture College, located at Amherst, issues bulletins occasionally, giving results of their experiments, which are useful to the farmer and all persons interested in horticulture. In the last issue of the bulletin, we find the following directions for ridding fruit orchards of pests which are sometimes very destructive: In addition to the simple mixture of lime, cement, and Paris green wash, we have found, if the above be mixed with skim milk, it adheres better than if mixed with water, in some cases adhering firmly for six months or more. Portland cement adheres more firmly than the Rosendale, and is more satisfactory when not mixed with milk than the latter. Several reports have come to us of young trees having been injured by woodchucks during the summer, and in one case we can report that out of more than one thousand trees treated with cement, milk, and Paris green, not one was injured during the past summer, while many not painted were seriously injured. The amount of Paris green used was one tablespoonful to each two-gallon pail full of paint, mixed so as to easily apply with a paint brush.

THE body of Father Pius Giovanni, O. P., one of the founders of the Dominican convent at San Miniato, Italy, who died in the odor of sanctity six centuries ago, has been found in a perfect state of preservation.

MRS. DONOVAN, a non-Catholic, recently deceased at Baltimore, has left Cardinal Gibbons and his archiepiscopal successors a ten-thousand-dollar investment for the education of candidates for the priesthood. Her husband, it appears, was a Catholic, and she was anxious to leave something to "one of the Christian churches," as she phrased it. She added that she did not know which church to choose, there were so many of them; and they came and went, — she did not know whether any of them would last. "That's true," Mr. Latrobe answered, "they *do* come and *go*; it seems to me that the Catholic Church *has* lasted the longest, and *will* probably last the longest." Mrs. Donovan was struck by this; she felt that a church that had lasted so long must have the element of permanence, and so the money went as we have stated.

The Most Prominent Figure in French Canada.

MGR. LABELLE is the only ecclesiastic in the world who combines the duties of a parish priest with those of a Minister of State. He is the Curé of Saint Jerome, Deputy for Saint Jerome, at the Parliament of Quebec, and Minister of Agriculture. In short, he is one of the most prominent figures in French Canada. With a recent conferring of ecclesiastical dignity, Leo XIII. sent him church ornaments to the value of a thousand piastres. He was recently in Paris on business, but found time to visit churches and other points of interest. He drew attention to himself in the Paris streets by his striking appearance and his violet-bordered cassock. He is near sixty years of age, and thoroughly French, although his family emigrated to Canada as far back as the seventeenth century. He comes from a spot of earth representing the France of Louis XIV., but where there is room for a strong current of modern thought. A short time ago, when in conversation with M. Elisee Reclus, who was on a visit to Canada, he said to him: "I know your socialistic ideas. But Jesus Christ was a socialist before you. He died for His ideas, and rose again. When you have done as much, perhaps I may believe what you have to say against Him."

THE question of ownership of the Land of the Cœur D'Alene Mission in Idaho, which has been in dispute for over ten years, the Jesuits being the contestants, has been decided in their favor by President Harrison; the title to be vested in Rev. Joseph M. Cataldo, S. J., Superior of the Jesuit mission.

Congress of Colored Catholics.

DANIEL A. RUDD, president of the executive committee appointed by the congress of colored Catholics of the United States, which was held at Washington, D. C., in January, 1889, has issued a call for another congress, to meet in Cincinnati, July 8, 1890. This has been done after consultation with the committee, and with the approval of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, the Most Rev. William Henry Elder, the Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, the Right Rev. F. S. Chatard, and others. The basis of representation is one delegate for every five hundred members, or fraction thereof, in each colored Catholic organization. The object is to continue the work set forth in the address of the former congress, and to take into consideration the great work of Cardinal Lavigerie in his efforts to abolish the African slave trade.

THE number of votes cast by the Socialists in the recent elections in Germany was 1,500,000.

New Tower and Chime.

ST. MARY'S Church tower in Milford, Mass., is to contain a chime of three bells, a new one, to weigh over five thousand pounds, the second the present bell, and the third, or smallest, another new one. They will make the only chime for miles around, and will go far to perpetuate the memory of Rev. Father Cuddihy in years to come. The dedicatory service of the tower and chime, with the blessing of the bells, etc., will occur in May, and be one of the most notable events in the history of the Catholic parish of Milford. The completion of the tower was an arduous, but notably successful termination of the active parish work of Rev. Father Cuddihy. The stone work on St. Mary's Church Tower was commenced in May, 1887, and was completed in August, 1889. The tower, from the foundation to the top of the pinnacles, is one hundred and forty-five feet. It is twenty-seven feet square at the base and twenty-four feet square at the top. The work has been done under the supervision of Rev. Father Cuddihy, and not only adds to the beauty of the church but is a credit to the town.

THE T. & B. Tobacco beats the world. For sale by Messrs. Mark E. Torrey & Co., 6 India street, Boston. Sole New England agents.

LOOK through our MAGAZINE until you find Ozone, to drink and inhale, and see what else it says. The office is 128 Boylston street, Boston, where other information can be obtained, as well as in the advertisement.

Religious Orders.

THE statistics of some of the beatified of great religious orders are given in the following list: During the last six hundred years, the Order of St. Francis has given to the Church 247 Saints and Beati, 1,500 martyrs, 10 Popes and Cardinals, and 4,000 Archbishops and Bishops; the Order of St. Dominic 4 Popes, more than 80 Cardinals, and 2,000 Bishops; and the Order of St. Benedict 43 Popes, 200 Cardinals, 256 Patriarchs, and 600 Archbishops, and more than 40,000 Bishops, besides 25 emperors, kings and queens, who left their thrones for the cloisters of this celebrated Order.

A New Sisterhood for the Poor.

THE Little Sisters of the Assumption will soon establish themselves in the city of New York, under the patronage of many notable New York ladies. They belong to an order whose Mother-house is located in Paris, and which has seventeen branch houses in that city and in London. Their business is to nurse the sick poor in their own homes, to become the servants of a poor household which sickness has entered, and to remain there as long as necessary, without remuneration, and at their own expense. Truly, the charity of Catholicity appalls even the state socialists.

Australian Envoys.

SIR THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE, M.P., reached New Orleans on the 10th of February, and left for Jacksonville and Havana. For the eighteen months he has been making a tour of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand with John Dillon, and together they have raised one hundred and sixty thousand dollars for the cause of Home Rule. Being interviewed he said: "It is practically winning the battle for us. It is holding up our hands, and were it not for America's assistance we would have had not the slightest particle of show whatever." Speaking of the Parnell case, he said: "I believe the government has acted with the Times from first to last. The government supplied the Times with money, and placed the Irish police officials at its disposal, and money was spent in England, Ireland and America to subsidize informers to back up the suit of the Times. Of course, we don't know and never will know just how much complicity the government had with the Times, but we hope before the present session is over to establish the connection between her majesty's government and the employers of Pigott."

REMARKING upon the Australian system of casting votes, an Eastern writer recently remarked that the same system has been practised in the Catholic Church for all the centuries, in the selection of all its Popes, and in the deposit of ballots by its Cardinals.

Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, P. R.

IT is announced that the archbishop has made St. Joseph's parish, Roxbury, a permanent rectorate, with the Rev. Hugh P. Smyth its first permanent rector. Father Smyth was born in Ireland, and came to this country in his early youth. Ordained twenty-four years ago, his entire priesthood has been spent in this archdiocese. He was stationed first with his uncle, the late Rev. Thomas Lynch, at St. Patrick's, one of the pioneer priests of this city. Thence he was sent to Taunton (at that time included within the diocese of Boston); thence to St. James, this city. He was in charge of the Catholics of Weymouth from 1869 to 1883. On the death of the Rev. M. O'Beirne, in that year, he succeeded him in the pastoral charge of St. Joseph's. Father Smyth has been all through his priesthood singularly successful in new fields. He has done much in building up the church on the South shore. He has built four churches in the Weymouth district, besides churches in Hingham, Cohasset, Scituate, and Kingston. During his seven years at St. Joseph's, he has built a new rectory, remodelled and beautified the church, cleared off its debt and had it solemnly consecrated. He has also built a fine parochial school and convent. The school, not yet a year in existence, is one of the most successful in the diocese. It can be truly said that Father Smyth well merits the honor bestowed upon him.

Holy Places: Boston Ahead!

NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1890.

As Commissary of the Holy Land, we deem it our duty to publish a report of the collections taken up in the Churches of American Dioceses on Good Friday, for the year 1889, received, and by us forwarded to Jerusalem, for the good work of the Holy Land:

Dioceses.	Amount.
Boston, Mass.	$2,414 11
Brooklyn, N. Y.	1,879 75
Chicago, Ill.	1,702 84
Milwaukee, Wis.	1,343 01
Cincinnati, Ohio	1,000 00
Philadelphia, Penn.	833 27
Louisville, Ky.	814 45
Buffalo, N. Y.	793 36
Harrisburg, Penn.	791 00
New York, N. Y.	776 88
Newark, N. J.	724 68
Davenport, Iowa.	695 18
Fort Wayne, Ind.	681 43
Columbus, O.	593 95
Pittsburg, Penn.	592 99
Detroit, Mich.	500 00
Saint Paul, Minn.	466 57
Providence, R. I.	465 67
Alton, Ill.	424 00
Omaha, Neb.	402 73
Hartford, Conn.	397 00
Monterey, Cal.	362 35
Greenbay, Wis.	321 60
Springfield, Mass.	319 49
Erie, Penn.	316 65
Covington, Ky.	307 63
Kansas City, Mo.	307 00
La Crosse, Wis.	304 09
Syracuse, N. Y.	300 00
Albany, N. Y.	282 79
Portland, Me.	279 71
Rochester, N. Y.	265 53
Grand Rapids, Mich.	259 39
Belleville, Ill.	227 35
Manchester, N. H.	185 50
Leavenworth, Kan.	163 11
Wilmington, Del.	158 85
Wheeling, W. Va.	147 92
Marquette, Mich.	147 00
Galveston, Tex.	124 45
Savannah, Ga.	111 12
Nashville, Tenn.	110 00
Burlington, Vt.	103 12
Dakota.	100 00
Concordia, Kan.	85 32
Vancouver.	75 00
Lincoln, Neb.	70 00
Ogdensburg, N. Y.	57 00
Saint Augustine, Fla.	56 31
Charleston, S. C.	56 00
Scranton, Penn.	50 00
Trenton, N. J.	33 96
Natchez, Miss.	32 85
San Antonia, Tex.	28 00
Utah Territory.	26 50
Idaho.	25 10
Cheyenne, Wyoming.	25 00
Santa Fe, N. M.	12 00
Northern Minnesota.	3 72

Churches.	Amount.
Sacred Heart Indianapolis, Ind.	107 00
St. Anthony, St. Louis, Mo.	36 90
St. Paul, Bayon Gaula, La.	13 55
Imm. Conception, Old Monroe, Mo.	6 00
Rev. H. Greve, Moline, Ill.	5 00
Grand Total	$24,302 63

CHAS. A. VISSANI, O. S. F.,
Commissary for the Holy Land.

Pigott — Pigott — Pigott!

LONDON, March 11.—Lord Randolph Churchill in the House of Commons pronounced the action of the government in appointing the commission thoroughly unconstitutional. In 1882 the government, he said, declared that closure was a most unconstitutional and dangerous innovation; in 1888 it used closure in a most unconstitutional and dangerous manner for the purpose of forcing upon its opponents an unprecedented, unparalleled and tremendous instrument of oppression.

A Nemesis attended the government for adopting such methods. What had been the result of their mountainous parturition? A reptile monster—Pigott. (Parnellite cheers.) What had been the delivery, with all their skill and parliamentary instruments? A ghastly, bloody, rotten fœtus — Pigott! Pigott! Pigott! (Parnellite cheers.)

Monument to Padre Secchi, S. J.

PADRE SECCHI, the great Jesuit astronomer, is to have a monument in the Atrium of the Palace of the Cancelleria, which stills belongs to the Pope. It will be by the sculptor Printzi, and Padre Angelini will compose the epigraph. It was in the hall of this palace that Padre Secchi delivered many of his lectures. The palace is the chief work of the architect Bramante.

DR. CHARLES OZANAM, a celebrated homeopathic physician, of Paris, and brother of the great scholar, Frederick Ozanam, the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, died Feb. 13.

THE FRUIT JUICES AND EXTRACTS, manufactured by A. D. Puffer's Sons, Boston, Mass., need only a trial to ensure their constant use. It is the aim of this firm to sell the "best of everything" in their line.

A SHORT time ago, Mr. Flannagan, one of the editors of the London Times, and the writer of that paper's "Parnellism and Crime" articles, was proposed for membership in the Athenæum Club, in Pall Mall, an organization devoted to literature, science, and art, and in no sense political. He has just been balloted for, with the result that he was blackballed to such an extent that his proposers have felt compelled to apologize for having presented his name.

The Statue of O'Connell

WHICH is being prepared by Mr. Brock, for the Irishmen of Melbourne, is almost complete. Foley's pupil, Mr. Brock, has had the execution of the work, a photograph of which has given great satisfaction at Melbourne. The much-discussed cloak is retained. The figure is of full size and heroic in dimensions. The pose is dignified and commanding, being that of a strong man proudly and fearlessly asserting a righteous cause. O'Connell, from the age at which he seems to have been taken by the sculptor, may be supposed to be about to address the House of Commons in favor of Catholic Emancipation, or a body of electors on the eve of the Clare election. The cloak worn at the time, with cord and tassel on the breast, falls back over his shoulders, exposing the front of a closely-buttoned, double-breasted surtout. A well-expanded chest is an indication of the large frame and the extraordinary lung capacity for which he was remarkable, and which enabled him to get through an amount of work that would soon have prostrated any one else less than a giant in powers of endurance. The large and well-formed head is set firmly on the shoulders, and the arms hang naturally by the side in repose, the attitude in that respect being one which artists do not care to adopt, as it renders the avoidness of stiffness in the figure somewhat more difficult than a less dignified arrangement of personal details; but the sculptor's skill has been equal to the demands made upon it.

MR. THOMAS BRENNAN, well known to Irishmen everywhere, by name at least, has become president of the Omaha Mortgage Company, which has opened an eastern office at 153 Devonshire street, Boston. The directors are Gen. Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, and E. L. Squire, of Omaha, with A. J. Love, of Omaha, secretary. This firm will have the good-will of a very large section of the population to start with; and the high standing of its members will ensure its success.

The Truth.

CANADA, says Dr. Shea, settled by the French, who attempted to save and convert the natives to Christianity and elevate them gradually, has now 121,520 Indians, while the United States, with a far greater extent of inhabitable territory, has at most 250,000. The Indians have vanished from most of the states on the Atlantic coast, or exist only in small and decaying bands. Our American writers have been very fond of contrasting New England with Canada, and denouncing Spanish cruelty to the Indians. Yet, in fact, New England exterminated her Indians, and what are saved have been saved mainly by French and Catholic care. In proportion to Canada, the United States ought now to have more than a million of Indians. The Canadian figures are a noble tribute to the evangelical zeal of the Catholic French pioneers.

Cost of Parnell's Defence.

THE London Daily News states that the expenses of the Parnellites' defence before the commission of inquiry amounted to thirty-seven thousand pounds.

CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications, made at home by the patient, once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal trouble should carefully read the above. dec 90

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimoe.*

BOOKS.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE; or, The Value and Excellence of the Holy Mass. With a practical and devout method of hearing it with profit. By St. Leonard of Port Maurice. Translated from the Italian, at the particular instance of the Bishop of Southwark. With an introduction by His Lordship. Cloth, 50 cents; per one hundred, $30. Maroquette, 35 cents; per one hundred, $21.

This is the newest and the best edition of this most popular book on the Mass. It is printed from entirely new electrotype plates, in handsome, clear type, and is illustrated with a frontispiece and many appropriate head and tail pieces.

William H. Hughes, Detroit, Mich.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS, held at Baltimore, Md., Nov. 11th, and 12th, 1889.

We are indebted to our old and valued friend, Mr. William J. Onahan, for a copy of this book, which should be in every Catholic house in the country. No Catholic of any pretensions to know the affairs of the Church in this country should be without it. Orators, particularly political, should study the papers written on every topic relating to the officers of the church, and the positions they should occupy in the Catholic body.

Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE AVE MARIA, a Catholic Family Magazine, devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin. Edited by a priest of the congregation of the Holy Cross.

This is an elegantly bound volume, and contains the Ave Maria for the six months ending with December, 1889. It is embellished with a beautiful frontispiece of the Annunciation.

Little, Brown, & Co., Boston.

MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND. By Jeremiah Curtin. With an etched frontispiece. 12mo, cloth, gilt top. $2.00.

It is believed that this volume is the most valuable contribution which has ever been made to Irish folk-lore. The myth tales it includes were collected personally by the author, during 1887, in the west of Ireland, in Kerry, Galway, and Donegal, and taken down from the mouths of men, who, with one or two exceptions, spoke only Gaelic, or but little English, and that imperfectly. To this is due the fact that the stories are so well preserved, and not blurred and rendered indistinct, as is the case in places where the ancient Gaelic language, in which they were originally told, has perished.

All the above books can be had at Messrs. Noonan & Co., 19 and 21 Boylston street.

The Church of the Poor.

THE rector of a fashionable Episcopalian Church, in Montreal, recently announced that the congregation must either make all seats free or accept his resignation. We knew of a very zealous and earnest young Episcopal clergyman who got it into his head that the true Church ought to be the Church of the poor. He made so much of it with his congregation that they finally gave way to him. The ladies picked out a family of "respectable" poor people, clothed them all nicely, and having made them quite presentable, brought them to church, and placed them in seats apart from the rest, and carefully reserved for the poor. Then they said with triumphant self-approval: "Now, you can't say any longer that this is not the church of the poor." Soon after the young pastor visited New Orleans, and there in the cathedral saw black and white, rich and poor, master and slave, kneeling at the same altar-rail, and receiving, side by side, the same Sacrament. It was not long before he was a Catholic; he had found the Church of the poor.

Letter Worth Publishing.

ALMA, ARK., March 22, 1890.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE:— Please find enclosed ($3), three dollars, for which please send MAGAZINE to M. Conarty, Alma, Crawford Co., Ark., six months; to John McManus, Dyre, Crawford Co., Ark., one year. To commence with April number.

I consider your MAGAZINE superior to any. Every present subscriber should try and get one or two of his neighbors to subscribe, and thus double the present list; if there is an Irishman that you know is too poor send in a year's subscription for him; it will be a good act. Let every one act. Yours sincerely,

JNO. SULLIVAN.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF MILWAUKEE.—Most Rev. Michael Heiss, Archbishop of Milwaukee, Wis., who had been ill many weeks, died on the 26th of March. Most Rev. Michael Heiss, was born April 12, 1818, in Pfahldorf, Bavaria, and was, therefore, in his seventy-second year. After a course of theological training under the ablest professors, including Goerres, Mœhler, and Dœllinger, he was ordained Oct. 18, 1840. Two years later he came to the United States, and engaged in missionary work in Kentucky and Ohio. On the creation of the See of Milwaukee, in 1844, he went to that diocese. For twenty-one years, up to 1865, Father Heiss labored in Milwaukee, founding, with the assistance of Dr. Joseph Salzmann, St. Francis' Seminary, of which he was the first president. In 1868, he was consecrated Bishop of La Crosse, and twelve years later, in 1880, was appointed coadjutor of Milwaukee, and Archbishop of Adrianople. On the death of the lamented Archbishop Henni, in September, 1881, his Grace succeeded to the See, and for the past nine years has done great work in strengthening the Church in the Archdiocese. *May he rest in peace.*

CLERGYMEN.

DEATH OF A GOOD PRIEST.— The venerable FATHER JOHN WALSH died at the rectory at Natick, Mass., on March 19—an auspicious dying day, the feast of St. Joseph, ever invoked by Catholics as the patron of a happy death. He was born March 5, 1829, at Carrignura, county Kilkenny, Ire.; made his ecclesiastical studies in Waterford; came to America in 1854, and was ordained to the priesthood, with his life-long friend, the Rev. Patrick Healy (deceased), by Bishop Fitzpatrick, in the old Cathedral, Franklin street, in 1855. Father Walsh celebrated his first Mass in the old St. James' Church, Albany street, Boston. Father Walsh's first appointment was as curate to Father Farrelly, then at Milford, Mass. On the death of the latter, the parish was divided, and Father Walsh was given pastoral charge of a mission, which included Saxonville, Marlboro', Assabet (now Maynard), Natick, South Natick, Wellesley, Grantville (now Wellesley Hills), Dover, Needham, Cochituate, Framingham, South Framingham, Hudson, Rockbottom, Stowe, and Sudbury. Before the parish was divided it took in the towns of Milford, Bellingham, Franklin, Medway, Holliston, Hopkinton, Westboro', Upton, Cordaville, Southboro', and Northboro'. He had his residence at Saxonville, officiating every other Sunday at Saxonville, Maynard, Marlboro', and Natick. In 1867 he moved to Natick, where he remained. The increase of his work obliged him to have an assistant. Father McMahon was the first; then came Fathers Lowney and Gilday. At the time of his death his assistants were the Revs. John A. Donnelly and P. B. Murphy.

He was one of a family of twelve sons and daughters. Two brothers, resident in this country, three in Ireland, and the devoted sister who has so long superintended his household, survive him. Another brother, Father Michael Walsh, of Brookfield, Mass., preceded him to the everlasting recompenses of the faithful priest. Father Walsh's marked characteristic was devotion to the duties of his state. He was simply at all times and seasons at the disposal of his people. He was most generous in his charities, but very reserved about them. Now, that he is dead, many a touching story might be told of his timely and delicate aid to individual and institution. His charity of speech and silence was equal to his charity in act; and that is high praise. Courteous in a beautiful old-fashioned way, simple as a child, and lavishly hospitable, he was tenderly loved by his brother priests, and by his people. The beautiful St. Patrick's Church, Natick, is a monument to his zeal.

During the day that his remains lay in state in the church at whose altars he so long ministered, nearly every member of the parish came thither to take a last affectionate look at the lamented dead, and offer a heart-felt prayer for his soul. The obsequies took place on Saturday, March 22. To accommodate the immense congregation, two Solemn Masses of Requiem were celebrated—the first for women only, at 8 A. M., Father McQuaid, rector of St. James', Boston, celebrant, with Fathers Lowney, of Medway, deacon, and Gilday, of Everett, Mass., subdeacon. The second Mass at 10 A. M., was for the men only, and was celebrated by Father Rossi, of Brighton, with Father Stack, of Watertown, deacon, and Father Walsh, of Worcester, subdeacon. Archbishop Williams and over one hundred priests were present. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. John S. Cullen, of Framingham, Mass., an old friend of the departed.

During the funeral all the stores, factories, etc., suspended business. Division 27, A. O. H., the Men's Sodalities, and the congregation, walked in the funeral procession to the Catholic cemetery, where the interment took place. May he rest in peace!

WITH profound regret, a feeling which will be shared by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, we announce the death of the REV. CHARLES P. MEEHAN, C. C., which took place Friday, March 14, at the Presbytery, SS. Michael and John's, Dublin, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and the fifty-sixth year of his sacred ministry. Sorrow for his loss will not be limited to any narrow circle. The poor, among whom his life-work as a Catholic priest was daily done; the scholars who

admired his great attainments; and the friends who loved him for his goodness—all will mourn the loss of the zealous, learned, kindly priest. From early youth he was an ardent student of Irish history, then sadly neglected, and it was in Rome, while prosecuting his ecclesiastical studies, that he conceived the idea of writing The Flight of the Earls, his first historical work—the first of a long and valuable series. To the old Nation he was a frequent contributor, and many of the men of '48 were his warmest friends. Indeed it is no secret that he was a hearty sympathizer with the Young Ireland movement, and that he was regarded as a dangerous foe by the Castle authorities of that time. To the last he maintained his principles; and although taking no active part in politics of late years, he was a Nationalist to the core. By his death a familiar link between us and the troubled past has been broken, and the Catholic Church in Ireland has lost a faithful minister. May he rest in peace! [An obituary written on this side of the Atlantic in our next.]

THE announcement of the demise of the Rev. Thomas Timlin, P. P., of Ballysokeery, Ballina, will awaken feelings of keen regret in the wide circle of those who knew the venerable clergyman. For more than half a century he had labored in the sacred ministry, and, now that he has gone to his reward, he will be long remembered as one of the ablest, most zealous, and most cultured of the holy and learned priests of the old time.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Father Downes, P. P., Kilmallock, at the age of eighty-nine years. The deceased clergyman was well known and widely respected. He was educated at Rome and consecrated there. There, too, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was revered and loved in Kilmallock, where for the last half a century he guided the spiritual affairs of the people.

THE Very Rev. Father Arthur J. Donnelly died very suddenly, in New York, the morning of March 25th. Father Donnelly succeeded Dr. McGlynn in St. Stephen's parish, until a permanent successor was appointed, when he returned to his own parish, St. Michael's. The funeral was largely attended. The office for the dead was celebrated by Mgr. Thomas S. Preston, and the Solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Francis McNierney, Bishop of Albany, assisted by the Rev. John A. Gleason, the Rev. M. H. Cunnion, and the Rev. Edward H. Conroy. The Right Rev. John McQuade, Bishop of Rochester, delivered the panegyric, which was an eloquent tribute to the self-denying virtues of the departed, and his many services to the Church.

SISTERS.

WE sincerely regret to announce the death of the good Mother Mary Monica, Rectoress of Our Lady's Priory, at Clarenbridge, Ire. The sad event took place on last Tuesday week, to the inexpressible grief and sorrow of the pious community, and, indeed, of all who had known the saintly religious, who had just passed to her eternal reward. The late Mrs. Winter was a native of Birr, King's County, and belonged to a family of great piety and respectability. Before going to Clarenbridge, the deceased lady was a Sister in the convent of Ballaghadereen, where she was greatly esteemed by the Most Rev. Dr. M'Cormack, then the chief pastor of Achonry.

MOTHER MARY PAUL MACCARTHY, Superioress of the Presentation Nuns, died at their convent in Youghal, Ire. The deceased lady was sister to the most Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, and also to the late Rev. Justin MacCarthy, P. P., of Mallow. She was in the seventy-ninth year of her age, and in the forty-ninth of her religious profession. Her name was a household word in Youghal for nearly half a century, and her death is mourned by every one in the town, as that of a personal friend. Mother Mary Paul MacCarthy was deeply devoted to the welfare of the Order of which she was a distinguished member, and by her works and her noble example showed herself through all the long years that passed over her head since she was received into the Order, one of the finest types of contemporary *religieuse* to be found in the country.

SISTER MARY IMMACULATE, who died at Nativity Convent, Chicago, Ill., was a notable figure in the sisterhood of St. Joseph, to which she had belonged for thirty-one years; and of especial note was her work in connection with the yellow fever epidemic in the South. Sister Mary Immaculate was known until the beginning of her novitiate, at the age of fifteen, as Margaret Donohue. She was born in Cincin-

nati. Upon her admission to the sisterhood of St. Joseph she was sent to teach in the Jesuit College School in St. Louis. From there she was sent to Memphis, and had charge of an academy for over seven years. It was while she was in Memphis that the fever epidemic of 1873 broke out. At the time of vacation she volunteered to remain and nurse the fever-stricken patients, and she remained at her post until the fever had entirely died out, which was only with the frost. She was the means of saving the lives of hundreds, but her life in the Father Mathew fever camp impaired her own health. During the winter of 1874, she returned to the mother house at St. Louis, and remained until the next summer. When the yellow fever again became epidemic in 1878 she asked permission to go to the sufferers. She had only been in Memphis three weeks when she was herself stricken by the fever and lay for several weeks at the point of death. Her indomitable will, which was so marked an element in her character, bore her through the ordeal, she being the only one out of twelve to survive.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE Rev. J. M. Donovan, of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Charlestown, Mass., has the sympathy of his friends on the death of his father, Daniel Donovan, who died Feb. 24, at Charlestown, aged seventy years. The funeral took place Feb. 26, from St. Bridget's Church, Lexington. The interment was at Calvary Cemetery, Woburn. May he rest in peace!

MICHAEL D. FITZGERALD died at Jaffrey, N. H., March 6th, 1890, and was one of the most successful farmers of that section. He was born in Crough, county Limerick, Ire., Sept. 29th, 1812, and came to this country in 1851, settling in Jaffrey on the farm he resided at the date of his death. He was a true, honest man, and respected by his townsmen, and his death will be a great loss to the community in which he lived. He leaves a widow.

WE know that it is with regret that the numerous friends of Patrick F. O'Neil, late of Boston, will learn of his early demise. The Derry Journal, at hand from his native home, announces his death on the 17th of last month. We quote from the Journal for the information of his friends in this country:

"It is with sorrow that we chronicle the death of Mr. P. F. O'Neil, Clogherney, Beragh. Deceased was educated at Clogherney Upper National School, and as he was the possessor of rare literary attainments, he was, at a very early age, appointed monitor in the above-named school, and after a monitorial career of three years, he found that the teaching profession was alien to his taste, so he emigrated to the "far west." He was employed as bookkeeper, etc., in some of the commercial houses in Boston, United States. He subsequently started business on his own responsibility, and after some years close attention to business, he last year returned to the "old country," to pay a sojourn to his parents. He was in fairly good health, but was suddenly prostrated by sickness, and rapidly sank. Father Hughes administered the last sacraments of the Church. Mr. O'Neil died on Monday. Wide-spread regret was felt. The funeral cortege, on Wednesday, was the largest and most respectable ever seen in this district, which testified as to the respect and esteem in which deceased and his family were held in by the community in general. His remains were interred in the family burying ground at Beragh, and the final absolution was given by the Rev. M. Hughes, C. C. The late Mr. O'Neil intended to return to America in the spring, but death intervened. Having contracted a slight cold, some two years ago, which was still growing worse, Mr. O'Neil sailed for his native land, with a view to recuperate his failing health, and see his aged parents. Instead of improving, his cough became worse, and developed into consumption, to which disease he finally succumbed. He was a young man of great promise, and a universal favorite; he made friends of all with whom he come in contact. He leaves two brothers in Boston, besides other close relations who deeply deplore his loss.

THE Montreal Jesuits have decided to extensively alter and repair their College of St. Mary, on Bluery street, at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

SOME time or other penance will find us out. He is truly an unhappy man whom it finds out for the first time at the last. Under the head of penance we should specially include the keen appreciation and habitual indulgence in very little bodily comforts, the having many things in the day which are half necessary to us, and the absence of which ruffles and deranges us.—*Father Faber.*

Working Boys' Home Fair.

A LARGE number of ladies and gentlemen who are interested in the success of the Fair in aid of the Working Boys' Home, met Sunday afternoon in the parlors of the home, for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the Fair, and to listen to the reports of the committee. Rev. D. O'Callaghan, the president of the corporation, announced that unusual interest had been evinced, and predicted a grand success. Mr. William H. Dowling was chosen chairman, and committees were appointed on music, entertainment, and advertising. It was voted to keep the Fair open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. each day. Horticultural Hall opened on Easter Monday, and will continue for two or three weeks. The hall will be opened from 10 A.M. until 10 P.M. The object of the Fair is to liquidate the debt of forty thousand dollars now on the building, and to enable Father Ford to open the proposed department of industrial training. The Fair is deserving of success, which we trust will be fully realized.

LOURDES.—The statistics of the pilgrimages to Lourdes for last year have just been published. During 1889 there were one hundred and thirty organized pilgrimages from France, Spain, Italy, and Belgium, 111,860 pilgrims taking part in them, including two Cardinals and sixty-four Arch-Bishops and Bishops. There were 34,836 Masses and 202,800 Communions at the Basilica.

ARCHBISHOP GROSS, of Oregon, it will be remembered, ordered a triduum of prayers and public devotions at the outbreak of the "grippe" epidemic. He has now issued a pastoral in which he calls on priests and people to return thanks to Almighty God for the mercy shown them during the prevalence of this disease. "Not one of the dear flock committed to our charge," says the Archbishop, "has died of the grippe, as far as we could ascertain. Let us recognize the mercy of our good God towards us poor sinners."

THE book of the century should be in every house. Gately's Universal Educator, for sale by Gately & O'Gorman, 592 Washington street, Boston.

FATHER MATHEW lectured in the basement of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on evening of Sunday, March 30, to a large audience. Five hundred people rose at the close of his address and took the pledge, and a goodly sum was subscribed towards the completion of the Father Mathew Memorial Church, in Cork. Altogether this proved to be the most successful of the temperance rallies thus far held by Father Mathew in Boston.

THE U. S. House of Representatives has fixed 1893 as the date of the World's Fair to be held in Chicago.

THE Bavarian Government no longer recognizes "Old Catholics" as members of the Catholic Church. The sect may be said to have died with Doellinger.

THERE was a wonderful phenomenon seen in the heavens at Garland City, Ark., 2d ult. The main features were two fiery swords surmounted by a cross.

Successful Mission.

ONE of the most successful missions ever held in Boston terminated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on Palm Sunday. The Fathers were Revs. McCarty, S. J., Pardow, S. J., Barnum, S. J., Pye-Neal, S. J. Ninety-three hundred confessions were heard of both sexes. The attendance of the male sex was remarkable. We congratulate the Rector, Father Fulton, and the good Fathers, on the great success.

GERMANY has her "Grand Old Man," too, who now, more than ever, stands out in bold relief. He is Windthorst, the leader of the Centre—the Catholic party—in the Reichstag. Low of stature, but of dome-like brow, no years can wither the octogenarian statesman. Of vast and varied knowledge always at hand, he is peerless in debate, while his exalted character commands the reverence even of bitterest foes. Long live the grand old Bavarian to defend the rights of the Church in the Teuton Reichstag! exclaims the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

WE sympathize with Mr. Owen Nawn, of Roxbury, in the loss of his beloved wife. The funeral took place from the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. A Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Father O'Connor, C. SS. R., assisted by Fathers O'Toole, of West Newton, and De Fains, C. SS. R. The Rev. W. G. Licking was master of ceremonies. Sisters of Charity representing the Little Sisters of the Poor, Sisters of St. Vincent Orphan Asylum, Sisters of the Carney Hospital, Sisters of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, and Sisters from the Convent of the Good Shepherd, attended the funeral. Mrs. Nawn was charitable to all our institutions, as the attendance at the funeral will show. May her soul rest in peace. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery.

HIS Excellency Gov. Brackett has kindly consented to preside at the ovation to be given Father Mathew, at the Boston theatre, on the evening of April 20th.

THE young men of the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, recently formed an association for their moral and intellectual advancement, adopting the name of the City Point Catholic Association. At a recent meeting, a constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the following officers elected: President, Hon. John A. Collins; vice-presidents, J. Manley Pieper, Robert Emmett; recording secretary, C. P. Mooney; treasurer, James L. Ford; trustees, L. J. Logan, Patrick Howe, William Mulcahey. The association at present has a membership of over two hundred.

EASTER SUNDAY was never better celebrated in Boston than on the 6th of April. Our Churches were crowded from early morning till late in the afternoon.

A NEW ATTRACTION.

LADIES will be interested to learn that a new and elegant cafe has just been opened at 2 Winter place, by Mr. Joseph May, the well-known restaurateur. With its unsurpassed cuisine and moderate prices it is rapidly becoming a fashionable resort for lady shoppers, and fills a long felt want in that locality. Also gents' lunch-room in the basement. 12t

"FAST" Day in Massachusetts occurred on Holy Thursday. The day was the most delightful of the season, which enabled the people to crowd our churches. In the afternoon crowds visited the Repository in the various churches.

THE Working Boys' Home Fair opened auspiciously. Gov. Brackett, Mayor Hart, and other prominent men were there.

Holy Cross Cathedral.

AMONG the crowds that thronged the grand Cathedral of the Holy Cross, in Boston, on Easter Sunday, were two stalworth New Hampshire men, who paid particular attention to the services. At the close, one of them remarked to the other: "I tell you what, these Catholics treat Almighty God like a gentleman."

IT pleases us to announce that the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo is rapidly regaining his health.

THE latest journalistic surprise is the announcement that Mr. Michael Davitt is about to start a weekly paper in London.

THE Father Scully Gymnasium Association held a grand anniversary ball on Easter Monday night. About one hundred and fifty couple participated in the grand march. The Gymnasium was decorated with flags and bunting, and colored lights were cast over the dancers.

VICE-ADMIRAL STEPHEN C. ROWAN, U. S. Navy (retired), died lately at Washington, D. C. Stephen Clegg Rowan was born near Dublin, Ireland, on Dec. 25, 1808.

AMONG the other buildings that were destroyed by the cyclone at Louisville, were the Church of the Sacred Heart, the parochial schoolhouse, the Sisters' convent, and the pastoral residence. What is still more sad, one of the Sisters — Sister Pius — was killed. All the other Sisters happily escaped.

FAIR CRITICISM.

SHALL BOSTON'S TAX RATE BE INCREASED?

Moody Merrill Says it Should Not.

BEFORE THE COMMITTEE ON CITIES HE GIVES HIS REASONS.

Higher Valuations Will Pay for Parks.

He Says 25 per cent of Present Expenses can be Saved.

Hon. Moody Merrill, before the committee on cities at the State House, spoke against the proposed increase in Boston's tax rate. Mr. Merrill said:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE—I shall try and occupy as little of your time as possible, and I ask your patience. I do not come here to pull down any municipal administration, or to hold any up beyond its merits. I propose to pass any fair criticisms that I may have in view upon them, and I know that our city government, as constituted to-day, will be only too glad to hear any just criticisms that may be brought to bear upon the administration of our city affairs. I am not here to vindicate or discredit any past administration. I forget the past. I am not here to approve our present administration except for its merits. I am here as a friend and ardent supporter of the present administration, and I want to see a successful management of city affairs, making an administration that shall be satisfactory to all our citizens and taxpayers. But I am also here with a strong feeling that it was a mistake to ask for any increase of the tax limit of our city this year. The new administration has passed through one year. It came into power with a feeling that the administration which preceded it had not conducted the affairs of our city on economical principles, on those principles upon which it should have been conducted. They had this to contend with, that during last year they had changes to make in the heads of the departments, and had to put in men, who, however honest and competent, could not administer the affairs of their departments with the same economy that they could after one year's experience. Now I think it is wholly unnecessary and wrong to ask for any increase of our present tax limit. If we are to have any increase, it should be an

Increase of the Debt Limit

to 2½ per cent., from which limit it should never have been reduced, in my judgment, and I said so at the time it was done. But I am not here to advocate it this year. I believe there can be money enough obtained this year from the tax valuation of our city, without asking anything in the matter of increasing even the debt limit, except so far as the $500,000 for school purposes is concerned. I am so constituted that I should never, under any circumstances, deny the school board anything they might wish to ask, or the fire department anything needed in an emergency.

The Chairman — What about the parks?

Mr. Merrill — I do not know anything about the parks at Charlestown. I think they want a park, but upon that matter, I will say that if you purchase a lot of land and fit it up for a park, my judgment is, and I think that the experience of this city will show, that the increased valuation of property in the vicinity of the park, and the increased taxes assessed upon it, will more than make up the amount expended for that park. At any rate, that is my judgment. I am not good at figures, but I have, however, been in the habit of keeping an account of affairs. I have opinions on city matters, and I am ready to express them. I have ascertained from reliable sources, as nearly as I can, the net debt, assessed valuation, the debt ratio, the tax per $1,000, the amount raised by that rate, the population, the area in square miles, and the tax per capita of tweive of the leading cities of this country. I take pleasure in submitting to you this table :

	Net Debt.	Assessed Valuation.	Debt Ratio.	Tax Rate per 1,000.	Amount Raised by this Rate.	Population.	Area Square Miles.	Amount of Tax per Head, about
Boston.....	$29,042,305 00	$795,416,700	3.6 per cent	$12 90	$10,260,875 43	416,000	37 1-5	24.3
Baltimore....	31,738,086 15	297,516,720	10.7 "	19 00	5,652,317 75	500,000	32	11.5
Brooklyn.....	40,402,203 00	428,483,681	9.4 "	29 40	12,597,420 22	835,000	26½	15.0
Chicago.....	13,606,900 00	168,135,831	8.9 "	37 60	5,721,907 24	1,150,000	172½	5.0
Cincinnati...	24,862,181 00	240,000,000	10.3 "	27 00	6,480,000 00	325,000	24	19.9
Cleveland....	3,156,200 00	95,000,000	8.6 "	28 30	2,688,500 00	275,000	26⅓	9.7
New York....	96,999,284 00	1,603,838 113	6.5 "	19 50	31,275,243 20	1,800,000	41	17.3
Philadelphia.	57,146,095 00	669,507,564	3.5 "	18 50	12,385,889 93	1,250,000	129⅓	9.9
St. Louis.....	21,873,100 00	227,731 200	9.6 "	22 00	5,010,086 40	500,000	62½	10.0
Providence...	7,817,231 00	140,477,340	5.5 "	15 00	2,107,159 56	132,000	19	15.9
Pittsburg	10,454,266 00	200,300 695	5.2 "	12 00	2,403,608 34	250,000	27 2-5	9.6
Albany.....	4,309,000 00	68,747 055	6.3 "	20 00	1.374,941 10	103,000	11	13.3

In assessing the valuation of property, it is the custom in Boston to put the valuation at

A Fair Market Value,

while in the other cities it is a well-known fact that their assessed valuation is very much less than the actual value. In New York, for instance, the assessed valuation is less than two-thirds of the actual value, in Baltimore less than one-half, in Chicago less than one-third, and in the other cities it is about one-half, with, perhaps, the exception of Philadelphia, where real estate is assessed at a fair value, but no notice taken of personal estate. Now if we proportion the rate of taxation upon the same basis as it is in the city of Boston, and we get the following:

Baltimore (one-half real value) tax rate would be $9.50.

Brooklyn (one-half real value) tax rate would be $14.70.

Chicago (one-third real value) tax rate would be $12.53.

Cincinnati (one-half real value) tax rate would be $13.50.

Cleveland (one-half real value) tax rate would be $14.15.

New York (two-thirds real value) tax rate would be $13.

Philadelphia (two-thirds real value) tax rate would be $12.32.

St. Louis (one-half real value) tax rate would be $11.

Providence (three-fourths real value) tax rate would be $11.25.

Pittsburg (two-thirds real value) tax rate would be $8.

Albany (two-thirds real value) tax rate would be $13.33.

And still with this increased valuation

The Debt Ratio

will in most cases be larger than that of Boston, which is 3.6 per cent.

In Baltimore it would be 5.3 per cent.
In Brooklyn it would be 4.7 per cent.
In Chicago it would be 3 per cent.
In Cincinnati it would be 5.1 per cent.
In Cleveland it would be 4.3 per cent.
In New York it would be 4.3 per cent.
In Philadelphia it would be 5.6 per cent.
In St. Louis it would be 4.8 per cent.
In Providence it would be 4 per cent.
In Pittsburg it would be 3.4 per cent.
In Albany it would be 4.2 per cent.

Now, gentlemen, I call your attention to one other point, and that is, the amounts raised by the 1889 tax rate of these different cities. Boston, with a population of 416,000, would raise $10,260,875.43.

Baltimore, population 500,000, would raise $5,652,817.75.

Brooklyn, population 835,000, would raise $12,597,420.22.

Chicago, population 1,150,000, would raise $5,721,907.24.

Cincinnati, population 325,000, would raise $6,480,000.

Cleveland, population 275,000, would raise $2,688,500.

New York, population 1,800,000, would raise $31,275,243.20.

Philadelphia, population 1,250,000, would raise $12,385,889.93.

St. Louis, population 500,000, would raise $5,010,086.40.

Providence, population 132,000, would raise $2,107,159.56.

Pittsburg, population 250,000, would raise $2,403,608.34.

Albany, population 103,000, would raise $1,374,941.10.

The amount raised per capita is approximately as follows:

Boston, $24.30; Baltimore, $11.30; Brooklyn, $15; Chicago, $5; Cincinnati, $19.90; Cleveland, $9.70; New York, $17.30; Philadelphia, $9.90; St. Louis, $10; Providence, $15.90; Pittsburg, $9.60; Albany, $13.30.

Thus it will be seen that the inhabitants of the city of Boston pay

A Much Greater Tax

in proportion to its size than any one of the leading cities.

Now, let us look and see whether it is necessary for Boston, growing as it is, having paid out the vast sums of money it has for the past 10 years, and having accomplished, we think, in a great measure the great improvements which were called for, to make any change now. Ever since I have been in Boston, 30 years, I have heard it said that we wanted a new court house, improved system of sewers and public parks. At last we have got them, the money is appropriated for them, and they are paid for, substantially. Now this expenditure will not come again for the next generation at least. Next let me call your attention to the amount of money that has been raised during the last ten years by what I call extraordinary loans. In 1873 to 1875, on account of the great fire, there was raised $6,671,176.65 — nearly 7,000,000 — to be expended in improving the burnt district. That was something which might occur again, but it was an extraordinary expenditure, and if it does occur again the Legislature will allow Boston to meet it. From 1878 to 1889 there has been expended for public parks $4,540,000. You have not that to do again for the next generation. You have your parks, they are paid for, and those parks are going to produce an increase in the value of property which will yield an income more than enough to meet the additional expenditure on account of them. That is my opinion, and I know it will be justified.

Mayor Hart — Will the chairman allow me to ask a question? When Franklin Park was laid out, was not an assessment made for betterments?

Mr. Merrill — Yes, but they were all abated. What I mean to say is that the property within the next

Five Years Around Franklin Park

will increase in value so that the taxes you receive on this increased valuation will more than pay for the cost of maintaining that park.

A member of the committee — Were the betterment assessments entirely taken away?

Mr. Merrill — They were substantially taken away. I paid myself a mere trifle. It was much less than 25 per cent. of the original assessment. From 1878 to 1889 we paid for improved sewerage $5,433,000. This, remember, was not for our ordinary sewerage; that is paid for in addition. For the same period we paid $2,514,000 toward the new Court House, and I think there is a loan not issued yet. For Stony Brook we have paid $690,000, and for the water of Sudbury river $3,385,000, making for extraordinary loans for extraordinary purposes, a total of $23,034,776.75. Now these were all in addition to loans which were raised during that same period, and made for street widening and street extending, for bridges, school-houses, sewers, public buildings, and miscellaneous matters. These were extraordinary, as independent of ordinary loans. Now with those extraordinary loans made, I believe that the increased valuation in property is going to be at least as great for the coming five years, as it has been for the past five years. It is an average of $22,000,000 annually, and will give, upon our present tax limit, $200,000 for this year, $400,000 for the second, $600,000 for the third, $800,000 for the fourth, and $1,000,000 for the fifth, the whole amounting to $3,000,000. Now, I think it is a good deal better, no matter how economical an administration may be, that they shall not have this money put into their hands to expend all at once. I think they had better take it piecemeal, and I think the affairs of the city will be conducted more economically, even with the most economical heads, and I certainly want to say that we could not have any better disposed head of the city government than we have now. I believe that this application for an

Increase of the Tax Rate

is not necessary, and that it is a sort of reflection upon the present administration that they should ask it. Moreover, I think that after they come to think of it they will not care to have it granted, but they will try, in a spirit of economy, to see what they can do toward reducing expenses. I believe we have two honest men at the head of our city in Mayor Hart and Alderman Wilson. They want to do what is for the best interest of the city, there is no doubt about that; but at the City Hall a man is pulled and hauled every way, and many wonder that they should do as well as they have done. Give the schools, the police, and the fire department all the money they want, if it is expended with proper economy, and have no scrimping or half-way business about it. In 1885, the charter of the city of Boston was amended so as to put the executive power entirely in the hands of the mayor. Now, in 1884, Mayor Martin was surrounded by an antagonistic Board of Aldermen and Common Council. I know they forced through heavy appropriations in order to harm and handicap his administration. Mayor Martin had no power to veto, as the mayor has to-day, any specific items in an appropriation bill. He had either to approve the whole or veto the whole. The result was that he approved it, and, as will be remembered, there was considerable commotion about it. He approved it with a protest, and with the understanding that the paving and street department would not expend to within about $400,000 or $500,000 of the amount of its appropriation. That was done to blacken his administration, and the tax rate of 1884 ought not to be taken into account and compared with succeeding years. Now I would like to call your attention to a recommendation in Mayor Hart's first inaugural address, and reiterated in his last, and if he believes in it let him

Urge the Present Legislature

to give him the authority to do as he recommends, before we are asked to pay from our pockets any increase in direct taxes. The mayor says in his inaugural last year:

"The law of 1885, amending the city charter of Boston, vests all executive power

in the mayor, but retains, with very few exceptions, all the boards, commissions, trustees, and separate departments, or offices existing at that time, or since established. The number of these separate bodies exceeds fifty, some of whom are not required to publish regular reports. It is natural, that at times, these departments should conflict to the detriment of the public. The entire street department, the sewer, bridge, and lamp departments, the superintendent of health, and building departments, should all be united in one harmonious board of public works."

There was a petition last year for a board of public works. I know there was some pulling and hauling about it. The departments at City Hall did not want it, but one bright, smart young man got a bill put through one stage in the House, but being appointed to the head of one of the departments at City Hall, immediately he let the matter drop, and that was the end of it.

Now suppose we had a board of public works that would combine the departments which are mentioned in the mayor's address, and which have appropriations of about $4,000,000, or somewhere in that vicinity. And supposing it to be composed of such men as Mr. Thomas J. Whidden, Samuel Little, and Thomas L. Jenks. Now how much do you think they would save out of the appropriation? Why, speaking within bounds, they would save $1,000,000 easily, and when I allude to these men, I mean

Men of that Character and Stamp.

Mr. Bailey — And the work would be done a great deal better.

Mr. Merrill — I do not believe in giving long contracts. While I sympathize with the mayor in trying to bring down the cost of electric lighting, still I disapprove of giving a contract for more than one year. I believe that a five years' contract at 40 cents per light will cost us more than a contract for one year at 50 cents, because at the end of one or two years the price will be below the present contract price. We ought not to make contracts for more than a year at a time. I would rather stand my chances on a contract for one year, as far as saving money to the city is concerned, and I think the mayor will agree with me. I believe, also, that in a growing city the income will increase equally with the proper expenditures, and that meets the argument of the mayor that "our city is increasing, and that consequently our expenses are increasing." Our income is increasing in the same ratio with expenses, and a little faster. No one believes in the honesty and capacity of the present head of our city government more than I do, and I believe the mayor will be willing to listen to anything in the shape of fair criticism. I was president of a street railroad for 15 years, and I think I know something about paving. I have built between 20 and 30 miles of railroad track, and bought every paving-stone that went into it. I know what it costs to pave and macadamize, etc. I have no reflections to make upon the heads of the city departments; but there are heads of departments who, however honest they may be, must have one year's experience before they can bring their department down to proper economies — down to what they ought to be able to do after proper experience.

Beacon Street was Macadamized

from Charles street to Somerset street last summer, and one thing I complained of particularly is the time it took to do it. I think it was somewhere from three to five months that Beacon street was torn up while being macadamized from Charles street to Somerset street. It ought to have been done in six weeks or less. What astonished me most, however, was to see what that street cost, because I know about what it ought to cost. I saw the work going on nearly every day of my life. It cost $13,590.01. I should say that it ought to have cost, if Boston were run as a political corporation, about $8,000 or $9,000. If it were run as any other well-managed corporation, it ought to have cost about $7,000 or $8,000.

Now there is another street which attracted my attention, and that is Fulton street between Clinton and Richmond streets. They paved Fulton street for about seven hundred feet, from Clinton to Richmond. The cost for labor, teaming, paving, block stones, etc., was $8,714.16. Now under any circumstances that ought not to cost over $6,500 or $7,000. I do not say there is any dishonesty about it.

Mayor Hart — Will you state how much that ought to be per square yard ?

Mr. Merrill — I will take a contract for paving that street with block stones at $2.50 per square yard. I will do the whole work of laying flagging walks, resetting the edgestones, relaying the sidewalks, just what they did, for $2.75 or $3 at the outside limit.

Mayor Hart — Will you use the same quality of paving stones ?

Mr. Merrill — I think I should use better. They should be stones to be approved by the city.

By the committee — How many square yards are there in Fulton street ?

Mr. Merrill — I should say about 2,500 yards or something in that vicinity, probably a little less. What I want to say is this, not to reflect on the integrity of anybody, that it is

The System and the Method

in which such work is done that I criticise. Before we increase the taxes of the citizens of Boston, let us bring about some practical method of doing that work, so that we can receive fair value for every dollar that is expended. That is all we want, and there is no man more capable of doing it than our present mayor, and I am here not to carp in any way upon city affairs, but to scrutinize and criticise fairly and in good faith. Now, Mr. Bicknell, who came here the other day from Dorchester, is one of my best friends, and I wish he was here now, because I would like to have him hear what I have to say. He purchased some property out on Harvard street, a few years ago, and quite naturally wishes to have the street graded and put in good order. Through the efforts of the chairman of the committee on paving, he got them to work

on the street last year. They filled it up, and have macadamized it and built a sidewalk for six or eight hundred feet, and what have they spent? Why, the work could have been done for $2,500, but it has cost the city $5,100. That sum ought to have graded the whole street through to Washington street. If the city had allowed friend Bicknell $3,000 to put the street in condition, he could have done it and made money on it. He would like to have the street finished, and it ought to be, but he evidently has been led to believe that it cannot be done unless the city can get more money. Between $99,000 and $100,000 was spent on the streets in Dorchester last year, with an assessed valuation of $27,000,000, while in Roxbury, with an assessed valuation of about $80,000,000, they spent only $116,000. South Boston had $37,000, and East Boston $27,000. Under Mayor O'Brien's administration they expended between $200,000 and $400,000 in Dorchester on sewers. It was almost all thrown away. These sewers cost 50 per cent. more than they would have cost under

A Board of Public Works,

under the administration of such men as I have named. I allude to those men again, because they are recognized as careful, honest, economical business men. When Thomas J. Widden was chairman of the committee on paving, he was worth $100,000 to the city of Boston every year he occupied that position. When the Suffolk street district was laid out an appropriation was made based on similar work in the Church street district; a special committee appointed to take charge of the work saved out of the appropriation between $800,000 and $1,000,000. You will find a record of it at the City Hall. That is the difference between a piece of work managed with proper economy, and not purely by a political corporation. Now understand that all that I say is intended to be fair criticism as an earnest and strong supporter and friend of the present administration, and I have no ambition except to do that, and to give them such information as shall enable them to strengthen themselves. I do not believe that if you increase this tax limit, you will ever see any of them at City Hall again. If I were Mayor Hart I should think it not necessary, and I should want the citizens of Boston to see that we can economize. Last year he was hampered by the leavings of the old administration. Now that he has a clean-cut year, let us go through this year and see what he can do, and if he finds it can't be done I will come here next year and help him. That is the way I feel about it. I received a letter this morning from William O. Lincoln, of the American Tool and Machine Company. In this letter he says: "There is every reason to believe that this city can be run and have our streets, sewers, and public buildings well taken care of on the present basis of taxation. This extra $1.50 per $1,000 will be a burden to us as manufacturers, which we can ill afford to stand." I read that letter because it comes from the manufacturers, and it

Shows that the Tendency

of the proposal would be to drive the manufacturers out of the city.

Now what has been the effect of this $9 tax limit on property in Boston? It has had a tendency to increase its value and encourage the people to invest their money here. After that tax limit was fixed, the people assumed that it would not be disturbed. But it was said by real estate men at the time that the mistake made was in reducing the debt limit below 2½ per cent. What the real estate people want is a reliable tax limit that they can depend on. On account of the limitation of the tax rate many wealthy men began to buy up large amounts of real estate, and the Real Estate Company of Boston has been formed. They have been buying up real estate because they feel that the tax limit is fixed, and the value of the property will increase. If they buy $1,000 worth of property they know about what they have to pay in taxes, and when one leases property to pay rent and taxes, he knows what the property will cost him per annum. Now, you want a limit that is stable, so that people will invest in real estate and other property in Boston instead of investing in wild-cat schemes, Western mortgages, and Atchison & Topeka stock, by which widows and orphans have been sent almost to the almshouse.

The best investments people can make are investments that give an assured income. In this matter of increase the wrong track was taken. If they had asked to increase the debt limit to 2½ per cent. I don't think there would have been any opposition to it, because the figures demonstrate the fact that our debt limit is less than that of any city.

Mr. Bailey—Do you mean what you said, that there would be no objection to increasing the debt limit?

Mr. Merrill—Yes, I do.

Mr. Bailey—Is that not an acknowledgment that the city does need more money?

Mr. Merrill—Yes; I think you want $500,000 for school-houses and that

You Ought to Have It.

I think you want $250,000 for a park. A man came to me from Charlestown and said it was an old mudhole, and that there would be expense in filling it up. Somebody had got an old pond that they wanted to sell. Now, if so, it is much better for the city to take it and fill it up. That does not frighten me. If it is an old pond take it and all the better. Any money expended in that way will produce an income beyond the expenses of maintaining it. But I believe there is money enough raised by taxes to pay our current expenses and keep everything in repair. If you are going to build new school-houses to take the place of the old ones you can sell the old property to help to pay for it. If you rebuild an old sewer you should pay for it out of current expenses; if you are building a new sewer or new school-houses, I do not see why you should not spread it over ten or twenty years.

Mr. Bailey—Most of these sewers are pipe sewers.

Mr. Merrill—I know it, and they ought to cost the city about 50 per cent. of what they do cost.

Mr. Bailey—Ought they to be put into a long loan, and are they not built by the city every year?

Mr. Merrill — Yes; but I am speaking of brick or main sewers. Our method of the sinking fund is this, I understand, and the mayor will correct me if I am wrong: when we make a loan of $1,000,000 for ten years, there is a provision whereby that loan pays for itself, or there is a certain amount of money laid aside to pay for it when it becomes due. That is a perfect system. Nothing could be better. Now anything in the shape of permanent improvements that are going to

Benefit Us and Our Children,

and those that come after us, should be done by a loan. If you had a piece of land upon which you had built three or four houses, and there was a piece of land on the corner which was vacant, and you though you could build a house there that would be profitable, you would not think of paying for that out of the income of the others for one year; that would be a permanent improvement, and it should be paid for out of the income for say ten years.

The chairman — These are what Mayor Hart thought should be permanent investments of loans. I want to know what you think ought to be permanent loans. Is it your opinion that all new streets ought to go into permanent loans ?

Mr. Merrill — Anything like a main avenue, like Humboldt avenue. Or any street costing more than $25,000.

The chairman — What about engine houses ?

Mr. Merrill — I think they should be built by a loan.

The chairman— The new school-houses ?

Mr. Merrill—The new school-houses will increase the value of property in their vicinity in sufficient amount to pay all the expenses of supporting the school, and should be built by a loan.

The chairman — How about adding to the hospital building ?

Mr. Merrill—If it is a permanent enlargement and going to cost $10,000 or more, I can't know why it should not be by a loan.

The chairman — Take the new wharf at Long Island, costing $28,000, should that be paid from current expenses, or is it a permanent improvement ?

Mr. Merrill —I think that could properly be put in as a permanent improvement. I do not care what they have been doing in the past, I look to the future. If the men in the city government would stand up and say: We are going to run this thing on as nearly business principles as it can be done, and have competent heads of departments who know their business, we should have

A Better State of Things.

The mayor cannot know everything about the departments, but he must have some man at the head of each department who does know, who is thoroughly and rigidly honest, and who will only hire competent men to do work under them. You cannot go to work and change the heads of departments, and change the foremen, and put in new men, without having some effect on the business of the department for one year. You cannot go and discharge all the foremen of the street department, and put in new men, and expect they will go on and perform the work as economically as the old men. If the old men are not honest, you must discharge them. But all business — I do not care whatever is the name or nature of it — depends upon the man at the head of the department. It does not depend entirely on the mayor. He has the power to remove men, that is, heads of departments; but he must have men that he has confidence in at the head of every department, who do not need watching. That is what he wants, and I believe that with the power he has in our city government that can be done. The paving department had $1,366,000 to expend this last year. This is important, gentlemen. They say we need a lot of money for streets, $1,500,000, and I have no doubt they would expend it all; but $1,000,000 would do more good, and would be all they can profitably expend. I would not give them more than $800,000. With that they can put our streets in good condition.

Mr. Kittredge — Do you believe that $800,000, properly expended, will put our present streets in good repair, and maintain them?

Mr. Merrill — I think $800,000 is all they ought to expend, and all they can spend economically in one year. It will take $1,000,000 to put them back to where they were when Mayor O'Brien started. Although he may not be to blame, it is a fact that during his administration

Our Streets were Deteriorating.

The money expended on them the past year ought to have put them in good condition had it been properly expended.

Mr. Kittredge — Have they improved perceptibly within the last year or two?

Mr. Merrill — They have improved, but not to the extent they ought to have improved, and if we had a man with the experience the superintendent of streets ten years ago had, he would have shown 33 per cent. more work for the expenditure of money in the street and paving department than has been shown this last year. (Applause.) That is my opinion. I want to read this to you, Mr Jones says in his report: "All the ledges are being worked, and eight stone crushers are now in operation in different sections of the city prepared to crush stone for use on the streets during the coming season. This will put the department in good condition to perform efficient service when the new financial year opens. The men could then be put on the streets instead of being sent to the ledges as was rendered necessary last year on account of the lack of supply of material." Now last year Mayor Hart, taking everything into consideration, did wonderfully well, although the first of this year did not show so favorable a state of affairs as was expected after the glowing report of November 1. I was a little surprised. The mayor can't get those things unless at the head of every department he has a man of experience and thoroughly competent. Now in Baltimore they spend $235,000 on the streets, and they have the same number of miles of streets that we have here. They have four hundred miles and we have four hundred and five miles.

A member of the committee—They are awful streets.

Mr. Merrill—I understand that: I know that they are not what they ought to be. I hope for the interest of

The Present Administration

that there will be no increase of the tax limit this year; if you see fit to give $500,000 for schools, and $250,000 for that park at Charlestown; I shall not object. Wait one year and see. I think at the end of another year we shall see a great change for the better.

Mr. Kittredge—Have you reason to expect greater economy in the management of the business of the city of Boston under the present business system? I don't refer to the administration which is committed to this system, but take the system by the heads of departments as it is being run now: take the powers of the mayor under the charter, have you any reason to expect uuder this system greater economy than has been practised?

Mr. Merrill—Yes, sir. There can be twenty-five per cent. saved. Taking the appropriation on streets, paving, cleaning, health, bridges, public buildings, sewers and those things, there can be a saving in the expenditure of that money under the present mayor. I think twenty to twenty-five per cent. Under a board of public works you can probably save forty per cent.

Mr. Kittredge—Do you mean by that, that the heads of departments are inefficient; you say the charter is all right?

Mr. Merrill—I do not say as to that.

Mr. Kittredge—You mean extravagant?

Mr. Merrill—What I mean is this: You say to the head of a department, "I make you responsible for the results you produce. You have got to produce results. You shall hire your own men, have your own say, and discharge them, and just as soon as you let any heeling politician influence you to employ men not competent, you go."

Mayor Hart—We do our whole business under the civil service commission. The city government fixes the price per day we must pay.

Mr. Merrill—Yes; but you can discharge them; and if the foremen of the departments are competent men,—I do not say but what they are,—twenty-five per cent. more ought to be received for the city's money.

I Don't Know Mr. Jones.

I understand he is an efficient, worthy man; but, at best, he could not have known as much a year ago as he does now.

Mr. Kittredge—What of his assistant? He was an experienced man.

Mr. Merrill—I don't know anything about his assistant. I know that Mr. Jones ought to be worth 25 per cent. more to the city than he was last year. The work on Beacon street, under a competent man, would have been completed in six weeks, and it would not have cost over $8,000.

Ex-Mayor O'Brien—As president of the Highland railroad, you have had experience in building streets. Would you build a street by contract or by day labor?

Mr. Merrill—At the present time I think you can build a street a good deal cheaper by contract; but you can build it by day labor just as cheap, if you will have foremen over your laborers who will see that they do a fair day's work, and these men will respect the heads of the department a great deal more than they would if they let them loaf.

Ex-Mayor O'Brien—Then you advocate a change in the paving department from day labor to contract?

Mr. Merrill—I do not say that; but I do say that the paving department ought to be put on a permanent basis, the same as the health department, and it can be done if strict economy is exercised in the expenditure of the city's money.

A member of the committee—Is the loafing attributable to the men or to the heads that direct them?

Mr. Merrill—It is attributable to the heads who direct them. I would not send one man at $3.50 a day to overlook two men at $2 a day. The trouble is there are so many heeling

Politicians Pulling and Hauling,

and wanting to get this man and that man a good place, that it destroys all efficiency. If they were put under a competent board of public works, and those men made responsible for the result, you would find a great difference in the savings to the city. Whether it can be done I do not know, because I never was a member of the city government in my life. But it is possible to do it.

A member of the committee—You say it is not the laboring men who are to blame, but the foremen?

Mr. Merrill—I believe the laboring men would respect their foremen a good deal more if they made them do proper work.

A member of the committee—Are the foremen so much to blame as the heads of departments?

Mr. Merrill—A head of department must show his efficiency by having lieutenants on the streets whom he can trust as being honest men, and men who will work in the city's interest.

A member of the committee—When he does not have those lieutenants he shows his inefficiency?

Mr. Merrill—He is inefficient. The mayor has the power to do what is necessary, and he must have the courage to stand up and not be influenced by any hope of reward or fear of political damnation. (Laughter.)

Mr. Kittredge—Would a board of public works, in your judgment, be likely to secure the maximum of economy in the city of Boston?

Mr. Merrill—If the proper men were put upon it. Every class of business success depends on the men. A few years ago I was opposed to a board of public works. Why? Because I did not believe we could get competent men appointed by our city government. I believe to-day that the best citizens of Boston and the tax-payers have taken control of the city government and are going to hold that control, and there isn't so much danger of its going out of the hands of honest men as there is of the state going out of the control of the Republican party. With a board of public works

appointed by the mayor and confirmed by the aldermen, I believe you can get

The Right Kind of Men.

If our mayor will stand up and appoint men whom he knows to possess business judgment, and believes to be fitted for the duty, and gets them confirmed, we shall have this city in the line one of the best managed corporations, even if it be a political corporation. The Aldermen and City Council are political. Give them the power to make appropriations, but not the power to have anything to do with the expenditure of money.

Mr. Kittredge — Would you have three or one on the board?

Mr. Merrill — I think three would be the better number. You can get three competent men in Boston, if not out of one party, then out of the other. I do not think it is necessary to increase the taxes. I would give the schools all they want, and if today the building of the public school-houses was in the hands of the school board, or a board of public works, they would save 25 to 30 per cent. on them. I am here as a citizen and taxpayer of Boston. Its honor and prosperity is dear to me, and its welfare is my welfare. In my judgment, the protest against increase of taxation is the sentiment of a majority of citizens and taxpayers. The first duty of a municipal administration is economy; taxation should be the last resort.. Within a short period I have seen two municipal executives voted into private life on the money question. With much seriousness, and only because in my opinion the public good demands it, I am forced to say that to increase the tax-bills of Boston, while the economical ideal has scarcely been approached, will remand to the same fate those now in authority over the government of this city. No administration, however excellent in other particulars, can carry the load of added taxation, except to carry it to a political grave.

EDWIN BOOTH, the actor, has told how he lately took occasion to reprove some silly young women who were seeking his acquaintance, and now George Riddle has a similar story to tell. A gushing young girl in Chicago, a stranger to Mr. Riddle, kept writing to him, begging an interview. Mr. Riddle paid no attention to her notes, till, finally, she called on him and sent up her autograph album, with the request that he would, at least, give her his autograph, with a favorite sentiment, Mr. Riddle, therefore, gave her this, from "Romeo and Juliet":

"Your love says, like an honest gentleman, Where is your mother?"

Tea-Drinking.

EXCESSIVE tea-drinking is very common; and among hard workers, especially, the practice has come to be attended with very serious results in the way of mal-nutrition. Every one should know that tea contains little or no nourishment, while cocoa is a real food. The only persons who can afford to drink a moderate quantity of tea are those whose frames are fed with plenty of nutritious food. Those who spend money on tea and keeping "the eternal teapot simmering on the hob," are purchasing, not health and strength, but weakness, and laying the foundation of a poverty of body they cannot afford to exhibit. There is no comparison between cocoa and tea as a beverage; but if those who at present take tea and bread as a meal, would replace the tea by cocoa and milk and bread, they would gain thereby a satisfying food, and avoid the evils of indigestion which arise from tea-drinking, as commonly practised.

Is it Another Fraud?

WE are constantly receiving inquiries from all parts of the country asking, "Is this true?" "Will you do what you claim?" or, "Is this another humbug?" We are not basing our claim for public patronage upon *new* and unestablished articles for which there is little or no positive evidence of value, but upon old standards of merit, one of which has *been in use over eighty years;* generation after generation of families in the last four-score years have vouched for it. We ask no one to take our word as a guaranty of value; we have many letters *on file in our office* from people who have used and sold our goods in years gone by, telling of results as wonderful as any known. We should take pride in showing them to any one interested. That simple remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, has probably saved more lives, and afforded more relief to the suffering, than any other known remedy. It is used and recommended by all classes of people, — the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant. All who become acquainted with it, experimentally, are amazed at its wonderful power, and are loud in its praise ever after. It is marvellous how many different complaints it will cure or relieve. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly and effectually. This whole page would not suffice to enumerate one-quarter of the diseases and ailments — the broken, splintered, and mutilated limbs; bent and stiffened limbs; jams, bruises, old sores, ugly cuts, burns, scalds, etc., which this Anodyne Liniment will positively alleviate or cure. What is the trifling cost of a bottle or a half-dozen of this Anodyne, compared with the worth of a human life? Lose not a moment, but let every family be supplied. It is used as much internally as externally; many do not know this. No matter how well you know this medicine, it will pay you to send to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet, free, telling how to use the liniment economically. A teaspoonful properly used will often do more good than a half bottle as some people use it.

A WOMAN who knows it to be a fact says some men will get up out of bed at night in the coldest of winter weather to go to a fire, who cannot be induced to get up at seven o'clock to start one in the kitchen stove.

DONAHOE'S

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"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Irish History and Literature in Our Catholic School-Books.

II.

How often have we heard, from friend and foe alike, the cruel, bitter, lying taunt, "The Irish have fought the battles of every country in the world but their own." And how often have Irishmen listened to these words, and, believing them true, yielded their assent to the unjust assertion. Ignorance may sometimes be palliated but never excused in matters like this. If we seek for a cause for such ignorance and such tame submission to these taunts, we shall not have far to go, or long to wait, to be assured that the defective school-books in use in our parochial schools, convent academies, and colleges, are, negatively at least, to blame for this ignorance. Those who have not read Irish history, even such histories as we possess, and whose school training has been divested of the means of knowing, even partially, the history of Ireland, are they who accept by quiet assent, or otherwise, the taunt and jibe that Irishmen have fought the battles of every country in the world but their own.

It is quite true that Irishmen have fought for many countries besides their own, and this they were by generosity and duty called upon to do; but they fought for their own dear country as no people on this earth ever fought before or since, and no history known to mankind contains such records of valor as those pertaining to the people of Ireland. For nearly three hundred years they fought the invaders the Danes, actually fought them for two hundred and forty years persistently, and, occasionally, for sixty years.

Terrible cowards, those Irish, before they began to fight the battles of the world for others!

Finally, after those centuries of bloody warfare against one of the hardiest races in Europe, the Danes were completely slaughtered at

Clontarf by the forces of Brian, monarch of Ireland. Hear the words of the great old King who was in his eighty-eighth year when the battle of Clontarf was fought and won: "Be not dismayed, my soldiers, because my son Donough is avenging our wrongs in Leinster; he will return victorious, and in the glory of his conquests you shall share. On your valor rest the hopes of your country to-day, and what surer grounds can they rest upon? Oppression now attempts to bend you down to servility: Will you not burst its chains, and rise to the independence of Irishmen? Your cause is one approved by Heaven; you seek not the oppression of others; you fight for your country and your sacred altars. It is a cause that claims a heavenly protection. In this day's battle the interposition of that God who can give victory will be signally manifested in your favor. Let every heart, then, be a throne of confidence and courage. You know that the Danes are strangers to religion and humanity; they were influenced with the desire of violating the fairest daughters of this land of beauty, and enriching themselves with the spoils of sacrilege and plunder. The Barbarians have impiously fixed for their struggle to enslave us the very day upon which the Redeemer of the world was crucified. VICTORY THEY SHALL NOT HAVE! From such brave soldiers as you they can never wrest it; for you fight in defence of honor, liberty, and religion; in defence of the sacred temples of the Deity, and of your sisters, wives, and daughters. Such a holy cause must be the cause of God who will deliver your enemies this day into your hands! Onward, then, for your country and your sacred altars!"

With the crucifix in one hand and the sword in the other he signified his willingness to die in defence of Christianity and of Ireland. He was proceeding to take command of the army when the chiefs interfered and besought him to retire to his tent, and leave the command to his son, the valiant Murrough.

The Dalcassians, the body-guard of Brian, then raised the sunburst standard of Fingall — the GALL GREANA, or blazing sun. Murrough the son, and Turlough the grandson of Brian, fought like "invincible beings." One thousand Danish warriors, clad in tight armor, proved a most formidable foe. The fight had raged from sunrise to noon, when Murrough snatching the standard of Fingall from its bearer, exclaimed: "Before one hour has passed this flag must float over the tents of the Danish Camp or over my dead body."

The whole army precipitated itself upon the foe. No human force could resist such a charge. The Danes, thrown into confusion, fled on every side pursued to their very ships by the victorious Irish, who can fight the battles of every country in the world but their own.

Murrough's right arm became so swollen by the exertion of wielding his sword that he could not raise it, and knelt beside a brook to bathe it.

A straggling party of Danes that were retreating from the field accidentally came near, and one of them, Anrud, a chief, set upon Murrough, who, with a trip prostrated the Dane to the earth, and with his left arm dragged his coat of mail over his head, placed the point of

his sword on his body, and, leaning on it, drove it through the Dane into the earth. As Murrough stooped over his foe the expiring Dane snatched the skian, a broad-bladed dagger or short sword, from Murrough's girdle and plunged it into his heart. The Dane died immediately after, Murrough lingered for a day.

The old king in his tent, and on his knees praying, heard the tumult when the news of his son's death came. He thought the Danes were victorious. Addressing the messenger, he said: "Do you and the other chiefs fly to Armagh and communicate my will to the successor of St. Patrick; but as for me, I came here to conquer or to die, and the enemy shall not boast that I fell by inglorious wounds."

In their flight and despair, Broder, the Dane, and a small party discovered Brian's tent and rushed in to be avenged. The old monarch seized his sword and with one stroke cut off the legs of the first Dane that entered. Broder was the next to follow and he struck the king on the back of the head with his battle-axe. In spite of his deadly wound, Brian turned and cut off the head of Broder; he also killed the third Dane that attacked him, then calmly resigned himself to death!

Thus fell Brian Boru, the bravest, the wisest monarch that ever reigned in Ireland. He commanded in twenty-nine pitched battles against the Danes.

"That star of the field, which so often has poured
Its beams on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet."

And the sons of the men who fought at Clontarf can fight the battles of every country in the world but their own.

Fighting the Danes cost Ireland twenty-five thousand men a year for two hundred years. FIVE MILLIONS OF MEN IN ALL! Let it be again remembered that the Danes were the most dreadful enemies that could be met with, in all Europe, at the beginning of the eleventh century. They were sanguinary and ferocious, plunder their object, and hatred of the cross their motive.

The Danes beat the English to smash, and ruled England through a race of their kings. "France yielded them half her territory, Ireland not an inch."

The history of Ireland in the matter of the Danish wars furnished a literature unparalleled for its records of bravery in resisting a continuous incoming swarm of pirates and freebooters, whose hatred of the Christian religion was only equalled by their ferocity. Is there nothing in that literature fit to occupy a permanent place in the school-books, by which Irish-American children are to be instructed? What of that noble address of King Brian to his soldiers on the field of Clontarf? It breathes the very essence of freedom, religion, and patriotism. How often is it found in our school-books.

A writer in the Catholic Review, evidently a young lady pupil, of St. Clara's Academy, Sinsinawa, Wis., boastingly refers to the publications and literary works to be found in that Academy. Among

others, she notices such publications as the Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's Magazine, and the Century, the Standard Poets, the works of Ruskin, Prescott, and Bancroft. All very good in their way. There are also the Lives of the Saints, etc., to leaven the mass of non-Catholic literature; but Thackeray and Dickens, also among the *elite* of authors at that Academy, are probably better thumbed over by the young lady pupils than the Lives of the Saints. It is well known that Bancroft has done his level best to undo his old spirit of impartiality, and has tried hard to detract from the high character of the early Catholic settlers of Maryland. But his anti-Catholic spirit is doubtless venerated at the Convent Academy of Sinsinawa where such a publication as DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is probably unknown.

The heroic bravery of Irishmen on the field of battle is known the world over; in France, in Spain, in Belgium, in India, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Rome, in Austria, in Canada, in the United States of America, Irishmen have made their name immortal, and never once in an unjust cause, although too much of their blood was shed to uphold the hated power of England. This we all know; but all do not know the cause and origin of the Irishman's fealty to England on the bloody field.

This is not the place for an examination of that subject.

Ireland, it is said, has been subjected to England for seven centuries, since the days of Henry II., in 1172. This is not precisely true. The English invaded Ireland in that year, but they had to fight for five hundred years before they were even partially masters of the country, that is, if they ever were masters in the full sense of the word. Ireland was subjected by the English, but never really conquered, and never will be on this side of eternity! On the other hand, it is much more probable that Ireland will yet subject and rule England. The signs point in that direction.

GRANT ALLEN, no mean authority, says: "Slowly and steadily, by a peaceful process of natural selection, THE CELT IS SWAMPING THE TEUTON IN BRITAIN. The men of thought, the men of art, the men of learning, and the men of letters, have belonged, if anything, to the smaller, and conquered them to the larger, fairer, and conquering type. If in energy and activity of a military sort, the so-called Teutonic type has the best of it, (?) in brains and eye the so-called Celt seems, on the other hand, to have somewhat the advantage. It has been shown pretty conclusively that English poetry and English art have been mainly Celtic."

Oh, no; that stinging lie, that Irishmen can fight the battles of every country in the world but their own, is the utterance of enemies, reproduced by those either totally ignorant, or by the semi-educated Irish-Americans of the public schools.

Here is some more proof how the Irish fought for their own country.

There was once a man named Hugh O'Neill, somewhere about the end of the sixteenth century, who was known as an able warrior and a clever diplomatist. Sometimes he appeared to act in behalf of

Queen Elizabeth's interests in Ireland, whereas he was quietly engaged for seven years in creating an Irish army, and securing the means of provisioning that army. To avoid giving the English any cause for alarm, he disbanded his men as soon as drilled, called around him a new set of followers from the fields, and kept on repeating the good work until he possessed an army of five or six thousand men. The greater part of these became, subsequently, commanders of armies throughout Ireland.

About 1595, Hugh O'Neill discarded the title of Earl, and took that of THE O'NEILL. His great object was to fight the English to gain civil and religious freedom for his countrymen. He was ably seconded by the different branches of the O'Neills, by the McGuinnesses, McMahons, Maguires, McDonnells, O'Flannigans, and O'Cahans.

Among the first battles fought by O'Neill against the English, after the landing of Norris with ten thousand men, was that at Kilcluona, where, in a brief period, six hundred of the flower of Norris' army lay dead upon the field. Nearly two hundred of O'Neill's men were killed in that battle.

In those days victories were won by the bravery, often the individual bravery, of the men engaged in battle. Now, when nations go to war, hundreds of thousands of men are engaged as parts of a huge machine, where the craven-hearted coward counts for as much as the man of heroic deeds. The sword is no longer the symbol of the soldier; the deadly repeating rifle, and such like arms are the means by which battles are fought and won. It was different in the days of O'Neill. Seagrave, of Norris' army, engaged O'Neill in single combat on a plain a short distance from Monaghan. The Irish commander slew his adversary at a single blow of his sword. By the strategy of the Irish leaders, the English were caught between two fires at Tyrell's Pass. Only two or three escaped, just enough to carry the news of the disaster to Mullingar from whence the English army had set out a few days before to conquer and capture O'Neill; but the Irish, you know, can fight the battles of every country in the world but their own!

The carnage of the English at Benburb was appalling. Near Armagh, Marshal Bagnal, with twenty-four of his officers, and two thousand of his force, were slain in a single battle, and the remnant was put to flight. Twelve thousand pieces of gold, army stores, thirty-four stands of colors, all their artillery, and provisions of every kind fell into the hands of the victorious Irish. O'Neill sent his brother Con into Munster to fight the English about this time. They lay in ambush to dispute his passage southward; but he literally hewed his way, sword in hand, through the enemy, and left two thousand of them to feed the crows. About the same time, Clifford, the English commander was killed in the Curlew mountains, by the victorious Tyrconnell:

"Norris and Clifford well
Can of Tyrconnell tell."

The Earl of Essex was sent by Elizabeth to Ireland as viceroy. He tried in vain to break the forces of O'Neill. Then he procured a truce with the great northern warrior, and, for so doing, was recalled disgraced, and subsequently beheaded. This man was the great favorite of Elizabeth, probably more than a favorite; but the queen's hatred of O'Neill was greater than her love for Essex.

Mountjoy succeeded Essex and sent a fleet of sixty-seven ships under Sir Henry Dockwra to take possession of Lough Foyle in order to create a diversion in favor of his land forces. There were five thousand infantry, and three hundred horsemen on board the fleet. After a small affair Mountjoy got chicken-hearted and returned to Dublin. Then he ordered his soldiers to burn down the harvest and thus create a famine. This was a piece of bravery in which the English never failed. The English scheme of creating famines in Ireland was always a complete success. After the burning of the harvest Mountjoy took heart again, and with seven thousand men met O'Neill near Dundalk. The two armies were within sight of each other for fifteen days. Then came the battle, and half of Mountjoy's men lay dead before his eyes. Mountjoy himself was badly wounded and carried off to Newry. After this a price was set upon O'Neill's head, — ten thousand dollars, a big figure in those days, — but O'Neill's head was worth more, and nobody cared to earn the money.

For fifteen years O'Neill fought the English, often at great disadvantage, and compelled them to grant him the sovereignty of his principality and religious freedom for his people; but England can break treaties as easily as create famines.

"REMEMBER LIMERICK" (the broken treaty), was the battle cry of the Irish at Fontenoy!

The cost of these wars to England was fifteen hundred thousand dollars a year; or twenty-two and one-half millions of dollars and defeat everywhere. But the Irish can fight the battles of every country in the world but their own.

Here has been given a mere cursory glance at the deeds of two, only two, Irish heroes and warriors, King Brian and Hugh O'Neill; merely a glimpse of the Sunburst of Fingall and the Red Hand of Ulster — LAMBH DHEARG ABOO!

Is there anything in the history of those mighty men worthy of record in our school-books? Is there any fire of patriotism in their deeds, or virtue in the religion they professed, worthy of acknowledgment in those days? Are the descendants of those who fought under their victorious standard to forget them, or feel ashamed of them because they were Irish?

Let us hear all about this thing. The following able letter appeared in a recent issue of our devoted religious champion, the Catholic Review. It is appropriate just now:

We Are All Americans.

To the Editor: — Under "Topics of the Hour" in a recent issue of The Catholic Review I find it remarked that "our Catholic young men and women who have been educated in Catholic schools have not a Catholicity as pronounced and combative as that which they received from their

fathers," and the writer, I think, has hit upon the cause of this lukewarmness, which certainly exists, when he ascribes it to the faulty "nature of the education received," and the anti-Catholic tone of American life" to which the young are exposed upon leaving the schools and colleges.

With your permission, I would insert the phrase "or anti-Irish" before the word "tone" in the above, for it does not take a very astute mind to perceive that in this part of the United States the words "Catholic" and "Irish" are almost synonymous. This is evident to any reader of the newspapers or periodicals of the country; and even in New York, with its considerable Catholic, German, and Italian population, does not Puck or any of the mis-named comic papers in caricaturing a Catholic ecclesiastic, use the same libellous "type" as for a Patrick's Day celebrationist?

Knowing this spirit to be abroad, it should be the study of the school authorities to have the education imparted of such a nature as to fortify the minds of the pupils against it. Children of Irish descent should be led to know that there is nothing in the history of their race of which they may not well feel proud. They should learn of the persecution and poverty which their forefathers underwent rather than abandon the true faith; they should be taught to revere their immediate progenitors, who transmitted to them the greatest of all earthly blessings.

But, unfortunately, to my observation, this is not the case. In the schools Ireland and her history are carefully kept in the background. In any of the books I have seen, the name of Ireland is very rarely mentioned. If the little ones get a lesson in the spelling of Christian names, "George," "Maud," "Samuel," or Charlotte," are of the class presented for their study; while such characteristically Irish ones as "Patrick," "Brigid," "Michael," or "Nora," are never to be seen. If a poem is to be introduced, they will have something from Cowper, Wordsworth, or Whittier, but against the idea that an Irishman was ever able to write poetry they are carefully guarded. In the little periodicals which are given or sold to them in the Sunday-schools, an Irish story is very seldom seen, or even a boy with an Irish name, introduced among the *dramatis personæ* of an American one. (In a paper of this class, The Angelus published in Detroit, out of seven or eight numbers that I have seen, the only place Ireland was mentioned was in the following excerpt from a story entitled "Six Roads to Ruin" in the issue of Feb. 9: "several ignorant foreigners mostly from Ireland.") If an entertainment is given by one of the Church societies for the delectation of our boys and girls, never an Irish item is put on the programme except some ribald rubbish as Pat Rooney's or Johnny Wild's.

In this way the principals of the Catholic schools leave it to the American toned organs of humor, the public-school authorities, and the low theatres to give our youth an idea of what their Irish forefathers were; and what wonder is it then, that going into the world with such an education, and listening to the sneers of their better-off Puritan descended mates, they should grow ashamed of their race and all its appendages, the Catholic religion along with the rest? RICHARD DALTON.

NEW YORK CITY.

It will be well for the "IGNORANT FOREIGNERS ESPECIALLY FROM IRELAND," to see to it that their children are not left in ignorance of the land of their forefathers. These insults dripping from the pens of those belonging to the household of faith must be turned back upon the heads of those who utter them, otherwise an unpleasant crisis might arise. PETER MCCORRY.

THE Blessed Sacrament looks to me as clear as a cloudless sky in June. If I could be an infidel, it would be when I had looked over the vast, boundless ocean of the patient tenderness of God; what I find more hard to believe, that being the beast and devil which I know myself to be, I should see my God at all hours, with a smile of love and a readiness of mercy, unspeakably, unchangeably a Father, a Friend, a Brother — oh more! almost a Servant, whose delight in my worthless soul I can neither exhaust nor understand.— *Father Faber.*

Our Lady of Guadalupe.

1531.

'Tis noon among the rugged, rocky hills
Of Mexico. Around the mountain's base
The swampy pastures lie, where, drowsily,
The hornless cattle graze. No sound disturbs
The silent air. Up steep Tepayacac
(Nose of the Mountain as this hill is call'd)
One solitary figure slowly toils.
His dress bespeaks the Indian race; his name,
Juan Diègo (so the legend runs),
An humble convert to the Christian faith.
While toiling up the mountain-side his ear,
Tunèd to the lays of his own people,
And the melodies the Spaniards sing, hears
An unaccustomed song; a sudden burst
Of sweet, harmonious sounds. He turned aside
To learn from whence they came, when, lo, before
His startled eyes, a white, transparent cloud!
Within the cloud, surrounded by a soft
And lovely-tinted rainbow, stood a maid
Of fair and placid countenance, richly clad
In garb of Indian Lady of high rank.
The peasant fearlessly approached. His soul,
So lately bathed in cleansing waters, felt
No superstitious fears; he simply knelt.
"I am the Mother of God," so spake the maid,
"And 'tis my wish a temple should be built
Upon this spot in honor of my Son;
Go tell the Bishop all you've seen and heard."
The vision fades; the lovely, fleecy cloud,
Like a light whiff of incense, floats unseen:
Only the rich perfume left, ambrosial;
That hung around the garments of the Queen.
Sweet glimpse of heaven! now gone, and left behind
Only the landscape bare, the whisp'ring wind.

Now down from steep Tepayacac
The rustic backward turns;
To tell the wondrous things he 's seen
His soul impatient burns;
Nor paused he, till the stately gates
And domes and turrets high,
The city fair of Mexico,
'Rose 'gainst the evening sky.
He passed the gates, with head erect;

He reached the palace door;
But hard to get an entrance there,
So travel-stained and poor.
At last he gained an audience from
The Bishop of the See,
Don Fray Juan de Zumàrrago;
A mighty churchman he!
He listened to the Indian's tale;
He heard the message given;
"But how am I to know," quoth he,
"This message comes from Heaven?
This youth, no doubt, a convert is,
Zealous and true perchance;
Yet tinged with superstition's curse,
I see it at a glance.
The chimeras of his old belief
Cling round him still I see;
No visions cometh in these days,
Well! not to such as he.
Go home and tend thy flocks, poor boy,
And leave to wiser brains
Such things mysterious. Dream no more, I pray,
Or keep thy dreams for night, not bright noon-day."

Disheartened and dismayed, the Indian turned
Back to his home beyond the hills again.
There, finding that his uncle lay at point
Of death, and no one near to shrive his soul,
He went next morn in search of confessor;
No short-cut o'er the mountain did he seek,
For fear he would the Indian Lady meet;
But skirting round the hill-side base, he came
To where the mineral spring upgushed its spray;
And, dancing in the sunlight, shed a ray
Of joyfulness and peace upon his sight.
And, standing by the fountain's brink, once more
He saw the face and form he dared not meet;
But she, with smile angelic, and with voice so sweet,
Said, "Be of good cheer, my son, thy uncle still
Shall live. His malady is cured. And thou,
Go up yon mountain-height, and bring to me
The roses that on the summit grow."
Now, Juan knew full well no roses grew,
Nor any flower, or herb, or tree, upon
That rocky ridge; but how could he refuse
Obedience to his Queen? So, cheerfully,
He went to do her bidding. There, indeed,
Upon the mountain top, fresh bloomed the rose!

He gathered all the blossoms sweet, and came,
Radiant with pleasure, down the rocky path,
That led to her, and placed them in her hands.
One moment her soft fingers fluttered o'er
The rosy blooms; then, with a heavenly smile
Of thanks, she bade him hold his *tilma* forth
(A sort of cloak it was the Indians wore).
Into the outstretched folds she threw the flowers,
And bade him hasten to the Bishop's feet,
And bear them as a token of his truth.
So Juan sped, on wings of love, yet still,
With many a backward glance upon the hill
Where bloomed the rose; and on the fountain's brink
Where stood the Maid; but all in vain! in vain!
The sighing winds low murmur the refrain;
"That vision thou shalt never see again."

Once more within the palace halls he stands,
His *tilma* tightly clutch'd within his hands;
So earnest and impassioned were his words,
So firm and calm his look, that no one dared
To bar his way. And this was audience day,
And scattered round the spacious hall in groups,
Full many a high ecclesiastic stood:
In serious converse some, of sombre mien;
While others chatted low, in merry strain,
Or told, perchance, the latest news from Spain.
And through the storied windows many-rayed
The morning glory of the sunlight strayed.
A sudden hush! Down the white marble steps,
With stately trailing robes, the Prelate came;
His keen eye glancing o'er the waiting throng
Rested on Juan. He approached the boy
With a faint *soupçon* of surprise, to see
Such calm persistence in such humble guise.
Juan, full mindful of rebuke bestowed,
Erewhile, in faltering tones, began his tale;
But, gathering courage as he went, let fall
The ends that held his robe, that he might show
(Triumphant proof) the Roses there concealed.
He dropt the folds, and down they softly rolled
Upon the tilèd floor. Glistening with dew,
In rosy splendor bright, unheeded there
They lay; for every eye within that hall
Was riveted upon the outstretched robe
From whence they fell, and this was what they saw:
A common cloth of native fibre wove;
Two yards in length, and 'bout a yard in width,
And, painted on this background rough, there glowed

In colors rich, harmonious, startling, clear,
A life-like picture of the vision seen
By young Diègo. On the perfect lip
The smile still lingers; o'er the shapely brow,
Serene and guileless, rests the golden crown;
The hands are meekly folded on the breast.
Her robe, the color of the rosy hue
That floods the sunset-west when day declines,
Glinted with gold embroideries. Like a veil
Her sea-green mantle falls from head to foot
In graceful folds. Set in the sunrays bright,
Beneath her feet the crescent moon's pale light.
A Queen indeed! the gracious Queen of Heaven!
But yet, in Indian guise to mortals given.
One moment's breathless calm! One thrill of awe
Ran with electric touches through the crowd.
Then down on bended knee, bishop and priests
With reverent fingers gather up the robe,
And bear the precious relics to the shrine,
Within the oratory. Then poor Juan,
Who, with unconscious grace and sparkling eyes,
Had stood aloof, a stranger mid the throng,
Slowly turned, and said, "*You have the Painting, Masters; but I have seen the living Queen.*"
But later on he guided them beyond
The city's gates. Through the long avenues
Of cypresses in close procession file
They followed him to steep Tepayacac,
And to the Mineral Spring, the lonely spots
Where Heaven's Mistress deign'd to seek our earth,
And chose as medium for her sweet commands
A simple Indian boy, that all his race,
Downtrodden 'neath the Spaniard's yoke, might know
They had a patroness, an advocate,
To plead for them before the throne of God
Till time shall be no more.

Obedient to this Heavenly Queen's behest,
Upon the sacred spot where she appeared,
There rose at once an humble hermitage,
Which grew in time to that most glorious fane,
That gem of art, dear to the Mexican heart,
The grand Cathedral Shrine of Guadalupe.

1890.

O Virgin sweet of Guadalupe!
O Indian Maid divine!
Would that this grateful heart could kneel
And worship at thy shrine,

For I have asked a boon of thee,
A miracle it seemed;
And thou hast won from thy dear Son
More than my heart e'er dreamed;
Therefore, though feeble be my voice,
(No poet born am I),
Yet must I sing thy praises loud,
And sing them till I die,
That other hearts may hear the strain,—
Hearts sad and full of pain,
May pray to Thee of Guadalupe,
And may not pray in vain.

O Queen of Heaven! Thy sacred shrines
Are scattered through our world;
In every clime, on every breeze,
Thy banners are unfurled
Like beacon-lights, that shine at night
O'er ocean's stormy wave;
These jeweled shrines which faith divines,
Hold forth thy torch to save.
Beneath thy banners, Glorious Queen,
May we both live and die.
Teach us to live, then bear aloft
Our spirit's trembling sigh;
Within the mantle of thy love enfold
Us like the roses of the legend old,
That when we go before our Judge and King,
While all the heavens with His glory ring,
He may not look on us poor earthly thing;
But, gazing on thy lovely gracious face,
Thou only sinless maid of Adam's race,
May say, in accents mild and full of grace,
"Blest are the souls to Mary's mercies given,
Pass on with her; She opes the gates of Heaven."

NOTE. The incidents which form the basis of the history of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," took place some ten years after the Conquest, during the pontificate of Clement VII., and in the reign of Charles V. Pilgrimages to the celebrated Shrine have continued uninterruptedly to this day, and no doubt will continue while there is a spark of nationality in Mexico. The writer has endeavored to adhere as closely as possible to the original legend.

Halifax, N.S. M. O'C.

A RUDE, shapeless trunk of a tree if it could think, would never believe that it might become a beautiful figure, a masterpiece of carving, and would not place itself beneath the chisel of the artist who sees what he can make of it. And so, many, who hardly live like Christians are far from imagining that they might become great saints if they allowed themselves to be wrought upon by the grace of God, and did not resist its influence. —*St. Ignatius.*

Death of Archbishop Heiss of Milwaukee.

THE death of the Most Rev. Michael Heiss, Archbishop of Milwaukee, who passed to his eternal reward March 26, 1890, was a severe loss to his own people, by whom he was greatly beloved, and to the American hierarchy, of which he was a most valued member.

The Most Rev. Archbishop was by birth a Bavarian. He was born in Pfahldorf, April 12, 1818, and was most carefully and thoroughly educated, being destined by his parents for the study of the law; but he preferred to serve God in the holy priesthood, and he studied theology in the celebrated university of Munich, where one of his preceptors was the famous Dr. Dollinger, distinguished at that time only for his brilliant talents, later, unfortunately, conspicuous for his leadership of the short-lived rebellion known as the Old Catholic party.

The young levite received Holy Orders from the hands of Cardinal Reisach, Oct. 18, 1840, and was assigned to a curacy; but three years later he came to America, where he spent one year in Kentucky, at the Church of the Mother of God, Covington, whence he went to Wisconsin as secretary to Most Rev. John Martin Henni, who was made first bishop of Milwaukee in 1844. In conjunction with Dr. Joseph Salzman, Father Heiss founded the Seminary of St. Francis, where his talents and learning enabled him to do much valuable work, until, in 1868, he was called upon to take a position in the hierarchy of the Church, and was appointed and consecrated Bishop of La Crosse, a new diocese comprising the northwestern portion of Wisconsin.

The wonderful development of this young diocese has kept pace with the growth of all our western states, and is well illustrated in the success of the first teaching order introduced there by Bishop Heiss, the Franciscan Sisters, who, from the humble beginning of twenty years ago, have increased to a large community, having five branch houses, and conducting forty-two parochial schools in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa. He also introduced the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Notre Dame into his diocese. In ten years, the number of churches was more than doubled, the clergy increased to forty-eight in number, and, from a few scattered missions, La Crosse has developed into an important and flourishing diocese.

Milwaukee was made an archbishopric in 1875, and in 1880 Bishop Heiss was transferred from La Crosse to Milwaukee, and made coadjutor, with the honorary title of Archbishop of Adrianople. In the following year, on the death of the Most Rev. Archbishop Henni, he succeeded him in the Archiepiscopal See of Milwaukee, receiving the pallium on April 23, 1883. On June 3, of the following year, he laid the corner-stone of the new Cathedral.

Archbishop Heiss took an active part as a theologian in the provincial councils of St. Louis, and in the second and third Plenary Councils of Baltimore. On the latter occasion, he opened a series of German sermons, preached by different prelates in St. Alphonsus'

Church, Baltimore. His subject was "The Councils of the Church: Their History and Their Usefulness," a subject which from study and experience he was well qualified to discuss, having taken a prominent part in the great Vatican Council of 1869–70, when he was selected by Pope Pius IX. as one of the forty-eight bishops representing, in four commissions of twelve members each, all parts of the world.

The archbishop, who was already past three score and ten, began to fail some months ago; and his death, though a severe blow and a deep loss to his devoted people, was not unexpected. His funeral, which took place on the 1st of April, was one of the most solemn and imposing ceremonies ever witnessed in the city of Milwaukee. It was attended by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, the bishops of Duluth, Winona, Dubuque, Detroit, Belleville, Sioux Falls, Fort Wayne, Grand Rapids, Green Bay, Lincoln, La Crosse, St. Cloud, and one hundred and fifty priests.

At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, the prelates and clergy assembled in the school-house near the Cathedral; from there they moved in procession to the Cathedral, and filed up the broad aisle past the bier of the dead prelate into the chancel, where the solemn chant of the funeral service was led by Father Thill of St. Mary's Church.

The scene was singularly impressive and beautiful; the sombre hangings in the great Cathedral, the solemn music of the Requiem, the perfect harmony of the ceremonies, showing forth in all its beauty the adaptability of the Catholic religion to every noble emotion of the heart of man; the sad and solemn tones of the "Dies Iræ" and the "Lux Æterna," bringing to mind the fear of God's dread judgment, and the hope of eternal happiness in the glory of the heavenly kingdom, touched the hearts even of those whom curiosity, perhaps, had brought to the Cathedral; and a profound stillness reigned throughout the vast edifice, broken only by the voices of the singers, and the movements of the officiating prelates.

Pontifical Requiem Mass was sung by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. At the end of Mass, Right Rev. Bishop Henessey, of Dubuque, delivered an English sermon on the life of the deceased prelate; and this was followed by a discourse in German by Right Rev. Bishop Katzer, of Green Bay. After the solemn ceremonies of absolution, the immense congregation dispersed. The remains of the Archbishop, after lying in state at St. Francis' until the following day, were interred beside those of his old and life-long friend, Dr. Salzman, beneath the shadow of his beloved seminary.

The deceased Archbishop is deeply mourned by his people, who feel they have lost in him a kind and vigilant shepherd. His labors and services in the cause of religion belong to the history of the Church in America, where they will form an important chapter in the development of the faith in the great Northwest. AGNES HAMPTON.

HAVE recourse to our sweet Mother Mary, the Mother of Compassion and of Mercy. — *St. Catherine of Sienna.*

"Domineering Over Parents:" A Gentle Expostulation.

A NUMBER of Protestant newspapers, and prominently several Presbyterian ones, are making a great outcry over the reported intention of the Right Rev. Bishop of Newark, N. J., to require Catholic parents in that diocese to send their children to Catholic schools, and not to the public schools (except in special cases, when they are dispensed therefrom by ecclesiastical authority), under the penalty of exclusion from the Sacraments of the Church. Now, though it will greatly intensify their rage, we may as well inform these blatant Protestant journals, that, just what the Right Rev. Bishop of Newark is reported to have done, or to have proposed to do, is simply a well-established rule of government for every diocese of the Catholic Church throughout the United States. Moreover, this rule is now actually enforced in certain parishes that are well provided with Catholic schools.

The rule is definitely laid down by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and is approved by the Holy See. That it has not been put into practical operation generally, in the dioceses of the Catholic Church of this country, is mainly owing to the fact, that Catholic schools are not yet sufficiently numerous or sufficiently well equipped to meet the reasonable educational wants and needs of Catholic parents and children. The Catholic Church never requires impossibilities. It establishes rules and administers them not for destruction but for edification.

But when the deficiency we have mentioned shall no longer exist, and when Catholic schools sufficient in number and educational equipments shall be placed within reasonable reach of Catholic parents (the work of doing which is vigorously prosecuted), there will be no good reason whatever, why the rule should not be practically enforced.

Now, before the more bigoted and less considerate of our Protestant friends hold up their hands anew in holy horror over this frank declaration, and renew their howls over it, as "an attempt to domineer over parents," to "supplant parental authority by that of the Church," as "an outrageous piece of ecclesiastical tyranny," as "a plain violation of the rights of every free man and woman," let us counsel them to move slowly and think before they shout, for, if they don't, we kindly warn them that all their accusations and denunciations will recoil upon themselves.

To convince them of this we shall have to "educate" our Protestant friends, and particularly our Presbyterian Protestant friends, in what their own so-called "Confessions of Faith," and "Catechisms" teach about the duties and obligations of Christian parents. For we are sorry to have to say it (but our Presbyterian friends have recently, very numerously and emphatically, said it about themselves), that they generally are very ignorant of the doctrines they profess to believe.

We take up the Presbyterian (Westminster) Confession, Direc-

tory, Discipline, etc., entitled "The Constitution of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, as Ratified by the General Assembly at their Sessions in May, 1821; and Amended in 1833." In Chapter IX., Section 1, of the "Directory," we find this declaration:

"Children, born within the pale of the visible Church and dedicated to God in Baptism, *are under the inspection and government of the Church.*"

Certainly this is clear enough and explicit enough as to whether Presbyterians believe that their "Church" has authority over children. But we go on to the next sentence:

"They [children] are to be taught to read, and repeat the Catechism, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. They are to be taught to pray, to abhor sin, to fear God, and to obey the Lord Jesus Christ. And when they come to years of discretion . . . they ought to be informed that it is their duty and their privilege to come to the Lord's Supper."

Here, also, we have an explicit declaration, and quite an extensive and comprehensive plan of Presbyterian religious education.

But we proceed a little further and find that not the parents but the "officers of the Church" are to be the judges as to whether this work of religious education is so carried on so as to qualify the children for admission to "sealing ordinances."

"The years of discretion must be left to the judgment of the Eldership. The officers of the Church are judges of the modifications of those to be admitted to the sealing ordinances," etc.

Now let us see what authority Presbyterians profess to believe their "Church officers" possess and ought to exercise. We turn to Chapter XXX. of the "Westminster Confession." It declares:

Section 1. "The Lord Jesus Christ as king and head of His Church hath therein appointed a government in the hand of Church officers, distinct from the civil magistrate."

Sec. 2. "To these officers the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent," etc.

Sec. 3. "Church censures are necessary for the reclaiming and gaining of offending brethren, for deterring others from like offences; for the purging out of that old leaven which might infect the whole lump," etc.

Sec. 4. "For the better attaining of these ends the officers of the Church are to proceed by admonition, suspension from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper for a season, and by *excommunication* from the Church, according to the nature of the crime and the demerit of the person."

Here, then, we have explicitly declared what is the professed doctrine of Presbyterianism respecting the authority of Church officers, the duty of parents as regards the religious education of their children, the right and power of Church officers to discipline "offending" members, and the right of supervision over both parents and children with regard to their religious obligations.

Other Protestant sects, with more or less explicitness, make the same professions of belief on these subjects. If they and the Presbyterians do not believe or practise what they profess, so much the worse

for their consistency. They do not and cannot, without wholly and defiantly denying the plain and explicit declarations of the Sacred Scriptures, pretend even that parental obligations to children are not Christian duties, or that the Church may not and must not take cognizance of the manner in which and the extent to which her members discharge those duties, and if derelict, admonish, censure, suspend them from approaching the sacraments, or, if need be, excommunicate them.

Just this, and all this, the Catholic Church claims she may do and must do in the fulfilment of her divine mission. Just this, too, and all this, is involved in the pretensions of every sect that claims to be Christian. Let, therefore, anti-Catholic bigots who profess to be Christians, hunt up some other pretext for maligning the Catholic Church, and the Church's Hierarchy.

The Catholic Standard, Philadelphia, Pa.

Well-Informed Catholics.

In a recent lecture at Detroit, Mich., Rev. Father Dowling, S.J., said: Is it not a shame that Catholics, otherwise well informed in matters of business, politics, history, literature, social forms, take so little trouble to prepare themselves for giving an account of the faith that is in them? How many would be able to give a satisfactory account of the infallibility of the Pope, the meaning of the Temporal Power, the Immaculate Conception, or the difference between the Catholic and the Presbyterian doctrine of justification? They possess the faith, and are satisfied to keep it to themselves. This is not surprising, when excellent books of instruction are not even known by many. There is a beautifully gotten-up book lying on the centre-table. A Catholic visitor takes it in her hand enthusiastically, with the exclamation, "What book is this?"—"That is Our Christian Heritage, by Cardinal Gibbons." She flings it down again, saying, "Oh, pshaw, I thought it was Bellamy's Looking Backward, or Howell's A Hazard of New Fortunes." She throws it aside to take up the daily paper. What does she turn to? It is the latest scandal, the latest brilliant attack on Christianity. She takes in the poison that liberalizes her mind and undermines her faith, but never an antidote. What wonder that Catholics' influence is so little, and their efforts to communicate the truth so unsatisfactory, when zeal is wanting, when some show such a painful anxiety to be as nearly like Protestants as possible, so that those intimately acquainted with them for many years do not know that they are Catholics. They forget their missionary character, that they are to be leaven which is to ferment the entire mass. They minimize, they surrender, they make concessions, they give way to human respect, and they are ashamed of what? Of the noblest history that was ever written; of the grandest tradition that was ever handed down; of the most magnificent lineage going back to the time of the apostles and martyrs of a Church fruitful in grand and glorious deeds.

Slavery and Christianity.

LAST PART.

XI.

At the time when slavery had well nigh disappeared in the Old World, it sprang into existence once more in the New World discovered by Columbus. At first it was on the weak and helpless natives, Indians as they were called, that the burden of servile labor was imposed in the newly established colonies. The infliction was a source of nameless suffering to the unfortunate aborigines. They sank at once into the lowest condition of slavery. Doomed to life-long and compulsory labor in the mines, they were wholly defenceless against the cruelties of the heartless colonists. The attempts which they made, from time to time, to shake off the inhuman yoke, only served to aggravate their lot, and draw down on their devoted heads the most brutal punishments. Within a period of fifteen years, one tenth of the native population in the Spanish colonies had melted away.

The instinct of the persecuted race led them to fly for aid to the Catholic priesthood, and in the Dominican Order they found zealous and fearless advocates. With no uncertain voice the clergy denounced the conduct of the colonists as opposed alike to natural justice and the teachings of the gospel. Nor did they desist from their labors in behalf of the oppressed, even when King Ferdinand, lending ear to the complaints of the colonists, formally declared that Indian slavery was in accordance with law, and that those who denounced it, however good their intentions, were a source of evil and discord in the colonies.

The greatest benefactor of the unfortunate Indians was Las Casas, whose name is the glory not only of Spain but of all humanity. With all the love of a warm and tender heart, he took the oppressed natives under his care, and though his labors, in their behalf, did not have the desired results, he returned several times to Spain in order to plead at the steps of the throne the cause of the natives, and bring about their liberation from slavery. He succeeded in winning over to his side Cardinal Ximenes, regent of Spain, and the question of their manumission was taken into serious consideration. But the opinion prevailed almost universally at the time that, in establishing colonies, some form of compulsory restraint was needed in the case of savage tribes. In consequence, the decrees of the government enjoining a milder form of treatment proved so limited in their operation as to be practically useless.

But Las Casas did not despair. When later on, in the year 1543, he was appointed bishop of Chiapa, in Mexico, he redoubled his exertions in behalf of the Indians, undismayed by the increasing hostility of the Spanish colonists. The principle on which he acted, that no Spaniard who refused to liberate his slaves should receive absolution, was adopted by the assembled bishops of the New World in a council

at Mexico, and a solemn condemnation was thereby pronounced against Indian slavery.

XII.

To the evil of Indian slavery was now superadded a greater evil, namely, negro slavery. Some years before, negro slaves had been brought from Africa to Hispaniola to supply the place of the natives, who were rapidly dying out under the exhausting labors of the mines. The practice soon extended to the remaining colonies. Charles V. consulted Las Casas on the subject, and the latter, in an evil hour, influenced by compassion for the natives, and desirous of mitigating their hardships, consented to the project, or, at least, did not refuse it his sanction. Thus it has happened that a later age has stigmatized Las Casas as the first who introduced negro slavery into the New World, though years before, without any consent or approval of his, negroes were imported, as slaves to the colonies, both from Spain and Africa. Indeed it was the Portuguese who first set the example, having long before employed negroes as slaves in their colonies along the shores of Western Africa.

Soon the traffic in negro slaves came into general use. The Genoese were the first to practise it; other countries soon engaged in rival efforts to gain control of the lucrative business, and, in particular, Elizabeth of England evinced a special liking for the traffic in human flesh. During the three hundred years that the American slave-trade lasted, no less than three millions of Africans were imported as slaves into the New World.

Here again, it was the Church who first uplifted her voice against these inhuman practices. Pope Paul III., on the 29th of May, 1537, and Urban VIII., on the 22d of April, 1639, publicly denounced slavery; so also Benedict XIV., on Dec. 20, 1741. Among the Protestant sects, it was the Quakers who first began to agitate in England against the unchristian traffic, and who abolished slavery outright in the colonies which they founded in North America.

About the close of the eighteenth century the agitation against negro slavery had become quite general in England. Scholars and statesmen, poets and preachers, spoke and wrote in defence of the rights of humanity. A distinction was made between abolition and emancipation. By the former was understood the prohibition of the slave-trade; by the latter, the liberation of those already existing in a state of slavery. It was for the attainment of abolition that the reformers first exerted themselves. It was supposed that when no more slaves should be imported, those already in the country would receive milder treatment, and the natural increase suffice for the needs of the colony.

A law forbidding the importation of slaves was passed by one of the Northern states in the year 1787. Much more effective in its results was the Abolition Act for the English colonies which was carried through by Fox against bitter opposition, and became a law in the year 1807. By this act an end was put to the English slave-trade.

Treaties were entered into with nearly all European countries, as well as with Brazil and the United States, by which the contracting parties bound themselves to do all in their power to suppress the traffic.

It must be acknowledged, however, that by many of the countries the treaty was not faithfully observed, — notably by Brazil, France, Portugal, and the United States. The trade was still carried on under the flag of the Union, and the English cruisers were unable to intercept the slave-ships. Indeed, it would seem as if England were not wholly in earnest in the work of extirpating the traffic as far as her own colonies were concerned, and the fact remains, that, despite all the treaties and conventions, the trade was still carried on. Nor should we lose sight of the further fact, that the commerce in human beings was promoted and fostered by the African negroes themselves. For slavery existed among them in Africa under its most cruel form; and they were constantly at war among themselves for the purpose of capturing slaves whom they could dispose of to the traders. Nor would they hesitate to set up their own friends and relations in the factories of the slave-merchants from motives of sordid gain.

The emancipation of all slaves was first proclaimed in the French national convention of the year 1794, according to which all slaves in the French colonies were declared free. No immediate effort, however, was put forth to realize the high-flown utterances of the convention. In England, Wilberforce was the first to take up the cause of the emancipation of the slaves; after him Buxton, in the year 1823. At first they made but slight headway. After a time, they began to gain ground, and by the year 1833, they succeeded in laying before Parliament over five thousand petitions signed by more than half a million of persons, with the object of bringing about the emancipation of the slaves in British colonies. Parliament now passed a bill which provided for the entire abolition of slavery, which bill received the royal assent, 25th of August, 1833. For the slave-owners was set apart the sum of twenty million pounds sterling. The work of emancipation was carried on in the English colonies up to the year 1838. A like event took place in Mexico after its separation from Spain, as also in the free states of South America. In the United States of the North, slavery ceased to exist, while it still survived in the South, and under a very oppressive form. In some of the Southern slave states, it was forbidden by law to educate the slaves, with the view that they might never be able to attain to the full use of their reasoning powers. In Missouri the law was passed, 1837, that whosoever wrote against slavery should himself be sold as a slave. It was only when the war of secession was over, and the South laid down its arms, that the Federal government was able to carry into effect the abolition of slavery for the Southern states. Since then, slavery no longer exists in those territories.

An apostolic brief, in condemnation of the principle of slavery, which Gregory XVI. issued in the year 1839, had a powerful influence in the suppression of the slave traffic. In this document the Pope admonished and implored all Christians to lead no one into slavery,

not to traffic in slaves, nor in any way co-operate with the slave-merchants; nor should any clergyman henceforth presume to defend the traffic in slaves as allowable. From the beginning of her establishment in North America, the Catholic Church took an active interest in the negro slaves, and sought to lighten their oppressive burden by bringing to bear upon them the blessings of Christianity. During the war of secession, some of the bishops held the view that it was not advisable to emancipate the slaves at once, on the ground that it was not likely that the negroes would make a wise and salutary use of their newly acquired freedom, and that they were exposed to the danger of wholly disappearing in time. They advocated rather a gradual abolition, when the slaves should be prepared for freedom, by a previous intellectual and moral training. Meanwhile, during the period of transition, they should be treated by their masters in a mild and Christian manner, in order that the proposed training might not fail of its due effect. This view did not prevail; there were political considerations which mainly determined the Federal government to adopt the immediate abolition of slavery. Whether this course was of greater advantage to the negroes themselves than their gradual liberation is an open question at this day.

Such, in brief, is a history of slavery during the Christian era. Though with the entrance of Christianity into the world, the inner principle on which slavery rested was overthrown and abolished, it was still only after a long series of years that the institution itself was eliminated from human society; and it was essentially the Christian spirit and its representative, the Church, that first started and carried to a successful issue, this process of elimination. Under this influence, everywhere among the Christian nations, that relation of free service took definite form, which alone fully answers to the requirements of the moral order. The relation between servant and master, between the laborer and the employer, must exist, if human society is to exist. But this must be borne in mind, that, in the first place, the relation should be a moral one; and in the second place, should rest on a contract freely entered on. This moral relation between both, Christianity has laid down from the beginning: through the same influence the freedom of the labor contract has attained to its position of rightful supremacy.

XIII.

In modern times, this great social, reforming power of Christianity appears to be, in great measure, forgotten; it is believed that society can dispense with Christianity, and arrive at a right solution of social questions without the aid of that religion. Nay, a spirit hostile to Christianity has made its appearance, which seeks with all its power to drive Christianity out of society, and bases this last on materialistic views of life and duty. But what has happened? As a consequence, relations and conditions have arisen which point to a retrograde movement in the direction of ancient serfdom and slavery.

The modern liberal system of political economy, which bases the

social and industrial life in the selfishness of the individual, has, in the relation between the working man and his employer, given rise to a view of ownership or dominion which clearly tends in the above-mentioned direction. This view, which determines the relations of the industrial capitalist to his working men, is, that he employs the labor force of these latter wholly for his own profit, without any concern for the welfare of the working men themselves. To him, indeed, the laborer is but an instrument of work to be flung aside when no longer profitable. Accordingly, it is a sufficient designation of the working man's personality to refer to him as a "labor-force." So, too, we find working men referred to as "labor-forces." No moral relation, such as springs from the principle of Christian charity, is recognized between the working man and his employer; the sole relation is the legal one. This being the case, the object of the working man's existence is, as a sort of yoke-horse, to drag forward the chariot of capital; his personal interests are a matter of entire indifference.

One must be blind not to perceive in this a return, or at least an approach, to the old pagan principle of slavery. A very little more, and the working man ceases to exist as a person for his employer. comes, in fact, to be regarded as a mere "living instrument of work," a "labor-force," like any other machine. Those who acknowledge no moral duties to the working man, springing from the principle of Christian charity, can only see in him a being created for their own special use and benefit, but who has no personal destination, consequently no rights resulting therefrom: in a word, the dignity of the working man's personality is more and more lost sight of. In this consists the essential character of slavery.

But it may be said, "at least labor is free; the laborer need not work unless he so wishes." Even this, however, threatens to become illusory, owing to the modern capitalistic law of wages. The law consists in this, that the rate of wages must be determined by the relations of supply and demand. The working man brings his labor-force into the market, and offers it for sale; the employer purchases it; but the factor determining the purchase price is not the needs of the working man, but the law of supply and demand; that is, the greater the quantity of labor-force in the market for sale, the less the price, consequently the less the wages. Whether the working man can support his family on the wages he receives is nobody's business except his own. And since, owing to the economic and industrial conditions of the time, the number of men reduced to labor for a living and enter the service of capital is increasing every day, the supply of labor-force for sale must, of course, be greater, and the wages proportionately less.

It follows from all this, that the privilege which the laborer enjoys of seeking work elsewhere, if not satisfied with his wages, is fast becoming a mere mockery and delusion. For how is the poor working man, living daily from hand to mouth — himself and his family — to avail himself of this so-called privilege? Let him only be a short time without work, and he sinks into the direst need. The fact is, that the working man is bound to his employer by a chain of physical necessity

not to be sundered; he *must* labor in the service of his employer, since necessity impels him. What benefit, then, does he derive from this privilege of free labor. The relation between laborer and employer is formally free; materially, it is compulsory, since, as a matter of fact, necessity forbids any severance of the ties between them. In this, also, we can hardly fail to perceive a retrograde movement in the direction of slavery.

Indeed, in one respect, the modern laborer in the employment of the industrial capitalist is worse off than the slave of ancient times. For it was the interest of the master to support his slaves as long as they represented an actual cash value. But no such interest exists for the modern industrial capitalist, since when a laborer becomes unfit for work, a hundred others are ready to rush in and take his place. The supply only becomes all the greater. The employer can also demand an amount of labor beyond the limits of human endurance, and if the laborer break down under the strain, the interests of the employer suffer no detriment whatever. That this excessive burden is often imposed on the laborer, is evident from the prolongation of the hours of labor beyond all reasonable limits which is far from being a rare occurrence.

It is quite clear that conditions such as these must produce a demoralizing effect on the laboring classes, as did the slavery of old. Like causes produce like effects. We need not wonder, accordingly, that among the great mass of the working men, wherever they are chained to the chariot of the industrial capitalist, a coarse materialism should prevail which holds in contempt the higher religious and moral ideas, and regards as an outworn prejudice respect for authority. After the example of the industrial capitalist, the working men also come to believe that they can find happiness only in unlimited sensual gratification, for, according to their views, there is no life beyond the grave; but since the conditions of their existence do not permit this unlimited sensual enjoyment, their whole thought and endeavor is to overthrow the existing order of society, that they, too, may come into possession of those goods which the wealthy capitalist enjoys and withholds from them. Hence the seething unrest which prevails among the laboring masses at the present day.

In ancient times conspiracies and uprisings of slaves to throw off their terrible yoke were quite common. Vast multitudes enrolled themselves under the banners of Eunus in Sicily, of Spartacus in lower Italy; Eunus and Kleon were, at one time, at the head of two hundred thousand slaves. The uprisings were all crushed; the war was murderous beyond all example; so, too, the vengeance which the Romans exacted. Crassus, the conqueror of Spartacus, caused ten thousand gladiators to be crucified, and set up on crosses along the road from Capua to Rome. In an inscription graven on the monument of Ancyra, Augustus boasts that he handed over to their masters for execution (against his plighted word) thirty thousand slaves who had fought in the cause of Sextus Pompeius.

We do not believe that labor outbreaks at the present day would

lead to such frightful catastrophes; though untold misery would be entailed on vast multitudes. Nor can we bring ourselves to think of the disgrace to our boasted civilization which such a contingency involves.

XIV.

Inasmuch as the modern system of political economy has inaugurated a retrograde movement in the direction of the ancient slavery, it has also given rise to a reaction directed against the "slavery" of the working classes, and which, to put an end to all such "slavery" once for all, aims at the formation of a new order of society. This is SOCIALISM.

Socialism proposes to abolish the wage-labor system, and substitute in its stead coöperative labor. The working men shall no longer labor in the service of any one for wages, but in combined association for themselves. Private property, as well as private production, must be done away with, and everything transferred into the hands of the labor association. These labor associations are represented in the labor state. To this state the individual working man shall give his labor, but in such a wise that he can demand from it, as a right, the actual worth of his labor which the state is obliged to furnish.

It does not come within the scope of this article to enter on a thorough examination of this system; but the question may be asked: Suppose the system actually realized, will the condition of the working men be essentially improved thereby? We do not think so. The working man would merely become the slave of the state. His labor ceases to be free, inasmuch as it is determined for him by the state, and, what is chiefly to be considered:— in the eyes of the state he does not appear as a free, self-determining personality, but as an instrument of work whose labor force, assigned by the state to certain fixed limits, is claimed and appraised in behalf of the entire state association. But this is the distinguishing mark of all slavery. That the working man can demand the due reward of his labor from the state as a right sounds well in theory; but the proposition has no practical worth, since the working man is always under the control of the state, and it depends on the state how labor and the products of labor are to be appraised. Accordingly not the working man but the authority of the state determines for him the value of his labor.

The socialistic state would, in consequence, be the realization of a species of universal slavery, in which not only a certain class of men, but all the members of the state, would sink into the condition of state slavery.

Christianity it is that eliminated slavery from the world; and that religion alone can preserve society from falling back into slavery. Wherever society has discarded the Christian spirit, as represented by the Church, a retrograde movement in the direction of slavery is immediately started. If this movement is to be restrained, the spirit of Christianity must become once more a living factor, guiding the operations and the development of society; otherwise there is no hope. As

well for society, as for the individual, the words are true: "Under heaven is no other name, in which salvation can be found, except the name of Christ." In the Christian spirit is salvation and deliverance; apart from it — retrogression and ruin. REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

The Home of the True Man.

THE Catholic Church attracts those who love the simplicity of natural manners by the harmonies of a restored creation. The Catholic religion is not presented to us as separated from nature, but in conjunction with it, forming a grand whole, fostering all the domestic affections with manhood, gentleness, liberality, and all the virtues which conduce the happiness of *home*, banishing not more the luxuries which militate directly against the social state in general, than the false notions of spirituality which would interfere with the free action of the natural relations. For, as a recent author says, "The beauty, peace, unity, and truth of life repose on that religious equilibrium which protects the flesh against the pride of the spirit, and the spirit against the invasions of the flesh." In truth, nothing is so natural as Catholicity, — nothing so full of heart, nothing so favorable, therefore, to all the sweets of home.

When one looks abroad upon the nations which once constituted Christendom, and examines seriously the causes of social and political prosperity or decay, this great fact stands forth as evidently as a bright beacon light in the darkness over a dangerous reef. The strength or weakness, the vitality or decadence of nations, is to be measured by the purity of their home life, by their sacred regard for home, its authority and its sanctities.

Take any people among whom home, — from that of the sovereign or chief magistrate, to the lowliest and poorest citizens, — is protected by law, manners, and a wholesome public opinion, against everything calculated to loosen or to weaken the sacredness of the marriage tie, and you will find the nation distinguished for private worth, political honesty, and an enlightened love of freedom.

Abuses there may and will be in the administration of best human institutions; but where the homes of nations are sincerely and thoroughly Christian, public corruption must find a certain and most effective remedy in a public opinion, fed by the purity and honesty of private life. KENELM HENRY DIGBY.

Balfour and the Priest.

THE story is related that on a recent stay in Dublin of Mr. Balfour, he was informed of one priest who did not belong to the nationalist party. Taking an opportunity favorable for obtaining information on an interesting point, he asked the priest if, in his opinion, the Irish people were as bitter against him as they were represented to be. "Since you have asked I will tell you the truth," said the priest. "If our flocks hated sin half as cordially as they hate you, there would be no use for a priest in Ireland." We presume Mr. Balfour did not make any further inquiries.

The Late Mr. Biggar.

THE story of Mr. Biggar having bequeathed Butlerstown Castle to Mr. Tim Healy is not true. The castle is to go for the use of the priest or priests officiating at Butlerstown, and will form a pleasant adjunct to their presbytery. Mr. Biggar himself very rarely stayed at the mansion, which was a year or two ago bequeathed to him by an admiring connection. He used it as a sort of sanatorium for the Parliamentary Party, of which he was a distinguished member. If any member was ill, or, being overworked, wanted a rest, Mr. Biggar gave him the key of Butlerstown Castle, and begged him to go there and make himself at home. Last summer Mr. Healy was a resident there for some weeks, a circumstance which has probably given rise to the rumor alluded to. The bulk of Mr. Biggar's fortune is left "to my son, Joseph Biggar," with the condition that he shall pass his examination as a solicitor. The son having made an effort during his father's lifetime to enter this honorable profession, failed to pass. Should he be finally beaten in his effort, the bulk of Joseph Gillis Biggar's possessions will go to the Church. He has not left any money to Mr. Tim Healy. This omission was made at the request of Mr. Tim Healy himself, who, learning Mr. Biggar's intentions carried out in one of the earlier editions of the will, begged him to dispose of his money in other channels. Mr. Biggar was not to be entirely thwarted, and he has left two hundred pounds to a son of Mr. Tim Healy, for whom he stood as godfather. Miss Biggar, who refused consent to a public funeral, is left a legacy of eighty pounds. To his executors Mr. Biggar leaves fifty pounds apiece.

In addition to his own income derived from a large and prosperous business, he inherited a legacy of two hundred thousand dollars from his father a few years ago. The latter was a strict Presbyterian and heard with horror of his son's conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. The correspondence between the two was characteristically laconic. Mr. Biggar, senior, cut out from a newspaper the paragraph announcing his son's conversion to the Catholic Church, and enclosed it with the following note: "Dear Joseph: Is this true? Yours, J. B." Mr. Biggar, M. P., replied on the fly sheet: "Dear father: It is. Yours truly, J. G. B." After this the father threatened to disinherit his son, but relented before he died, and did nothing worse than to cut him off with the trifle of two hundred thousand dollars mentioned above.

The English and Irish papers continue to write of the late Mr. J. G. Biggar, and Unionist and Liberal unite in paying their kindly tributes to his memory. The Birmingham Daily Post (Unionist) writes: The reason for the late Mr. Biggar recently taking up his residence at Clapham was an interesting and praiseworthy one. The Bon Secours Sisters, who have a convent at Bayswater, carry on a work of great magnitude in relieving the poor and distressed, succoring the sick, and tending death-beds. Recently they opened a home

at Clapham, and Mr. Biggar, whose purse was always open for the needs of the institution, took up his residence in the neighborhood in order that he might be more accessible to the Sisters, who consulted him on every point connected with the administration of their affairs. A curious personal trait of the deceased may also be described. He had a strong aversion to giving any opportunity for his signature being copied, and when he wrote a letter at the House of Commons he allowed it to dry without ever using blotting paper. He carried this idea so far, indeed, that when he signed an order of admission for strangers, which was very frequently, he could always be seen waving it in the air as he went through the lobby and corridor, in order that the ink of his signature might thus be naturally dried.

Writing on the same topic, the Manchester Guardian says: Mr. Biggar had long been the greatest friend of the Catholic Sisters known as the Sisters of Bon Secours, located at Bayswater. Recently they have opened a home at Bayswater, and in the management of this Mr. Biggar felt so much interested that he took up his residence in the locality in order that he might be nearer the work. The Sisters give succor to the sick poor, and Mr. Biggar contributed large sums almost monthly.

The Catholic Review: Of the greatly-beloved and much-abused late Mr. Biggar, Home Ruler and Obstructionist, many good stories are told. The character of the obstruction policy is given in almost the open episode. Biggar chose a time when the Prince of Wales was about entering the House to rise and croak out, "Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers!"—an ancient and half-forgotten formula, with which it was in the power of any member to compel a clearance of the galleries. The House was horror-stricken at the very thought of this. Some affrighted members raced breathlessly through the corridors and managed to prevent the Prince from showing himself, though he had actually entered the door. An indignant hum rang through the benches. Disraeli and Hartington, speaking for the two great English parties, rose in succession to denounce the outrage. George Bryan, one of Butt's lieutenants, followed with an equally wrathful repudiation of the deed, winning enthusiastic cheers for his closing words: "I think that a man should be a gentleman first and a patriot afterward." Memorable words these — carrying in their bowels the explanation of a century of cruel oppression, plunder, famine, and expatriation in Ireland. Henry Chaplin, the pompous old Tory, who is now Minister of Agriculture, referred frankly to Biggar's having made his money in pork. "The honorable member," he said loftily, "appears to forget that he is now admitted to the society of gentlemen."

Biggar smiled placidly at all this, and continued his course unruffled and undismayed. Soon young Mr. Parnell, just returned to Parliament, came and sat beside Biggar, and joined in his obstructive policy. These two gradually won supporters within the Irish ranks, and at the end of five years Parnell had become the acknowledged leader of the Irish party in a movement as different from Butt's old rosewater agitation as Gen. Sherman is from Corporal Tanner.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER IV.—BANKING.

The Typical Irishman.—Lever.—Thackeray.—Change in the National Character.—The Irish Party.—Joint Stock Banks.—A Page of Disasters.—Sadlier's Bank.—His Career and Fate.—Loss of Public Confidence.—O'Connell.—Foundation of National Bank.—English Directory.—The Act of Union.—Financial Crisis.—Irish Lords and Commons.—Removal of Wealth.—The Bank of Ireland.—Organic Change Needed.—Northern Banks.—Laws Concerning Banking.—Bank of Ireland Monopoly.—A Rival.—Decline of Dublin.—The Bank Act.—Post-Office Savings Banks.—Scotch Banking System.—People's Banks.—In Germany and America.

THE history of every trade and industry in Ireland presents many features which cannot fail to excite a smile of derision on the face of the scornful, and perhaps a sigh of regret from those who are acquainted with her genial, kindly people. Ireland and her inhabitants for years past have been subject to the flouts and jeers of England. The typical Irishman is represented as a thoughtless, extravagant, happy-go-lucky buffoon, highly calculated to amuse his masters, and utterly callous to the ridicule he provokes. One of Ireland's most eminent novelists has done much to strengthen this impression. When Lever practised as a physician in Ireland, the canal boat was a mode of conveyance, but though the country is not much in advance at present, it has developed beyond the canal and turf boat. Thackeray visited Ireland and was hospitably received; his return was to caricature the people whose salt he had eaten. Having unearthed the baseness and snobbery of human character and depicted it with loving minuteness, he acquired the title of a great writer, and with singular want of generosity lost no opportunity of slandering Irishmen, and misrepresenting the lives of those who made the mistake of believing that a great novelist must necessarily be a gentleman. Englishmen who have not crossed the Channel believe Jack Costigan to be an excellent representative of the Irish country squire. The truth is, the character painted by Lever, and the dress and physiognomy depicted by Punch, are much on the same level. Both are inaccurate, while the small fry of actors and play-writers never travel out of the old rut, and persist in ignoring the great change which has come over the country during the last forty years. The joyful, witty, blundering Irishman no longer exists; a thoughtful, serious, and, perhaps, sullen individual stands in his place. That he is not wanting in sincerity, and the ability to think and to act, may be gathered from the tone of the present leaders of the Irish party. True, they are not all country gentlemen; their manners do not possess the Vere de Vere stamp;* one of them is a beggar's brat and still retains the manners and suspicions of a vagrant; but Ireland has had great men in the past, many of them wholly submerged and losing their very nationality in the service of England. She possesses at present a band of Nature's gentlemen, brave, self-denying, and

* The writer of these pages obtained his facts in all cases from original sources, traders, or government returns; the former in some cases were tardy in giving the desired information. In this difficulty a polite note was written to Mr. M. Davitt, asking him to put the matter before his acquaintances. The answer was a flat refusal, coupled with an insolent attempt at patronage. Mr. Davitt is one of those patriots who appear to think that, since he has undertaken the cause of Ireland, she needs no other friends. So far as he is concerned, the brilliant literary ability of the McCarthys, father and son, and the statesmanlike acumen of Parnell and Healy might be expunged. The writer warns the Irish and American public of such a patriot.

disciplined, worthy to be compared with any of the groups that have passed away. The characteristic of this party is not mirth or blunder, but dogged resistance and do-or-die determination. Ireland has suffered too long and too much to be any longer mirthful. Her moneyed transactions shall now command our attention.

In Ireland, there exist nine joint stock banks with several branches: The Bank of Ireland, Hibernian, Provincial, Northern, Belfast, National, Ulster, Royal, and Munster. The capital of the Bank of Ireland is twelve million pounds, and the other eight possess about thirty-eight million pounds, giving an available capital of about fifty million pounds. Here is a sufficient amount of money at the disposal of various companies to enable a country to tide over her difficulties, and meet the adverse circumstances of the day. We will presently see the services they render the country. Beyond the number mentioned, there have been several other banks founded which have disappeared; some merged into other banks; some forgotten; while others have collapsed so disgracefully that they have sown universal mistrust in the minds of the people. Want of support ruined some; folly, ignorance, and fraud disposed of the rest. The history of those banks is a scroll, written within and without in tears, lamentation, and woe. As a case in point, take the Tipperary Bank, better known as Sadlier's Bank. It was founded in 1839, by Mr. John Sadlier, a young solicitor practising in Dublin, who afterwards became a Parliamentary agent. Owing to a plausible manner, he obtained considerable deposits from the rich farmers of Tipperary, and discounted large sums to landowners who mortgaged their property. Mr. Sadlier represented Carlow in Parliament, and subsequently Sligo. He became a railway director, a chairman of the London and County Bank, a junior Lord of the Treasury, and the cynosure of the Irish brigade in Parliament. After swindling the country to the amount of one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, he ended his career with poison. One morning his body was found stark cold on Hampstead Heath. It was never known how he spent the vast sum of money he squandered, as his mode of life was unostentatious and frugal. The bank he established had many branches, but the panic occasioned by its collapse is not yet forgotten. He swindled the farmers and poor widows of the South of Ireland alone out of four hundred thousand pounds.

A villanous transaction never stands alone; thanks to a free press, in the exclusive hands of a couple of dozen moneyed men, its very publicity insures imitation. More than one swindle followed, whose history we need not publish; the consequences, however, are serious; the people of Ireland have become so distrustful that they will take the smallest interest from the government rather than imperil their hard-won earnings by intrusting them to the hands of banks.

Banking in Ireland is altogether on a wrong basis; instead of promoting industry it prevents its development. No industrial efforts can be successfully carried on without liberal and extensive support from banking institutions. O'Connell perceived the influence which a good

system of banking might produce; he founded a National Bank in 1834, with the view of fostering and helping trade, industry, and manufactures. The conditions of this establishment were, that a branch should be founded in each suitable town in Ireland, and that the profits should be divided among the share-holders. In 1836, when it was well on its legs, it commenced to transact business in London with eleven branches and subsequently a head office. From that day to this it has ceased to be an Irish bank; it is now a receptacle for the savings of the Irish people, to be sent across to London for foreign investments, or, more properly speaking, for facilitating all sorts of gambling on the Stock Exchange. The Irish National and Provincial Banks are controlled by boards of English gentlemen acting in London, who have no interest in Irish industries, and whose main object is to launch all available cash Ireland can spare into some enterprise which has no bearing whatever on Irish commerce or manufacture.

The first great blow dealt to Irish banking institutions was the Act of Union. The failure of banks in Dublin at that time caused a loss of twenty million pounds, and mercantile business was crushed. That was the first page in the history of disasters which the efforts of the greatest statesman of our time has not set on its legs. When money ceased to be spent in Dublin, business houses failed. Before the Union, there were one hundred and four lords in the Irish Parliament; perhaps as extravagant a body of gentlemen as could be found on any spot in the globe. French manners, dress, and profusion, and a fine flavor of improvidence, purely national, were the order of the day. Of these one hundred and four noble lords who graced the Parliament with their presence, not a man of them spent less than six thousand pounds a year; many of the number considerably more. Of these eighty-two banked with Latouche; the ledgers show, to some extent, the expenditure. It amounted to six hundred and twenty-four thousand pounds a year, speaking of Dublin alone.

There were three hundred members of the House of Commons. In the good old bribery days, no commoner, except a wealthy one, dared to think of law-making. The expenditure of each of the three hundred could not have been less than three thousand pounds annually. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, all this money was spirited away from Dublin, like a piece of furniture in a pantomime. The banks suffered, the towns suffered, the country suffered. The wonder is, that Ireland, and, especially, Dublin, survived this sudden removal of wealth, which fed and supported all the avenues of trade, industry, and commerce. The establishment of a legislative centre of national life produces and stimulates the circulation of capital. When the centre of gravity is outside, the capital flows out with it. It is an undeniable fact that, wherever the seat of legislature happens to be, that becomes the centre of money; the tide of wealth flows there naturally. This may account for the strong desire of the Irish people to see a parliament once more established in Stephen's Green, which, no doubt, would have a salutary effect on Irish financial affairs.

It is no wonder that Irish industries have declined, and that the

land is falling back into prairie condition, when capital and money, which should support trade, cultivate the soil, stock the pastures, and encourage every industry, is drained each year from the country by its own banks.

The greatest offender in this respect is the Bank of Ireland, with its capital of twelve million pounds. This bank allows the government the use of ten and a quarter millions of its capital; the remainder is kept for Irish purposes. It is needless to say that few or no small accounts are kept in the Bank of Ireland. No banking institution in Ireland is more out of touch with the masses of the agricultural and commercial community of the country than this concern. If banking were on a proper basis, it should bring money into the country, instead of taking it away. There must be an organic change in the whole system before there can be even a chance of success in any renewed effort to revive and promote industry. Every industrial effort of the people has been blasted, and their national resources blighted for want of a proper application of their monetary resources. Except in Belfast, and some of the towns in the north, the support given to industry is of a most limited character, infinitely short of what it should be. It is not generally known that there is four times as much Irish money made use of in sustaining Stock Exchange operations as there is in supporting the trade or manufacture of Ireland, while we are tired of listening to charges against the apathy of Irishmen, their want of diligence, and the rest of it.

The laws which govern the Irish system of banking are penal laws of the worst description. From the very day of its foundation, in 1772, the bank of Ireland has proved a foe to the industries of the country. It started with a capital of three million pounds; of this, £2,630,769 were lent to the government. The progress still continues, until almost the entire capital has been taken over by the English government. The incredulous reader may ask the reason of this wholesale transferrence of Irish money. It was done solely to direct the management and control the policy of the concern, so that the Irish people might not derive any benefit from the bank. From 1783 to 1825, the Bank of Ireland had a monopoly of banking in Ireland. During the whole of that time they never opened a single branch outside of Dublin, but left the people in the provinces to the mercies of a set of fraudulent private concerns, which resulted in a loss of twenty million pounds, when those private banks failed in 1820. An alteration of the law took place in 1825; the Provincial Bank commenced business and opened branches in several Irish towns, the Bank of Ireland then woke up and started branches in the same towns; not to benefit the people or promote industry, but to oppose the Provincial Bank.

Five or six millions would be a fair estimate of the amount of money going out of Ireland for investments. This, in a poor country, with few manufacturing interests, and nothing but doubtful agricultural returns, is nothing short of national suicide. Much of the impediment of applying skilled labor to the land arises from want of financial accommodation. The recent exhibitions of Irish manufact-

ures prove that there still exist many industries requiring legitimate support, and calculated to give employment, if capital could be turned in this direction.

No large city in Europe has declined so rapidly as Dublin, and instead of any improvement matters are getting worse; a state of affairs abundantly attested by the threadbare aspect of the streets and decayed public buildings. About sixty years ago, a great stimulus was given to Irish industries by the establishment of joint stock banks. This hopeful state of affairs continued down to 1845. In 1844, Sir Robert Peel passed his Bank Act, and no new banks of issue were allowed to commence after that date. This law effectually paralyzed banking in Ireland, for no bank can be successful without the power of issuing notes. Before this Act, the banks of Ireland and Scotland had perfect freedom of issue. Ireland does not suffer from a want of banks; there are branches of the National and Provincial Bank all the towns, but these are not commercial mercantile banks, such as the Ulster and the Belfast. The above banks will lend money on personal security; they will do bills, but will not lend on stock in hand, or what is called mercantile security. The Irish banking system does not understand lending money on anything but personal security. The consequences are, that when a pressure occurs, several factories are closed, the hands discharged, machinery stopped — calamities which might very easily be averted by a little wisely administered accommodation. No doubt, if industries were more numerous in the country, commercial banks would spring up of their own accord. Perhaps the greatest fraud practised on the country was the establishment of the Post-Office Savings Banks; of these there are about six hundred, which collect the savings of the working classes, giving a nominal rate for their deposits, then transfer those savings, to the amount of three or four millions, out of the country. The savings of the poor are thus applied to imperial purposes, rather than devoted to the stimulation of local trade or industry. To sweep the savings of the poor to swell the English treasury, and foster industries other than Irish, is one of the greatest calamities which could have befallen Ireland.

The Bank of Ireland does the same, so do all the otherbanks, with the exception of a few in the north. Depositing the surplus capital, *in globo*, out of the country, is almost as bad as the old Irish system of keeping the gold in the stocking and not employing it. Much of the money transferred has been lost; the Marseilles Land Company, and similar investments, got their share, but not a penny of it has been invested in Irish enterprises. Irish banks are more inclined to make advances to speculative men who will run a big risk than to industrious men of character who are attempting to build up a business.

From the contemplation of this heart-breaking policy, it is refreshing to turn to the doings of our Scotch neighbors. Their banking system appears to have reached perfection, for it employs the whole of the resources of the country for its development. It does this

by means of what are called cash credit bonds. In Scotland every one has a banker, an agent, and a doctor. Professional services are cheaper there than in other places. A young merchant, or manufacturer, commencing business in Scotland, goes to his banker and says, "I want five hundred pounds; it may be for a fortnight or a month. I want cash credit to develop my business." The banker asks, "Whom do you propose?" The rule is to offer two securities and that of the borrower. If these are satisfactory, the banker complies. The banks get three persons to subscribe to what is called a cash credit bond. The sum mentioned in the bond is not chargeable with interest, except in the proportion in which it is used. The merchant may not use the credit for three or six months, in which case no interest accrues, or he can use it at any time; the balances are calculated daily; he actually pays for the money he is using day by day. What is the system of banking in force in Ireland, is, that if a man wants money he certainly gets it, if the securities are good; but the interest commences when the money is put to his credit. A friend joins him in a bill, which is discounted and the interest deducted, and this is renewable every three or four months. All the banks in Scotland deal with persons, and not with illiquid securities; they always take a man in preference to a mill, or any other objective security. But the person who is to be obliged by this loan of money, passes to the friends who are security to the bond the security of his property, so that if anything happened to him his friends leave the property behind them, and the bank has not the trouble of realizing. This constitutes the difference between the Irish and Scotch systems of banking. The Scotch is exactly the converse of what it is in Ireland; the result is prosperity around every banking centre in Scotland. Irish banks are over exacting as to the securities for small transactions: the rule is, that the smaller the amount the greater the exactions, while the character of the borrower is no factor in the case. In Scotland, character stands first. A credit system, similar to that established in Scotland, is much wanted in Ireland.

No value is attached in Ireland to the holding of a farmer as a security; no loans can be obtained on buildings or improvements. As soon as the land was depreciated all the banks withdrew their accommodation. If Irishmen had the control of their country they would never tolerate a system which transports three-fourths of its whole capital out of the country, and limits accommodation. Besides, the interest which an Irish farmer or merchant is called to pay for an advance, though nominally six per cent., when commission and all other expenses are included, really amounts to fourteen per cent. This gives no encouragement to rising industries, but rather restricts them.

In Germany, People's Banks were founded by Shultz, of Delake, which have been very helpful to the people. There are now over two hundred of those banks in the German empire, managed in the most economical manner, with no expensive boards of directors. They possess the entire confidence of the people; seventy-five million

pounds is passed every year, in small loans, with great benefit to all concerned.

People's Banks are numerous in America and some of the colonies. The former has twenty-five hundred People's Banks, with a capital varying from two thousand pounds in small villages, to millions in towns. In America, a bank does not get the power of issue until it has deposited United States bonds to the amount of their capital; they then get leave to issue as many notes as they please up to ninety per cent. of that amount. The government holds the security of their own bonds against the issue of the notes, and the confidence of the people is secured.

There are People's Banks in Italy, Austria, and other countries on similar lines, and the effect on the prosperity of the people where such prevail is acknowledged by all authorities. No doubt the freedom of banking in the British colonies has been one of the means by which they have made such rapid progress during the last thirty years.

The people of Ireland should establish similar banks for themselves, and make use of their own savings, as is done by other countries. With two hundred and fifty People's Banks conducted by themselves, as in Prussia, and a capital of six million pounds, Ireland might foster her fisheries and other industries without asking for government assistance, which should only be granted for Imperial purposes. The sum of six million pounds is specified, for nearly that amount is deposited in the savings banks, and drafted out of the country, whereas, if utilized at home, it would benefit the country. If nine or ten Scotch banks turn over yearly a sum of seventy million pounds sterling, in advances to merchants and farmers, Ireland need not look to America or the Continent for a good example.

Chapter V. in our next.

A Hint to Girls.

WHEN your sweetheart comes to see you don't be foolish enough to confine your sweetness to him alone. Have him in where all the rest of the household are. Let the talk and the chatter and the music and the playing of games be in the home circle. Then the few minutes that he gets with you seem all the more delightful, and he will think you the most loving little creature in the world. Men are much more observant than they are credited with being, and the man worth having as a husband is the one who will appreciate your love for those of your own people, and will see that as you make a small part in one home, you are becoming adapted for the central figure in another. Never say that you don't expect a man to marry your whole family. It is vulgar. You do. That is, if you are a good daughter and a loving sister. You want him to be one with you in sympathy and affection, and as you take his name, so you assume responsibilities as far as his people are concerned. You two are the most to each other — your love for each should be the greatest, but you cannot isolate yourselves, and insist that you have no duties outside your own home. If you do this you become narrow and selfish, and you are quite too nice a girl for that.

The Holy Name of Mary.

When the name of Mary was given to a little Jewish maiden nearly nineteen hundred years ago, those who pronounced it then little knew all that it implied, nor how it would come to be spoken with ever increasing love and praise, throughout the whole, wide world.

That little Jewish maiden, born without sound of trumpet to proclaim her name and fame, was, as the Fathers say, a *miracle of miracles*, reserved for graces and benedictions so exalted and so unspeakable that God *alone* can understand them perfectly.

Hell, Earth, and Heaven met, as it were, beside the cradle of that child, for her name was destined to thrill through them all. Hell! for she was the predestined *Woman* whose heel was to crush the serpent's head, and between whose seed and himself there was to be an eternal enmity. Earth! for she was the chosen *Virgin* whom Isaias foretold "should conceive and bear a Son," Christ, the Saviour of mankind. Heaven! for she was the privileged creature to whom an angel, sent from God, announced that the Holy Ghost should come upon her, and the power of the Most High should overshadow her, and, therefore, also the Holy One which should be born of her should be called the Son of God.

That name unknown at first, except to the few disciples of her Son, has grown until the glory spreads across the world, for wherever the name of Jesus is spoken that of His Mother also has a place, and, to-day, She, who in her humility declared herself "the handmaid of the Lord," is acknowledged as the Queen of saints and angels, and the Mother of all human kind.

Her name, like the kingdom of her Son, has increased in its sweet influence from age to age, and is slowly but surely winning its way into the hearts of men, a way which opens to them treasures of grace, and which wins them to a closer union with their God.

The name of Mary is said to mean Star of the Sea, and she who is thus called is indeed the Star of the Sea of life, ever tempest-tossed and dangerous; the Star of the Sea of death, which, unknown and unknowable, appalls the bravest heart, and unnerves the stoutest soul. Those who trust to her guidance and follow her shining, remembering her words at the wedding feast of Cana, "Do whatsoever He shall bid you," will surely escape the perils of life's stormy sea, and safely cross the dark expanse of death's cold waters.

The name of Mary has also a connection with secular history which must be interesting to all Christians. In the year 1683, on the 12th of September, John Sobieski drove the whole Turkish force in confusion from the walls of Vienna, and once more, and for the last time, saved Europe from the dominion of the Mussulman. The war-cry of the illustrious chieftain, on that memorable day of victory, was "God and his Blessed Mother!" and Pope Innocent XI., in thanksgiving for the success of the Christian arms, ordered that the Sunday within the Octave of our Lady's nativity should be kept as a solemn

festival in her honor, under the title of "The Holy Name of Mary." The Church of *Star Maria della Vittoria*, in Rome, was built to commemorate this victory, and the banners taken from the Turks after the raising of the siege of Vienna hang around the walls of that building.

The holy name of Mary, when invoked with faith and love, still drives away from the souls of men all infidelity and sin. It still secures victories for Christian arms in the struggle against temptations, and although no banners may be seen around our churches, there are thousands of invisible testimonials in the hearts of Catholics, of her mercy and maternal love to those who ask the assistance of her prayers and who appeal to God in her Holy Name.

N. O. Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

The Order of Redemptorists.

VERY REV. MONS. SCHAUER, Superior General of America, has returned from his recent visit to the Pacific Slope, where he has accepted a number of new foundations; one in Portland, Oregon, one in Colorado, and one in Washington Territory. The house in Portland is dedicated to St. Alphonsus, the founder of the Order of the Redemptorist Fathers. It will be the head-quarters, whence bands of holy missionaries will sally forth, from time to time, to evangelize this new division of the far West. It seems that Archbishop Gross, of Portland, and other neighboring bishops, have prevailed on Mons. Schauer to accept a large number of missions for the laity, and of retreats for the priests and religious communities of their respective dioceses. In order to supply the requisite number of priests to accomplish the work cut out in this programme, it will necessitate a drain upon the houses in the New Province.

The Very Rev. William Wayrich, Provincial of New York and Canada, has already received orders to furnish his quota of men for this new Western contingent.

We Quebecers are familiar with the many sterling qualities of head and heart of our good Redemptorist Fathers.

We have seen the great work accomplished by them, within a few years, in Quebec. We are acquainted with their mortification and prayerful lives, their indefatigable zeal for the salvation of souls, and, especially, their great solicitude for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the rising generation. Men of this description and of such calibre cannot fail to reap an abundant harvest of souls, in these far distant fields of labor, where the crops are ready for the sickle, and very few laborers to gather them in. When worthy priests, as are stationed in St. Patrick's parish, and as are presently preaching a retreat to our people, enter upon their work of love, for the Divine Master, they regard not the many privations, the great humiliations, and innumerable inconveniences which must necessarily be met with in such an undertaking. Therefore it is that these zealous, hard-working sons of St. Alphonsus meet with great success in preaching the Word of God, and in hauling in such large drafts of fish every time they cast out their nets.

The Bible in the Public Schools.

ARGUMENT BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT OF WISCONSIN.

THE famous "Edgerton Bible case," which has been pending in the courts of Wisconsin for over three years, came up for final argument, recently, before the Supreme Court at Madison. Catholic residents and parents at Edgerton had objected to the reading of the King James version of the Bible during school hours in the public school of the district. Failing to obtain relief from the school board, they sought to obtain a permanent injunction against Bible reading from the Circuit Court of Rock County. Judge Bennett decided against their petition, and they appealed to the Supreme Court, which, after a careful review of the whole question, reversed Judge Bennett's decision, and gave the Catholic petitioners the injunction prayed for.

The argument in the case hinged on the question whether Bible reading in the public schools was "sectarian instruction," — the Constitution of Wisconsin plainly prohibiting all sectarianism therein. To this question the concluding remarks of H. J. Desmond, of Milwaukee, who appeared as one of the counsel for appellants (the Catholic petitioners) were chiefly directed. The national interest aroused by the decision of the court, and the fact that the adjudication must hereafter figure as a "leading case," in questions of the kind in this country, will justify a careful examination of the ground which prevailed in the judgment of the court.

In an issue, such as the pending one, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that what may be termed "sectarianism" had much to do with the planting and the life of the American colonies.

The lengthy brief of respondents, in this case, devotes many pages to a reprint of some of the ancient colonial and early state official documents — all breathing the more or less sectarian life of the period; although I must remark that counsel have carefully avoided giving the harsher and more bigoted laws and expressions of the time. The colonists went apart, in the new world, for greater freedom to practise their sectarian beliefs. Having settled as sects, they put sectarianism into their laws and institutions; but, when the colonists began to unite into a nation, when liberty in its broader sense came to be better understood, when immigration from Catholic as well as Protestant Europe began to stream in, it was found necessary to lop off and yield up the sectarian features and the narrow theocratic life.

A great constitutional movement in abrogation of sectarianism has been a notable fact in American history. It began with the first amendment of the constitution. It progressed among the older states in numerous uprisings, resulting in the establishment of more religious equality; such as that of Oliver Walcott against Connecticut sectarianism, in 1830, and such as the recent efforts to amend the New Hampshire constitution, and bring that commonwealth into the nineteenth century. In the newer states, this movement implanted itself with more or less completeness in all the state constitutions, and with special success, we trust, in Wisconsin.

From this distance of time and progress, we look back to the sectarian features and monuments of colonial and early state history as so many points of departure — so many evil things that we want to get away from.

This is the whole difference between the points of view taken by the appellants and respondents in this case. We are willing, as they ask it of us, to face backwards, and look at the remote

past when religious rancor ruled. But while they behold the sectarian life of the colonists as light-houses to guide them, we look at colonial sectarianism as rocks and shallows to be shunned and avoided. We admit that sectarianism dominated the colonies. It hung Papists; it burned witches; it banished Quakers. It made men superstitious. It made them hypocritical, and all their cruelty and superstition and hypocrisy was foisted on the Bible, and the Bible was used as a sanction therefor. We are informed that every penalty in the Connecticut Blue Laws was followed in the officially printed copy by a text of Scripture, and the more bloodthirsty the punishment, the more unctuous the text. Respondents have, however, failed to dwell upon this category of facts, in alluding to colonial institutions. In one of the local histories of Massachusetts — I refer to Amos Oates' History of Barnstable — recently published, there is a typical instance in the will of John Bacon, who died in 1756; among the testamentary provisions is one directing that his negro slave, Dinah, should be sold, and that all she is sold for shall be used for the purpose of buying Bibles to be circulated among the heathen.

While the American people are getting away from this colonial cruelty, superstition, and hypocrisy, they are also, through a sense of decency and true religion, positively declining to permit their Bibles or their Christianity to be any longer used as a sanction or a shield for such things.

There are "ancient landmarks" belonging to the past which we cherish, which we will always protect; but there are relics of barbarism and bigotry also struggling to survive, and their advocates, with a natural adroitness, seek to confound them with the landmarks — the chaff with the grain.

The old sectarianism lives in such unabrogated provisions as that in the New Hampshire constitution requiring the legislature to provide for the support of "public Protestant teachers of religion." There is at least the merit of candor about this constitutional bigotry; but what shall we say of the lingering bigotry that goes skulking about in a hypocritical manner in places where the Constitution is against it?

The whole spirit of our growth since this people became a nation has been away from and out of and above the old sectarian life of the divided theocratic colonies. This growth has expressed itself in many ways, but in one way pre-eminently, and that is, in constitutional provisions, which, step by step, have established these things.

There shall be an end of religious persecution. (But if we make colonial life of our model there would be no such happy regime.)

No man shall be taxed to support another man's church.

No man shall be taxed to support any church. (But if we take Massachusetts as a model prior to 1833 it would be different.)

Perfect religious equality shall reign. (Cooley Constitution, Law, 577.)

The schools shall be free to all.

There shall be no sectarian instruction therein.

These constitutional provisions are in abrogation of old abuses current in colonial and early state history.

This Court has a duty to perform in interpreting the latter provision. How shall it be done?

Counsel for the respondent says: Interpret the light by the darkness. Go back for the spirit that shall guide you to the old colonial time when they hung papists. Let the law be interpreted by the condition that it abrogated and by the abuse that voted against it.

But a better spirit declares that the principles fundamental to all these progressive and liberal constitutional measures should determine the spirit of their interpretation. So says Art. I., Sect. 22, of our State Constitution: "There must be a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles:" a wise taking into account of the spirit that first refused to establish a state religion and then refused to give any one creed a preference over another and then made its schools free to all its citizens by insuring and promising that they would be thoroughly secular, and that there should be "no sectarian instruction therein" (see Sect. 3, Art. X.), and no books "having a tendency to promote sectarian ideas." (Sect. 514, R. S.)

And the old canons of interpretation enforce this view with peculiar appositeness: Coke in declaring (3 Rep. 7) that "the office of the judges is to make such construction as shall suppress the mischief and advance the remedy and to suppress subtle inventions and evasions for continuance of the mischief and *pro privato commodo* and to add force and life to the cure and remedy according to the true intent and meaning of the act *pro bono publico*." Blackstone enforcing a similar view.

The struggle against Bible reading in the public schools forms an interesting chapter in the story of the progress of religious freedom. We should say that it is one of the later chapters in that long, bitter, and sanguinary story: for its concluding lines are not yet written. It will be some years before all men will recognize the cruel irony of forcing a gospel intended to teach lessons of charity, forbearance, and brotherly love upon a resisting, unwilling, and injured element of the community. Yea; and to the extent of lacerating the feelings of little children, and forcing them into an unnatural state of rebellion against their teachers. For it always happens in such struggles that school children are made the missiles and shuttle-cocks between contending sects. The priest stands behind the lambs of his flock urging them to die as the young Macchabees died. The minister comes to the assistance of the teacher or the school board, inflaming their minds with exhortations to persevere in "the good fight."

God pity the children!

Gibbon tells us that the best of the Roman emperors were the bloodiest persecutors of the Christians. Their very conscientiousness and virtue made them zealous in extirpating what they thought a hateful religion. Something of this fatuity there may be in the unwomanly conduct of teachers and the un-Christian conduct of ministers in making the Protestant Bible a vertible *auto da fe* for the children of the "poor, ignorant," and defenceless "Papist."

The case now before this Court is not one necessarily involving the question whether Christianity is sectarian. The sects of Christianity are certainly sectarian. The question does not, perhaps, require the Court to pronounce whether the Bible is sectarian. It certainly does, however, raise the question whether certain and all versions of the Bible are not sectarian.

What evidence is wanted to demonstrate that the King James version of the Bible is sectarian? And that its reading falls with the inhibition of Art. III., Sect. 10, against sectarian instruction in the public schools?

I conceive that there is conclusive evidence in the printed record of the pending case. It is admitted that the reading of this version occurred as a school exercise within school hours, and by the authority of the board.

And now mark what is further substantially admitted by the answers of the District Board (vols. 17-20). It is admitted:

"That Catholics and the Catholic Church take offence at this version of the Bible as a religious and denominational book which they believe detrimental to their faith, and apt to breed religious error among their children. Their conscience will not allow them to read it or listen to it."

This fact is admitted, because there are fifty years of battle and contention and protest to demonstrate it.

The fact and the admission seems to me to settle the controversy.

But those who want the Bible read during school hours in the public schools have an answer which is virtually this:

"May it please the Court: Do not permit the Catholics to save their souls in their own way. Appoint a guardian for their conscience. They say our version of the Bible is not good for them; but we know better. They say their rights of conscience are violated; but we have to violate their rights of conscience, because their conscience is going wrong, and their souls will be damned unless we interpose."

I challenge any one who has read the answer of the respondents in the Court below, to say that that is not substantially the plea under which the Edgerton Board get around their admission that Protestant Bible-reading is obnoxious to the Catholic conscience.

Under the old statutes, adopted in the reign of Elizabeth against recu-

sancy, everybody was obliged to attend the Church of England on Sunday under penalty of fine or imprisonment. To the complaint of the prosecutor, the Catholics recusant interposed this answer:

"I have conscientious objections against listening to Protestant services."

The prosecutor admitted the conscientious objections; but raised the question whether the conscience was a right conscience, or a wrong conscience, and as the conscience was judged by a Protestant judge, and a Protestant majority, it was found to be a wrong conscience. The Catholic recusant, therefore, went to prison.

Now I submit that in the case at bar, the respondents' answer is analogous to the persecutor's plea in the instance I have quoted. The Board in their answer at folios 18-20, admitted that "the practice of reading the King James version of the Bible is regarded . . . by the petitioners . . as contrary to their rights of conscience." But the said Board deny the correctness of Catholic teaching in this respect, and allege "that every person has the right to read the Bible and interpret it for himself," thereby setting up the teaching of the Protestant conscience, and virtually asking the Court to say that the Catholic conscience is wrong, and the Protestant conscience is right; that the Catholic population needs a guardian for its conscience, and there is religious freedom for Catholics here, provided they do not trespass beyond jail limits determined by the Protestant conscience.

This seems to me the inevitable inference when you once take the position, as the Board's answer does, that the reasonableness and correctness of my conscientious belief is to be judged by a virtual *commission de lunatico* before the law protecting it from violation and infraction is applied.

This Court is now sitting so far as it is considering respondents' answer as a commission on five hundred thousand Wisconsin Catholics, judging the sanity of their conscience, and determining not whether their conscience is offended by a certain book in the public schools — for that is admitted — their conscience is permitted to testify so much — but judging whether in the act of being offended their conscience is a sound conscience, a reasonable conscience, a right conscience according to what Protestants consider public expendiency. That is the drift of the argument of respondents' counsel when, at page 27 of their brief, they quote Justice Gibson of Pennsylvania on conscience interferring with the paramount rights of the public.

I repeat it, that when the fact is admitted that Protestant Bible reading in the public schools offends the conscience of Catholic children this controversy is ended. "The Protestant Bible" — that is the designation of the work given in the 38 Maine, respondents' leading case — is then a sectarian book: for what more do you want to make a book sectarian?

It offends the conscience. Must it go further and burn at the stake? Must it shed blood? I question whether the drawing of sectarian lines in the school-room and the conversion of the Catholic pupils into a parish class does not inflict mental torture upon those children that should be very satisfactory to the persecutor. I question whether the very liberal and generous offer of the Edgerton School Board to permit such Catholic children as obstinately and impiously refuse to listen to Bible reading to leave the room when that part of the school programme is reached might not be employed during the severe winter weather as a very efficient method of inflicting physical torment. These recusant papists, waiting outside the unsectarian common school until the religious exercise was ended, might then and there, have their ears clipped by the biting atmosphere in a way that might forcibly remind them of the time when Quakers were somewhat similarly treated in colonial New England under the spirit of laws and institutions that the respondents believe should sway the polity of this modern American commonwealth.

There is, I conceive, no safe rule in this matter other than that which I number four in my brief:

"Where it is undisputed, as in the present case, or clearly apparent from a long series of conflict, that one religious denomination objects to a religious book, or version of a book, or a religious

doctrine or mode of worship, or a religious practice upheld by, and peculiar to, another religious denomination or body of sects, that religious book, or version of book, doctrine, or practice, is to be classed as sectarian as well as the corresponding version, doctrine, or practice of the objecting denomination."

It must be apparent from even a casual glance at the history of the controversy, that the most menacing form that sectarianism has taken as towards the public schools was, and now is, the fanatical desire to read the Bible therein. The *causes celebres* are all about the reading of the Bible. In some of the compilations of school laws the chapter relating to sectarianism or religious instruction is wholly taken up with the topic of "The Bible in the Schools." Throughout the Union a number of Supreme Court decisions, a score of cases in lesser courts, a hundred controversies before the State Superintendents, many hundred fights in local school boards and a thousand instances of school-room persecution that never went into litigation, all attest the importance of this question. Two facts are established beyond dispute:

First: That the Catholic objection to Bible reading in the public schools is not a fitful or trivial one to the Catholic conscience. On the contrary, it appears to be genuine, wide-spread, and of long and earnest standing. It manifested itself years before the parochial school movement was thought of, and, consequently, cannot be regarded as an incident of that movement or as lacking in good faith. It has willingly accommodated itself to such amicable arrangements, as those suggested by the state superintendents of New York, where, in special localities, the Bible is read to voluntary listeners outside of school hours. It, consequently, cannot be regarded as unreasonable.

Second: It is equally established from a survey of all the cases, that if there is any need for safeguards and guarantees against sectarian instruction and sectarian encroachment in the school-room, that need has special and most frequent and emphatic reference to the prevention of Bible reading therein. And if such safeguards do not reach this chief and most recurring occasion of sectarian controversy, then are such safeguards nothing but a mockery, a snare, and a delusion.

I here repeat my question: What evidence beyond the admissions of the record is necessary to prove that the King James Bible is a sectarian book? We may restate the reasons that appeal to Catholics against listening to Protestant Bible exercises, and we may review the differences between the versions — something that is quite exhaustively done for the use of the court in the briefs of appellants submitted. But ought this to be necessary?

However, I will even go further. I will assume that I am to prove the sectarian character of the King James Bible to the satisfaction of the American Bible Society, who publish the same.

The Mexicans and Pan-Americans, among whom the Bible Societies send their publication, seem to object, through their clergy, to accepting the work.

But perhaps this is a prejudice entertained by the Mexican and South American priesthood. It may be asked whether all religion is not founded on the teachings of the Bible: whether it is not the basis of our common Christianity. Can a truly Christian and biblical religion be injured by its perusal? Will those objecting, therefore, show to the American Bible Society how this book injures them: why it is a sectarian book, and why they have any reasonable ground of objection towards it?

Those objecting might then proceed to say that the Protestant Bible has, in their view, many errors of translation: that these mistranslations are made designedly against many Catholic doctrines, so as to raise in the mind of the reader an impression that some Catholic teachings are not scriptural: that the Protestant Bible, furthermore, omits some seventy chapters of the inspired canon: that when Catholics can obtain the correct translation, and the whole Bible, their Church cannot, as a religious guide, advise them to receive a mutilated and prejudicial version any more than it can advise them to accept a creed with some of its essential portions omitted, and the meaning of other

portions affected by a warped rendering: that the Catholics, having a Bible of their own, which they are taught to revere and study, and having a Church which interprets it for them, it is neither in accord with their faith, nor prudent for them, to take a book printed and circulated by another religious organization, and printed and circulated to be used in the Protestant way: that while the Protestant and Catholic Bibles may have much in common, just as the Catholic and Protestant creeds have much in common, their points of difference are not the less marked than the points of difference between the two creeds, and these points of difference go inseparably with the respective versions, — but the Protestant principle of private judgment too, determining the use of the Protestant Bible and the Catholic doctrine of the Church as the interpreter of the Bible, being preliminary to the right use of the Bible by Catholics.

But these reasons might not satisfy the American Bible Society. It is extremely difficult for men of one zealous order to consider as reasonable what may be weighty considerations with men of another zealous religious body.

Suppose, however, we appeal to the reports of the Bible Society itself. What do these reports testify? In one instance we have a letter from Bishop Reilly, of the Methodist Church, laboring in Mexico for the conversion of its benighted inhabitants from the errors of Romanism to those of Methodism. There is a Methodist Church fund at his disposal for this purpose. He writes the Bible Society that he believes he can employ the fund so donated in no way that will more nearly fulfil its object than by buying a consignment of Bibles from the Bible Society. The circulation of the Scriptures is the surest method of overthrowing Romanism. The good Bishop's letter is printed in the reports as an incitement and a stimulant to donors who are similarly minded. "Are you zealous against Romanism? Then contribute to get the Scriptures read and circulated in Papal lands, for that is the most effective method of extirpating the Catholic belief." Such is the unwritten moral.

In the sixty-fourth report, at page 99, the agent of the Society in Uraguay reports two conversions from Romanism. "By the power of God's spirit attending the perusal of the Scriptures without ever having the opportunity to hear a gospel sermon preached." Fifty-sixth report, page 94: "At our Communion last Sabbath two conversions from Rome were received on confession of the faith. The case of one of these was an interesting testimony in favor of Bible distribution." Fifty-eighth report, page 102 (from Rome), records one hundred and fifteen conversions from "Romanism" amongst the Italian soldiers, through the aid of Bible reading. Fifty-eighth report, page 93, relates a touching incident respecting Senor A., who purchased a Bible from a colporteur. He read it nightly to his household. "These readings resulted in the three women seeing the errors of Romanism, and the two younger women began attending Protestant churches, about that time started in Toluca."

(I make some ten similar references to these reports in my printed brief. The reports are on file in the State Historical Library.)

Here, then, is testimony that renders it altogether needless to go into elaborate argument with the Bible Society touching the sectarian character of their publication.

Presuming that the Bible Society is composed of honest men; presuming that they agree, as all honest men must, with the Supreme Court of Ohio, when it says (23 O., S. 211,) that "to tax a man to put down his own religion is the very essence of tyranny," I will ask them what do they think of taxing the "Romanists" to pay teachers and to warm school-houses, where a book is used, that, according to their own reports, exposes the errors of Romanism, and tends to destroy and obliterate that creed; a text-book whose mere reading (as in the Uruguay case above noted) without any gospel sermons by way of note or comment, overthrows the Catholic faith in those that listen to it?

If I were addressing the American Bible Society, and asking them to decide the question that this Court is now debating, I anticipate that as

honest men, their decision would be this:

"We have reiterated in our reports that the circulation and reading of our particular version of the Bible in Papal lands is injurious to the Catholic creed, and helpful to Protestantism. We use the King James version of the Bible as our great missionary text-book, in those lands, against Romanism. See our reports.

"Such being the case we cannot, as honest men, pretend that our version has not an anti-Catholic influence when read in the common schools.

"We should be hypocrites to say it is an unsectarian work. We should be double dealers after what we have printed in our reports to ask any board of education to continue its use in the public school as a book equally fair to Catholics and Protestants, and as a work to be used in a school system that attracts Catholic pupils by advertising that its instruction and its books are unsectarian. If we should say that our version of the Bible is death to Romanism in Mexico, and yet harmless to Romanism in Wisconsin, we should be nothing better than common deceivers, equivocators and liars."

I dwell thus at length on the position of the American Bible Society, because it is the printer and publisher of every Bible that seeks admission as a text-book or reading manual in the public schools.

If the printer and the publisher must take this position, and no sane man who is honest enough to face a fact without winking can doubt that the American Bible Society must take that position or stultify itself, who is there left to claim that this Bible version is an unsectarian book?

If such a person there be outside of the misled rural Board which has gotten on the wrong side of a question involving religious equality, let the spirit of the age we live in instruct them to a better view: Is it hatred of the Bible that actuated the Cincinnati School Board, Chicago School Board, the New Haven School Board, the many other public school authorities, in prohibiting Bible reading during school hours? These boards have placed the grounds of their action on record, and these grounds as I note (pp. 10, 11, 13), in a brief submitted to this Court, relate directly to the sectarian character of the Bible. Similarly in the great state of New York which for fifty years has through its state superintendents prohibited Bible reading during school hours. There is in that state no express law against sectarian instruction; but the spirit of that religious freedom safeguarded in the Bill of Rights of every state has been deemed effective here. The New York Educational Department has considered it a more Christian policy to make the schools equally free to all its citizens than to trample on the religious equality of any class of citizens.

I assume, too, that it is no lack of loyalty to Protestantism that has actuated men like Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop Potter, Dr. Patton, Dr. Crosby, Dr. Spear, and journals like the Independent and the Christian Union, in deprecating Bible reading during school hours against the protests of an unwilling minority. I assume, too, that it is no disrespect for religion that moves the entire secular press of the country to share in a similar view.

This is the spirit of the age in which we live. It is emphatically the spirit of the laws that we are interpreting. The purpose of the common schools, as set forth in the Statutes, is instruction in certain specified secular studies. It does not assume to give religious instruction. If religious instruction were a purpose in public education, it would, indeed, be poorly subserved by Bible reading. Religious perversion there may be; but valuable religious training, never. Bible reading in the public school is a relic of bibliolatry, a conformity to mere formalism, a piece of lip-service to custom. Learned commentators have pondered over the meaning of Biblical passages and given years to illuminate the text with explanations of works, phrases, and metaphors. But here is the teacher singing off these deep texts of theology, which she scarcely understands, to a class of children who may listen, but who may not comprehend; for if they ask a simple question the teacher is muzzled against answering it. The reading must be without note or comment lest the Protestant version may not be a cause of quarrel amongst Protestants themselves; lest Baptists

and Methodists may not fall out over the pill they are administering to Catholics. It bristles with doctrinal words and phrases. There are three hundred passages in it that have each given rise to a separate sect; and yet they call it an unsectarian book. The teacher must read muzzled against enquiry, and the pupils must listen to it as a half riddle; and yet it is supposed to enlighten and guide.

What is the value of such an exercise even where there is no contest over it?

But when there is positive objection leading to the drawing of sectarian lines in the school-room, when the practice sometimes foments insubordination in discipline, breeds bitterness in the community, keeps children out of school, denies them the education that it is the interest of the state they should have, then the Bible reading is preventing the public school from subserving that end for which it was so established,— secular education. Then Bible reading comes clearly within the purview of the law prohibiting sectarian instruction. All these things have happened in Edgerton. All these things happen wherever the Bible is read during school hours, and against the protest of a minority. And the time has come for such interpretation of the law,— a law plain enough to those who most confide in it,— as will make it a reality covering the class of abuses that most often direct public attention to it as the real remedy " which will suppress the mischief and advance the remedy *pro bono publico*."

The issue before this Court is presented with great directness,— the merits of the question are not affected by the allegations of the answer that the Board is willing to excuse the children of the objecting creed from listening to the sectarian exercise. That is ordinary toleration. It is not religious equality. Even convent schools concede that much to their Protestant pupils. If the Edgerton school were a Protestant school, and not a public school, we should expect that much in this age.

While such excusal from attendance does not affect the merits of the question, it does appear to estop the respondents herein from denying the reasonableness of the conscientious objections raised to Bible reading. Why are the children excused from listening to the exercise in question, if the exercises are perfectly proper in a public school? Here is the position of the district Board: it says to the Catholic parents: " We concede that this Bible reading offends your conscience, and your conscientious objections are so reasonable that we suspend the discipline of the school, and allow your children to go out doors when the Bible is read. But, at the same time, this Bible reading is not sectarian instruction. In order to be sectarian, a school exercise must offend *our* conscientious scruples. *We* are in the majority."

But what is a constitutional safeguard worth if it be interpreted in that manner?

Nor is the allegation in the Board's answer that only certain passages in the Bible have, as a matter of fact, been read, altogether material coupled as it is with the statement that the Bible as a whole has been made a textbook, and that the teachers are permitted to make the selections. The issue is not narrowed by anything in the record to the sectarianism or nonsectarianism of certain Biblical passages. If the Board had selected the Westminster Catechism as their textbook, it might be possible for them to allege, in a similar manner, that the only parts so far taught the pupils were those relating to the being of God and the immortality of the soul, although the teachers had authority to teach other portions. Would those objecting be thrown out of court on that sort of a defence? Would we be forced to wait until we caught them teaching some doctrine that we were positive a majority of this Court disliked? Not at all. The merits of this question are affected by no such quibble. It is the sectarianism of everything between the two covers that is challenged. If it were the Catholic version in question by Protestant petitioners, no allegation that the Lord' s Prayer is unsectarian would disguise the issue; but the objection would properly be held to lie from Genesis to Apocalypse, and from the foot-notes to the introductory Papal brief, anathematizing every contrary version.

The question is presented here upon all its merits. This is the first time it has come in this unhampered manner before any tribunal in this land of religious freedom and equality. It comes seeking a fair, a just, an impartial, a permanent settlement. An adjudication that will stand for time. An adjudication that will build within the prerogatives of the judiciary, upon the edifice whose foundations were laid broad and deep by the fathers of the constitution — they, the enlightened heritors of men who bled as martyrs that we might worship in freedom: we, in the front rank of the ages, with a duty of gratitude that best expresses itself in carrying out broadly and bravely the principles they gave their lives to establish.

We cannot err if justice be our guide. Here in this commonwealth, founded by men who saw its future; saw the mixed population that would people it; saw the different altars they would erect to a common Creator; and recognized the equal rights of all to their individual creeds; the co-religionists of Marquette and Jouin, who broke the ground as pioneers in this state before Washington was born, and who now number nearly half a million, no less than their brethren of other creeds, who are to-day even more numerous,— in this commonwealth we have a constitution that sought the fealty of all by building upon principles of justice and equality to all.

These men saw the necessity of education to true Democracy; observe how richly they dowered, in lands and funds, their common schools and their universities. Here they planned to mould this mixed population into a commonwealth homogeneous, intelligent, patriotic; and to that end the schools must be free to all and fair to all. Hot-beds of religious rancor? Prey of contending sects? Pens of proselytism for lacerating the feelings of children? Never. The framers put a distinct negative on such mischances, in their constitution. In the great responsibilities that fell upon them they did their duty. It is for us to do ours.

And if justice be our guide, we shall be as loyal to Christianity and the Bible as we are to the secular schools. Not by being cruel in order to be pious; not by selling slaves to get funds to circulate Bibles among the heathen, as old John Bacon did; not by making slaves and *pariahs* of white children, in order to read the Bible where it serves no purpose; not by finding Scriptural texts to justify putting Quakers in the stocks, as did the Connecticut blue laws; not by making the texts of Scripture modern stocks into which the Catholic pupil is thrust.

Not in such manner; but rather by believing and holding our Christianity in the mild spirit of its founder, and reading the Bible in the spirit of those lessons of charity and forbearance that its best passages inculcate. Governed by such a spirit, we shall feel that it is *our* conscience which is violated when we are made the parties to an imposition upon the conscience of others; and the law that will most honor the Bible and religion, is the law which most nearly follows the golden rule of each, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

NOTE.—We are indebted to H. J. Desmond, Esq., of Milwaukee, Wis., for the report of the decision of the Supreme Court at Madison in, relation to the Bible in the Public Schools.

ARE YOU ENGAGED? Engagements to marry are serious contracts, says the Catholic Columbian. They are not to be lightly made or frivolously broken. They are next in sacredness to the wedding itself.

Every other day the secular newspapers report the elopements of flirting girls, who have forsaken affianced lovers to marry rival claimants for their hand, and they gloat over the romantic features of these violations of troth. But such sinful elopements generally end in unhappy marriages; for the woman that will break her engagement vow will hardly be true to her marriage promises, and the man who can persuade her to the crime of wronging her betrothed is apt to have a trifling idea of the most solemn obligations.

"Too Much Quinine."

"Too much quinine" is Dr. Lorimer's excuse for abusing Catholics in his Boston lecture. "I hate Roman Catholics," he hissed out in a paroxysm of quinine. We wonder if "too much quinine" is the trouble with most of our Protestant contemporaries. An overdose of quinine is a bad thing. It over-stimulates, confuses the mental faculties, trips up the tongue, and generally addles a man. There is an old saying, "*in vino veritas.*" A man in his cups is apt to speak out of his heart, for his reason, the guarding faculty, lies strangled with the fumes of alcohol. "Too much quinine" seems to have the same effect. Dr. Lorimer would not, of course, have publicly expressed his vindictive hatred of Catholics in his sober moments. But, unfortunately, on that fatal occasion "too much quinine" had run away with the reverend gentleman's sobriety, and his tongue uttered what his heart felt, while his reason lay slumbering under the soporific influences of quinine.

Many of our Protestant contemporaries are in the habit of abusing Catholics with as much maudlin asperity as the unfortunate Dr. Lorimer did. It cannot be that they, too, are suffering from "too much quinine!" We cannot believe that they habitually overdose themselves with that paralyzing drug. Dr. Lorimer, no doubt, hates the Catholics; but when he awoke to his sane mind, he had at least the good sense to apologize for the unwonted expression of his hatred by appealing "from Philip drunk to Philip sober." May our Protestant contemporaries, who indulge in the weekly abuse of Catholics, learn a lesson from Dr. Lorimer, and though in their hearts they may hate all things Catholic, at least let them keep a decent curb upon their tongues, when they have not even the excuse of "too much quinine."

Church Progress and Catholic World, St. Louis.

Tenants' Defence League.

THE Tenants' Defence Association, recently started in Ireland, already bids fair to bear the richest fruits. It is meeting with the cordial and universal support of both clergy and laity; and the consequence is, that the New Year has opened most sad and gloomy for the rackrenting landlords of that afflicted island. Parnell, in a recent address, gave his opinion of the new movement in a nutshell when he said, "The Tenants' Defence Association bids fair to be the greatest, the most powerful, and the most peaceful movement that has ever existed in Ireland or in any other country." Exaggeration is not one of the errors into which the Irish leader is likely to fall; and in the present case he has in no wise overestimated the power and the pacific features of the new scheme. We fail to remember of any movement entered into with such great enthusiasm, or wherein the people were more firmly united. The Irish bishops and clergy have not only heartily endorsed it, but have also blessed it with greater fervor than any previous plan for the defence and improvement of the interests of the Irish tenant farmers. The Primate of All Ireland, the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, wrote to the

Armagh Convention a letter conveying to the new association his fullest and warmest sympathy. The Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, the venerable Bishop of Dromore, was equally sympathetic in his letter to the county Down Convention, and the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, in a letter to the Westmeath Convention, dealing philosophically with the Irish land system, wishes the new organization God-speed on its noble mission.

The Great Question of the Day.

POPE LEO XIII. TO EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

THE Reichsanzeizer, of Berlin, published on March 26 the appended correspondence between Emperor William and the Pope relative to the labor question:

To His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., Rome.

BERLIN, March 8.

VERY AUGUST PONTIFF,—The noble manifestations by which your Holiness has always made your influence felt in favor of the poor and destitute of mankind inspire me with the hope that at the International Conference, which on my invitation will assemble at Berlin on the 15th of this month, will attract the interest of your Holiness, and that you will follow with sympathy the progress of the deliberations, whose aim will be to ameliorate the lot of the working classes. In these circumstances I consider it my duty to communicate to your Holiness the programme which will serve as a basis for the labors of the Conference, the success of which would be singularly facilitated if your Holiness would lend your benevolent support to the work of humanity in which I am engaged. I have, therefore, invited the Prince Bishop of Breslau, who, I know, is thoroughly imbued with the ideas of your Holiness, to take part in the Conference as my delegate. I willingly take this opportunity again to assure your Holiness of my esteem and of my personal devotion.

(Signed) WILLIAM.
(Countersigned) BISMARCK.

OUR HOLY FATHER'S REPLY.

YOUR MAJESTY,—We thank your Majesty for the letter you have been pleased to write with a view to interest us in the International Conference which is about to assemble at Berlin, with the object of finding means to improve the condition of the working classes. It is particularly agreeable to us to congratulate your Majesty on having taken to heart a cause so noble, so worthy of serious attention, and that interests the whole world.

This cause has never ceased to engross us, and the work undertaken by your Majesty responds to one of our dearest wishes.

We have already, as we are reminded, expressed our thoughts on this subject, and in our utterances we have strongly upheld the teaching of the Catholic Church, of which we are the head. On a more recent occasion we again referred to this teaching, and with a view to the just solution of this difficult and important problem, and to the proper safeguarding of the legitimate interests of the industrial classes, we pointed out to the various governments the duties and special obligations which are incumbent on them.

Undoubtedly combined action on the part of the various governments will greatly contribute to the success of the end so much desired.

Unanimity of views and legislation in the several countries will tend greatly to advance the general inquiry toward an equitable conclusion. Thus, we cannot but welcome most favorably all the deliberations of the Conference which are likely to raise the condition of the working classes, as, for example, discussions upon the arrangement of hours of labor in a manner more suited to the especial characteristics of each worker, the age or the sex of the laborer, rest on the Lord's Day, and, in general, a discussion upon all those matters which tend to degrade the laborer to the position of a vile instrument, and have no regard for his dignity as a man, his morals, or his domestic well-being.

It cannot, however, escape the notice of your Majesty that the successful solution of a matter of this importance will require, besides the wise intervention of the civil authority, the powerful co-operation of religion, and the benevolent intervention of the Church. The religious sentiment, indeed, is the only thing that can give authority to law; and the Gospel is the only code containing the principles of true justice, and those maxims of mutual charity which should unite all men as children of the same Father, and members of the same family.

Religion teaches the employer to respect the dignity of the workman, and to treat him with justice and equity. It inculcates in the laborer a feeling of duty and responsibility, and makes him moral, sober, and honest. It is because society has neglected and misunderstood the principles of religion that it is now disturbed to its very foundations. To recall these principles and to fill them with new life is the only way to re-establish society, and to assure to it peace, order, and prosperity.

Now, it is the mission of the Church to preach and scatter abroad throughout the world these principles and doctrines. It is fitting, therefore, that it should exercise a large influence in the solution of the social problem. This influence we have exercised, and we shall continue to exercise it, especially for the amelioration of the working classes. The bishops and the lesser clergy on their part will follow out these lines in their various dioceses; and we hope that this salutary action of the Church, far from meeting with opposition from the civil powers, will receive from them aid and protection. We have an assurance of this, in the first place, the interest that the various governments are attaching to this grave question, and, in the second place, the kind invitation that your Majesty has just addressed to us. Meanwhile, we earnestly pray that the work of the Conference may be full of the most beneficial results, and thoroughly satisfy the general expectation.

Before closing we wish to express here our pleasure in learning that your Majesty has invited to take part in the Conference, as a delegate, Dr. Kopp, Prince Bishop of Breslau. He will certainly feel greatly honored by this mark of your Majesty's esteem upon this occasion. Finally, it is with the liveliest satisfaction that we express to your Majesty our most sincere wishes for your Majesty's prosperity and for that of the royal family. LEO.

Given at the Vatican the 14th of March, 1890.

"Ireland Sober, Ireland Free."

ARCHBISHOP WALSH AND THE LEINSTER BISHOPS IN THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

THE 10th of next October will be the centennial anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew, the great Irish Apostle of temperance. The day will be made memorable in many parts of the world, but in no place more than in Ireland, and in no part of Ireland more than in the Province of Leinster, with Dublin as the chief centre of a gigantic and holy movement inaugurated by the illustrious Archbishop Walsh of that city, and his suffragan Bishops throughout the province, for the purpose of revivifying and continuing the life-work of the great THEOBALD MATHEW.

What was that work?

It is pretty well known; but a few words concerning it, even now, will not be out of place: Theobald Mathew was born at Thomastown, Cashel, County Tipperary, in 1790. He was a nephew of the Earl Llandaff, and was adopted by the Lady Elizabeth Mathew, a sister of that nobleman. After studying at Kilkenny College, he was sent to Maynooth, and was ordained, in 1814, at the age of twenty-four years, by Bishop Murray. Previous to this, he had joined the Capuchin Friars, and began his priestly mission in the most obscure and miserable part of Cork city in the little chapel erected by the celebrated Father O'Leary. Remember that all the Catholic churches throughout Ireland were called "chapels" in those days when the people were just emerging from the dark days of religious penal persecution. The same habit largely prevails there even to this day.

A daily eye-witness of the sin and misery arising from intemperance, Father Mathew studied and prayed long and earnestly how to overcome this most wretched of all vices. His best efforts were always directed to this end; but failures and success alternated until, finally, in 1839, he came to the conclusion that to cope successfully with the demon, that was destroying the bodies and souls of his people, he must get at the root of the evil, and, accordingly, he hoisted the standard of total abstinence. He found that promises of reform produced only temporary benefit to those whose will-power had been weakened by excess in drinking. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to exact a solemn promise to abstain teetotally for life from the use of all intoxicating drink. No sooner was this tried than it proved to be a signal triumph, successful beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Let it not be forgotten that drunkenness was, to a large extent, a new vice in Ireland. Ireland had ever been a sober and religious nation until the English government with, presumedly, a view to assist her West Indian colonies, but, in reality, to introduce and encourage the use of a destructive agency among the Irish people, that would enslave and demoralize them, and extinguish their political hopes and aspirations, graciously permitted the entry into Ireland of Jamaica rum, free of duty.

This was in 1775, only fifteen years before the birth of Father Mathew. Cork was a chief port of entry for this cheap rum, and, consequently, the poor of that city were among the earliest victims of this act of privilege by the sagacious British government.

The readers of this MAGAZINE would do well to get a solid grip of these few facts, so that when the "old drunkenness of the Irish people" is mentioned they may be in a position to understand the exact history of the case. Old English ale was brewed at the firesides of the English people as far back as the days of Henry VIII., and the "barley bree" was known in Scotland long anterior to the use of "potheen" in Ireland. The drink commonly used by the Irish before the introduction of Jamaica rum was mead, a distillation of wine and honey. Light wines from Spain and the South of France were imported into Ireland by way of Galway, long before the introduction of the West Indian fire-water. The trade between the west of Ireland and Spain was very important up till about a century ago, and an intermixture of the blood of the two peoples is very marked in and around Galway to this day, the Spanish type prevailing there. Perhaps the most perfect specimens of physical beauty are to be found to-day among the peasantry of Galway and Connemara owing to this intermixture of the two leading tribes of the Aryan race.

As already said, Father Mathew began his crusade in 1839, and in a very short time the parish in which he labored began to show forth the splendid fruits of his labor. His work was evidently so approved of Heaven that it spread and spread, until the whole nation went on its knees to him and took the total abstinence pledge at his hands. Pope Gregory XVI. was so pleased with the work of the humble Friar that he made him a Commissary Apostolic, which enabled him to enter any diocese and perform his work of reclaiming the people from the besetting sin of intemperance without leave from the Ordinary of the diocese. This privilege, however, he seldom exercised, or was even called upon to exercise, as he was warmly and affectionately welcomed and greeted wherever he could find time to go. No church however spacious was big enough to hold the multitudes that flocked around him. He took to the fields, and the hill tops, and the grandest, mightiest spectacle that ever the Heavens smiled upon was witnessed in those places. For hours upon hours, day after day, this Irish Apostle was engaged in administering the total abstinence pledge to the awakened people.

The number enrolled under the banner of total abstinence in all parts visited by Father Mathew was computed at five and a half millions. To their eternal credit be it said, the vast majority of these kept their pledge. It is two generations since then, and but few remain to-day who knelt before the apostolic Friar. His work still lives, but it is carried on in a desultory manner in most places where it is known to exist. It has been taken up again and again by others, but never with the same success. Rev. Dr. Spratt, of Dublin, was the ablest successor of Father Mathew, and the work this good Carmelite did was very effective.

But after all there was a want in those mighty efforts that no

means could supply, except they proceeded from the ecclesiastical power of the Church, and that, too, upon a scale of magnitude that would make it all-embracing, and stamp it with a character of constant growth that no power could break. The Archbishop of Dublin — God bless him every hour of his life, for he is destined to do great things for Ireland — and his suffragan bishops say, "Is it not, dearly beloved, an intolerable scandal, that in the midst of a Catholic nation like ours there should be found so many slaves of intemperance, who habitually sacrifice to brutal excess in drinking, not only their reason, but their character, the honor of their children, their substance, their health, their life, their souls, and God Himself? To drunkenness we may refer as to its baneful cause almost all the crime by which this country is disgraced, and much of the poverty from which it suffers. Drunkenness has wrecked more homes once happy than ever fell beneath the crow-bar in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves, and made more widows and orphans than did the famine; it has broken more hearts, blighted more hopes, and rent asunder family ties more ruthlessly than the enforced exile to which their misery has condemned emigrants."

This is an awful picture, but it must be truly drawn; terrible in its reality as a horrified glimpse into the depths of hell, dreadful as a sight of heaven lost forever!

Among the occasions of intemperance, the bishops refer to wakes and funerals, fairs and markets, and public amusements such as athletic games, etc, treating, and accepting treats in saloons, especially when this leads to treats being given and accepted in return; the entering of saloons by citizens and others on pay-day.

Here is a most important lesson from the letter of the bishops: "Temperance is one thing, total abstinence is another, and it is essential to keep clearly in view the difference between the two. Temperance consists in the avoiding of all excess. It is, therefore, of obligation upon all.

"Total abstinence, on the other hand, is not imposed upon mankind in general by any law of God. Nor is it imposed as of obligation upon all Christians by the promises of their baptism. (Now mark well what follows.) Yet, notwithstanding this, IT IS OF OBLIGATION FOR MANY! It is, for instance, of obligation for all those for whom its observance is a practical, a necessary, means for the observance of the law of temperance. There are some — we must unhappily say there are multitudes — for whom total abstinence in this way becomes a matter of the *strictest obligation.* Total abstinence, and the pledge of total abstinence, have received the blessing of the Holy See."

There is one other clause in the great Pastoral of the Leinster Bishops deserving of quotation: "The practice hitherto followed in some dioceses of administering the total abstinence pledge to the children of each parish, on the occasion of the Episcopal Visitation of the parish, will henceforth be followed by us in all cases. The pledge will be given by the Bishop after administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. Due notice that this is to be done will, on each occa-

sion, be given to the clergy of the parish, so that the children, when preparing for Confirmation, may have an opportunity of fully considering the matter, and of obtaining the consent of their parents or guardians. The pledge given to children in this way is to be understood as holding good until they have reached the age of twenty-one.

When children are reared soberly until they are twenty-one years old, they will scarcely ever become drunkards in after life, even supposing they temporarily fall away from the practice of their youth.

And now for the question of questions in connection with this great movement which will, undoubtedly, spread through all Ireland.

What are we going to do in this direction here in the United States?

Who is going to take the initiative in starting the good work here? All such work to be of lasting benefit must, necessarily, issue forth stamped with the seal of ecclesiastical authority. It must come from, belong to, and be inspired by, the Church. All present efforts in this direction are weak, scattered, and wanting in the strength of cohesion. Each parish church should have its permanent society, and that society should number every adult Catholic, male and female, in the parish, at least.

Catholics must be driven from the saloons by an agency equally as powerful as that of the great movement in Leinster, for God knows, if such work be necessary in Ireland, it is equally, if not more, necessary in America.

The Hierarchical power of the Church here is the only power able to cope with the gigantic evil of intemperance.

The efforts made at the close of some missions, excellent and praiseworthy as they are, often prove ineffectual after the novelty of the thing has passed away.

The work contemplated by the Leinster prelates is to be an every-day work, by permanently organized societies holding their weekly meetings, and so closely allied to religious work as to partake of the religious character.

Speaking on this subject our esteemed contemporary, the Dublin Freeman's Journal, says:

A pastoral letter has been addressed by the Catholic Prelates of the Ecclesiastical Province of Leinster to the clergy and laity of the dioceses that constitute the Province. It has reference to the great subject of temperance, and to the interesting incident of the occurrence in this year of the centenary of the birth of Father Mathew, its revered and illustrious Irish apostle. The letter of their Lordships, besides being a most important one, is sure to be an historic and memorable one. "Not for many years," write their Lordships, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the Bishop of Ferns, the Bishop of Ossory, and the coadjutor of the venerable Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, "scarcely within the present century, has an appeal been addressed in a form so solemn as this, to the clergy and laity of the dioceses of this Ecclesiastical Province;" and cer-

tainly never before was a subject of more vital concern to their spiritual and temporal well-being submitted to the people for their prompt, earnest, and practical consideration. The fact is not a pleasant one to have to face; but, nevertheless, the fact stands against us, that, throughout the world, the vice of intemperance is looked upon as an essential belonging of the Irish race; and the history of our people at home and abroad has furnished but too many painful records to give at least a colorable pretext for this impression. This, however, is a theme on which it is not our purpose to dwell to-day, nor do we desire to provoke the slightest controversy on the subject. In the spirit of the noble letter of the Leinster prelates, we look hopefully to the near future, and we feel certain that in that future there will be ample atonement for the past. This is scarcely the place to discuss how it has come that the atonement was so long delayed.

The Pastoral Letter deals with this branch of the subject effectively and conclusively, and alludes, especially, to the effort which was made in the direction of promoting temperance, in answer to the appeal made by the Irish bishops in their magnificent address to their flocks at the close of the National Synod of Maynooth, in 1871. "It is needless," writes his Grace of Dublin and his suffragans, "as it would be unprofitable, here to enumerate in detail the various causes that combined to render a work apparently so full of promise an easy prey to the assaults of the enemies, visible and invisible, by which it was beset. One element of decay, however, was apparent on the surface. The work of temperance reform, which resulted from the Pastoral Letter of the Synod of Maynooth, lacked one essential element of lasting success — unity of purpose and of effort. The steps taken in one or another diocese or district by earnest advocates of the cause of temperance were not unfrequently made little of, and sometimes even openly derided, elsewhere by others no less earnest. The house was divided against itself. It could not long withstand the efforts of its many and powerful assailants, combined for its overthrow." Their Lordships look now for a happier result in the dioceses over which they preside, for there the house is not divided against itself. "We speak to you to-day," say their Lordships with emphatic and confident earnestness, "the Archbishop and the Bishops of these dioceses with one united voice." They have thought of the work together, they have shaped its details together, and together they have asked God's blessing on it that it may prosper and prevail. They rightly deem the centennial year of Father Mathew's birth a fitting time to take such a work practically and resolutely into hand. Doubtless, memorials of the illustrious apostle will be raised up in marble and in bronze, in many cities throughout our country; but, say the Leinster bishops, "the fellow-countrymen of Father Mathew are surely called upon to honor his memory by something more worthy of being tendered, in the name of Ireland, as a national tribute to the memory of so great a benefactor. For it cannot be lost sight of that, even in many of those fields of labor which in Father Mathew's lifetime seemed especially full of promise, the work to which so large a portion of his missionary life was so generously devoted has, long since, all but come to naught."

Their Lordships considered that the work to which they have set their hearts and their hands was one that does not brook delay, and, with peculiar appropriateness from every pulpit in their dioceses, they gave it on Sunday, the day of the annual consecration of Catholic Ireland to the Sacred Heart, its initiation, and their blessing. The work is now sped upon its way, and is solemnly confided for its accomplishment to the priests and people of Leinster. The work is not a sensational one, nor does the carrying of it out call for any heroic sacrifices. It is intimately and essentially linked up with religion and religious observances. "Do not imagine," say the prelates, "that we think of asking of you anything that is unreasonable. We aim at nothing but to secure the fulfilment of the law of God. Our only purpose is to bring about a more general and exact observance of the precepts of the great virtue of temperance, and, in so far as it may please God to bless our work with so large a measure of success, to root out from amongst our people every vestige of the degrading and soul-destroying vice of drunkenness." It is needless to say that their lordships have nothing but commendation and encouragement to those who are so earnestly engaged in the good cause of total abstinence; but they are careful to make it clear that total abstinence, as such, is not the main object to be aimed at in the holy warfare against intemperance, in which they have engaged. Temperance is the result at which they are hoping to arrive, because, as they write, temperance is an essential of the Christian life, and is of obligation upon all. "The word temperance," says the prelates, "has come to be used by many in an unduly restricted sense. It is, sometimes, and indeed not unfrequently, used as if it meant precisely the same thing as the words total abstinence. This, the clergy, so far as may be necessary, will be careful to explain to the faithful, is a manifest error. Temperance is one thing, total abstinence is another, and it is essential to keep clearly in view the difference between the two." We have already said that the work, as inaugurated by the Leinster bishops, is essentially a religious one, and it is through existing religious societies and organizations in their dioceses that it is contemplated to carry it out. The practical and practicable details of procedure — altogether on religious lines — are set forth with diligent minuteness. No wiser plan of action could be suggested. It will secure united and consolidated earnestness and energy, and will create a powerful and a permanent public opinion against the hideousness and degradation of drunkenness and the drunkard, that will be of ten thousand times more effect in suppressing intemperance than all the pamphlets and platform oratory of the most fervid advocates of total abstinence doctrines. Their Lordships, in the course of their letter, pay a warm tribute of praise to many of those who have devoted so much time and zeal to the advocacy of total abstinence. Having explained the religious nature of the work they have put before their flocks, and that they are entering upon it, not so much because of the worldly advantages that follow on temperance, but chiefly for their spiritual good, the prelates proceed: "God forbid that in this we should seem

in any way to slight the efforts of others who zealously labor in the cause of temperance in another sphere. We feel, on the contrary, that we but discharge a duty towards them when we pray that their labors may be amply rewarded. We wish especially to bear testimony to the devoted zeal displayed in this good cause by many who are not with us in the unity of the faith. We cannot always approve the method of their teaching, or some of the views that, from time to time, are advocated amongst them. But this need not, and should not, hinder us from recognizing the general excellence of their aims, or from expressing our good-will towards them, and our satisfaction at every result of their zealous labors, by which, in any degree, the evils of intemperance may be checked." We know that no words of ours are needed to bespeak a wide and a reverential attention to the pastoral of the Leinster prelates. It has proclaimed the inauguration of a sacred crusade, and its strong and earnest words will wake the entire country to a stirring sense of the duty to which it is called. It will rouse the Irish people to a consciousness of what they owe to their Motherland, which was once the Island of Saints, and which, if they are only true to themselves, and to their religious traditions, is destined for such great things in a not far-off future, for 'Ireland sober is Ireland free.'"

The Church in Brazil.

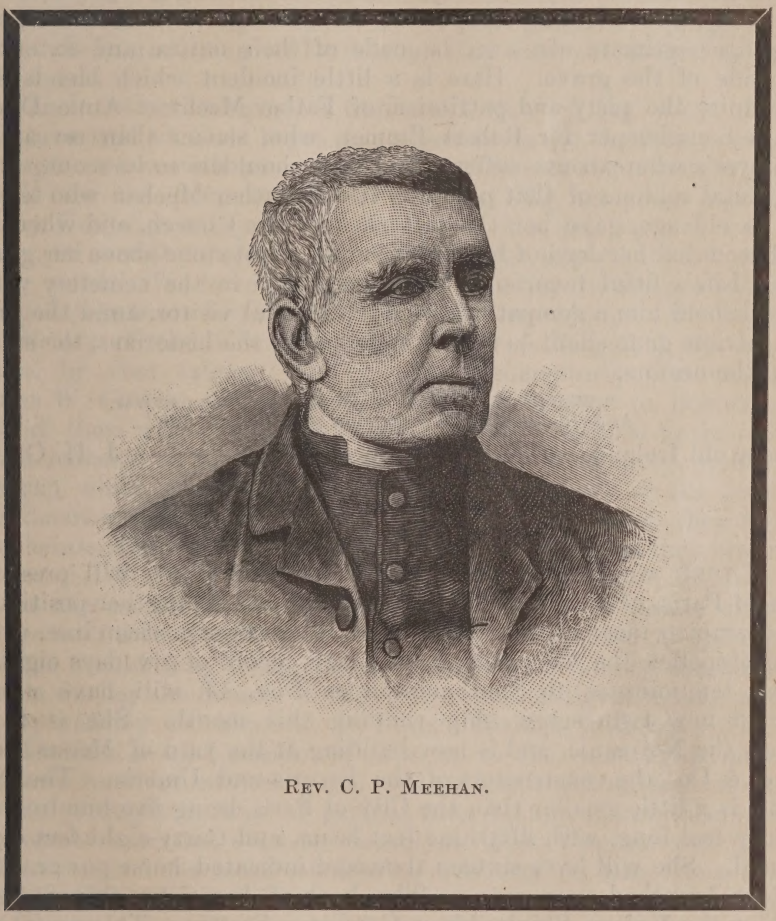
"I HAVE learnt on the most incontestable authority," says a Roman correspondent, "that an official relation of over one hundred pages has reached the Secretary of State to his Holiness, giving a lengthy and detailed account of the present state of the Church in Brazil under the present government, subsequent to the separation of the Church and state by the Revolutionary government; from which it appears that it has given birth to a very emancipation for the Church, to the unbounded delight of the bishops and clergy, who are now untrammelled by any fiscal restraints in free exercise of their sacerdotal functions. The religious Orders, too, are perfectly free to pursue the even or uneven tenor of their way, and to undertake the education of the rising generation in those principles of rectitude and religion which will go far to ensue their growing up fitted to take their proper place in, and fulfil their several duties to, society. In this official report the Holy See is particularly advised to send out Capuchins and monks who will be able to undertake the charge of educating the Brazilian youth, and especially that of the working classes, who constitute, perhaps, the most important factor in the growing republic, like they do in the social condition of the greater part of the states under the present conditions of modern society. It is evident that the rupture between Church and state in Brazil has entirely liberated the Church, as it does and has done in every state where they have the separation of Church and state without constituting opposition of the two societies, which ought to be perfect in their own sphere and scope, and keep perfectly to that scope for their own mutual advantages."

Rev. C. P. Meehan, M. R. I. A.

With solemn funeral rite, and surrounded by fellow-citizens of every class and creed, — religious and political, — the body of a great Irishman was borne to the Glasnevin Cemetery at Dublin, on the 16th of March of the present year. Rev. Charles Patrick Meehan was one of the very few survivors who shared in the glories and reverses of the great '48 movement known as the party of "Young Ireland." He lived to a ripe old age, for he was born at No. 141 Great Britain street, Dublin, 12th of July, 1812. Readers of this Magazine will find a very accurate summary of his life-doings in the number for January, 1889. His life was uneventful in the sense of out-of-door politics; but his sympathies and his pen did veteran service in the cause to which his associates devoted "their lives, their liberties, and their sacred honor." His books offer the most authentic records of certain epochs — the most glorious yet disastrous in the checkered history of his country. The Flight of the Earl is the splendid product of almost life-long labor and assiduity, and few occurrences so potent to thrill the heart of a Celtic reader have ever been so eloquently recorded on the pages of history. This is the keystone of Father Meehan's fame as a historian, though many another proof of his learning, patriotism, and piety have survived himself. The Confederation of Kilkenny, and the Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries, are two works which are destined to live, though, in circumstances of startling occurrence and romantic feeling, they do not reach the high interest attending the flight of the O'Neill and O'Donnell. Father Meehan, too, was a poet of no mean distinction. Boyhood's Years, a poem in the third number of the Nation, and still preserved in the Ballad Poetry of Ireland, was his first introduction to C. G. Duffy and Thomas Davis. As a historian of certain eras, in the long struggle against English domination, Father Meehan may be said to take precedence of his earlier and later contemporaries; for every history of Ireland written since 1845, and dealing with the periods which he has described, are indebted to his scholarly enterprise for much information previously not procurable except with great difficulty.

Father Meehan was a most accomplished linguist, and few countries of Europe were not the scene of his frequent explorations — all outlined and pursued mainly in the service of Ireland. His love of study, his patience in searching, and his perseverance in studying old documents, ill-spelt and badly written, long lying hidden in the archives of continental universities and libraries, were abundantly rewarded in the light they shed upon many a great name, many a victorious exploit, and many a deed of perfidy in the long struggle of Celt against Saxon. Many a time his term of vacation was fore-shortened for want of money — not that he set out unprepared — but all thoughts of personal enjoyment frequently yielded to a temptation that was his besetting sin — the sight of a decayed canvas in a mildewed frame, "rusting in a vile repose," on some smoky wall of a college library, or stumbled over in

some labyrinthine "short-cut" to a university muniment room often revealed, under a substratum of dust an inch thick, the familiar outlines of some Irish celebrity — O'Sullivan Beare, or Florence Conry, Father Luke Wadding, O. S. F., Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, or MacCawell, Archbishop of Armagh. Temptation to become a purchaser of such forgotten portraits was always irresistible, and yet the wish had not even the selfishness of ownership. For no sooner were these rare



REV. C. P. MEEHAN.

and costly paintings discovered, cleaned, and framed at Father Meehan's expense than they were handed over to the National Gallery of Ireland. For all his learning and fame, Father Meehan had that spirit of humility and kindness which are so often the accompaniments of genius, and the unfailing tests of true greatness. His charity for the gifted but hapless Mangan has linked the two names in ties of tenderest sympathy and eternal brotherhood for all lovers of Irish literature. Later on, he was to be the sympathetic friend of two other children of song, scarcely less gifted and less happy than Clarence Mangan — John Francis

O'Donnell (Caviàre), and J. K. Casey (Leo). To the very close of his life his influence for good was felt by many a young journalist in that city, which directly or indirectly gave all that is great and lasting in song and story, in wit, eloquence, and statemanship to Ireland. But who is to record his many acts of kindness to the poor, his zeal for the promotion of temperance, his fatherly counsellings and encouragement which counted for so much in the beneficient influence of his sacred ministry? Truly, the works of a good priest are so numerous, so varied, so inseparable from his pastoral character, that no proper estimate can ever be made of their nature and extent on this side of the grave. Here is a little incident which blends into easy unity the piety and patriotism of Father Meehan: Anne Devlin was a housekeeper for Robert Emmet, who, sooner than reveal her employer's whereabouts suffered her bare shoulders to be scourged by the brutal soldiers of that period. It was Father Meehan who tended her in old age, gave her the last rites of the Church, and when she died recorded her deed of heroism upon a modest stone above her grave.

"Life's fitful fever o'er, he sleeps well" in the cemetery which often beheld him a sympathizing and prayerful visitor, amid the great compatriots gone silent — the wits, the poets, the historians, the statesmen, the orators,

> "Who for years were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
> And redeemed, if they have not retarded, the fall"

of poor old Ireland. *R. I. P.* J. H. G.

Six New Atlantic Steamers.

THERE are now six fast steamers building which will press the City of Paris, of the Inman line, very hard in keeping her position as the champion racer of the ocean. The Hamburg-American line, whose twin propeller, the Columbia, made a new record of six days eighteen hours ten minutes to Southampton on Nov. 14, will have a magnificent new twin screw ship running this month. She is to be called the Normania, and is now building at the yard of Messrs. John Elder & Co., the constructors of the Etruria and Umbria. The Normania is a little smaller than the City of Paris, being five hundred and twenty feet long, with fifty-nine feet beam, and thirty-eight feet depth of hold. She will have sixteen thousand indicated horse power. She will be launched very soon. The keel of her sister ship is being laid by the Vulcan Shipbuilding Company, Stettin. This vessel will not be ready to run until the spring of 1892. She will be called the Venetia. The French line also has a big twin screw ship on the stocks, which will probably be running next summer. She is called the Touraine, and is to be several thousand tons larger than any of the fine single screw ships of the French line, which hold the record between New York and Havre. The White Star steamship Majestic, a sister ship to the Teutonic, will be ready to do battle with the City of Paris next spring. The Cunard line will also put two twin screw boats in the field to win back the lost laurels of the Etruria.

American Catholic Historical Society.

We have received the second volume of Records of the American Catholic Historical Society, of Philadelphia, 1886--88, and find it a very interesting document. In the preface the editor expresses his own gratification, as well as that of his colleagues in the work, and of the other interested and really active members of the Society, at the success attending their first effort, whose result, he says, has been received with marked favor by all those best qualified to judge of its merits. It is gratifying to know that they feel encouraged in their work.

The introduction gives a condensed view of the work of the Society, as well as their hopes and expectations for the future, among which, we notice with pleasure, the design of erecting a new building suitable for the purposes of the Society. We sincerely hope our wealthy Catholics everywhere will esteem it a privilege, as well as a duty, to contribute generously to this most important and praiseworthy work. We have not space even to notice the various subjects on which papers are furnished in this attractive volume. But that on the History of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, in Boston, by that talented and popular Redemptorist Father, Rev. Charles W. Currier, will be found of special interest to Bostonians. Many of them will learn from it some facts in reference to the oldest historic mansion of Roxbury (originally spelled Rocksbury, or Rocksborough) which constituted the original foundation of the present magnificent establishment of the Redemptorists, which they never knew before, and some of which will be as surprising as they are new to them.

As the month of May is now upon us, it will be timely to mention the fact that His Holiness. Leo XIII., has granted to those persons who would pray twelve times at the seven altars of the Mission Church, during the month of May, the same indulgences they would gain by visiting the altars of St. Peter's Basilica, in Rome. The remarkable fact is also mentioned, that, up to the year 1884, no less than three hundred and thirty-one well-authenticated miraculous cures had been wrought in favor of persons from Boston, and of others from very remote localities, even as distant as West Virginia and Texas. Of these, one of the most remarkable was that of Miss Grace Mary Hanley, which occurred in August, 1883, the account of which produced a great sensation at the time. The history, as given in this volume, was written by the young lady herself, and is quite full and particular, and is as edifying as it is interesting and full of deep pathos. A good portion of the volume is taken up with extracts from baptismal registers of different churches, and genealogies of certain leading Catholic families. We should think that every intelligent Catholic who feels an interest in the progress of Holy Church, would be glad to possess this volume.

Have an ardent desire for your sanctification, and a great confidence in Jesus and Mary.— *St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

The Maid of Molokai.*

AMY CONSTANCE FOWLER — SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE.

Is recognized as Miss Amy Fowler, the convert daughter of an Anglican clergyman, who is now making Molokai her home. As a Dominican nun, her name is Rose Gertrude, and as such she is thus addressed by another Anglican clergyman, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, in the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Sister Rose Gertrude! when the angels came
And fired your soul and filled your girlish eyes
With that fierce splendor of self-sacrifice,
Whose passionate glory death can never tame,
Did tropic lands with flowers and fruit out-flame?
Bright shores from hyacinthine seas arise?
Or heard you pain in some far Paradise,
Cry for a Saviour in the Saviour's name?

Nay rather, then, the paradisal flower
Of love, heaven-planted in your heart of earth,
Turned to the light to find its being whole,
And o'er dark seas you went with pity's power
To share true Life's communicable birth,
And realize the God within your soul."

Shortly after her arrival in New York, on her way to the leper settlement on the Molokai Islands, she received gifts in New York amounting to $2,200, of which $334.10 was in cash. The other gifts were packed in five cases and sent to San Francisco. Among some of the valuable gifts were four cases of books, shawls, boxes of toys and pictures. Mr. George G. Haven presented a Steinway piano, which the Southern Pacific road shipped to San Francisco free. James B. Murray gave a handsome music box. Sister Gertrude said she felt deeply grateful for the public interest and generosity displayed in her mission, and for the many acts of personal kindness shown her during her stay in New York. She especially wished to thank the newspapers, as through their kind treatment many of the gifts came.

During her short stay in the California metropolis she was almost lionized by the people.

The settlement of Molokai is in charge of Franciscan Sisters, who are maintained there by the Hawaiian Government, and as Sister Rose Gertrude belongs to another order — the Dominican Sisters — she could not be admitted. She is, therefore, at Kalili receiving station for lepers, or those who are supposed to have contracted the disease. There they are cared for until it can be determined what their ailment really is.

Sister Gertrude writes: "I was met at Honolulu by the new president of the Board of Health and by Mrs. Wadehouse, the wife of the British Minister of Affairs. They have made a new leper settlement at Kalili, and I am going to stay here for a time, as the German

*The reader will find in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for March, page 270, a more extended account of Sister Gertrude.

physician, Dr. Lutz, is here, and he insists on having some one to help him. We have forty patients, some lepers and some suspects, men, women, and children, so I shall have everything to do, nurse, teach, and look after them. They are expecting me out in Molokai, but this place needs assistance more. . . . They have several white patients here, and they are in a very miserable and depressed condition. Among these I feel that I have a special mission in comforting those of my own color." While she is at her present station at least, it is expected that Sister Gertrude will maintain a correspondence with her New York and Brooklyn friends.

SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE.

A SOCIETY IN NEW YORK TO AID SISTER GERTRUDE.

Sixty-four women, residents of Brooklyn, Staten Island, Newburgh, Oswego, and Philadelphia, have organized the Woman's Branch of the American Leprosy Society, says the New York Sunday Sun. To assist the lepers of Molokai, according to the directions of Miss Amy C. Fowler, the young English woman who has become a leper nurse, is the object of the society. For this purpose articles of use to the lepers will be sent to Molokai two or three times a year. Meetings of the society will be held every two months. At these meetings reports of work among the lepers from Miss Fowler, which will be illustrated by photographs taken by herself, will be read. The members of the society, which will be non-sectarian, will make garments for the lepers. The first meeting was held at Brooklyn, at the residence of Mrs. Thomas K. Downing, whose guest Miss Fowler was while she remained in Brooklyn. The temporary officers of the society are: Presidents, Mrs. Alderick and Mrs. Louis Benziger; vice-president, Mrs. C. Zimmerman; treasurer, Mrs. R. F. Downing, and secretary, Miss Margaret A. Downing.

THE FRANCISCANS IN CHARGE OF MOLOKAI.

The papers, in noticing the heroic act of Miss Fowler, Sister Rose Gertrude, of England, in devoting her life to the afflicted lepers in Hawaii, seem to have lost sight of the great work already being done there by the Franciscan Sisters. Not that Miss Fowler's act was any the less laudable on this account. Her sacrifice was worthy of all praise. She prepared herself by a course of study in Paris and England for work among the lepers, and went forth to her task with the prayers of all.

But, in noticing her mission, an unintentional injustice may have been done to the Franciscan Sisters, and other religious who have been engaged for a long time in doing the very work for which Miss Fowler was pledged to give her life. From the Sandwich Islands comes word that Mother Marianne, of the Franciscan Sisters, Brother Dutton, and other religious, are silently, yet efficaciously, engaged in the holy service. On the Sandwich Islands the Franciscan Sisters have charge of three hospitals. Every member of the Sisterhood voluntarily offered herself for service among the lepers. Rev. Fathers Wendelin and Conrady are the priests whose lives are given to the work.

It is noted also by a correspondent, that, so far as the spiritual and temporal wants of the lepers in the Sandwich Islands are concerned, the American and European public may rest assured that they will want for nothing in order to ameliorate their sufferings, so long as they are under the care of the Catholic bishop of the Islands, the priests who so ably assist him, and the Sisters of St. Francis, who have exiled themselves from the world, in order the more perfectly to serve God and to win eternal glory.

Education of Teachers: A Normal School Wanted.

RIGHT REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., in an article on Normal Schools for Catholics, contained in the April number of the Catholic World, dwells at length upon the necessity of education of a high and refining quality as an essential to the proper and healthy development of the youth of the land into good men and women, and then calls attention to the fact that the modern teacher is not sufficiently equipped for his or her work. "The teacher," he writes, "makes the school . . . and there are universities where one may spend years and bring away only an acquired stupidity, which is worse and more irremediable than the natural kind. If the best men and women would devote their lives to teaching, which an ideal social state would make possible, the problem of education would be solved." Social state not being at hand, Bishop Spalding suggests that we do the best we can in the actual state in which our lot is cast. "But," he continues, "since in our class-rooms, teachers of this quality are not always found, it is the duty of the true friends of education to provide means and institutions for the special training for those who take upon themselves the office of teachers." The learned writer also states that the Catholics of the United States have an educational system of their own, comprising some four thousand schools of various kinds, in which seven hundred thousand pupils are receiving instruction. "Here is an interest, which is at once vast and all-important. The welfare of both the Church and the state is, to a great extent, involved in the work which these schools perform." As the system is growing rapidly, if imperceptibly, it is essential that steps be taken at once to meet the increasing demand for a higher grade of ability and enlightenment and capacity in the teacher. A central normal school,

a sort of educational university, should be established, and the most competent professors, whether men or women, lay or cleric, should be called to fill the different chairs. . . . The lecture halls and class-rooms should be in a central building, and around this the various teaching communities of women should establish houses for their young religious. Here they would live according to the prescriptions of their respective rules, and would meet only in the lecture halls and class-rooms. . . . A similar normal college for men should also be founded.

"Education" and Christian Courtesy.

EDUCATION is a monthly magazine conducted with considerable ability, and containing, from time to time, interesting and valuable articles on the subject of education; but we are sorry to be compelled to say that the spirit of the editor is such that Catholics cannot read it with satisfaction. In fact, the editorials are sometimes positively insulting, and were it not for the fact that we are well aware of the blinding nature of the old, hereditary, Protestant prejudice, we should not hesitate to say that the editor is not a gentleman. That would, indeed, be a severe charge; but what shall we say of the man who deliberately writes: "For the first time in our history a Catholic bishop has stalked into the White House, and threatened peril to a great political party unless the educational demands of the hierarchy are endorsed by the senate; and the Romish clergy of Wisconsin are on the war-path against the people of that enterprising commonwealth?" Is that the language of a calm, dignified, gentlemanly writer?

And who is this Catholic bishop that has "stalked into the White House, and threatened peril to a great political party?" Why, it is the distinguished Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, one of the finest specimens of the true Christian prelate that ever wore a mitre; a man universally esteemed and beloved by Protestants as well as by Catholics. He is, moreover, said to sympathize with the party which placed Mr. Harrison in the presidential chair. We do not know whether the distinguished prelate ever visited the President or not; but if he did, we are quite sure he did not stalk into the White House and threaten peril to his party if his wishes were not complied with. The Archbishop is a Christian gentleman, and if he did not laugh at the idea he would resent the charge of "stalking," and "threatening," with honest indignation.

Equally absurd and ungentlemanly is the charge that the "Romish clergy of Wisconsin are on the war-path against the people of that enterprising commonwealth." Why cannot the editor of Education imitate the admirable example of the Independent, which will not allow the terms "Romish," or "Romanist," to be used in its columns as applied to Catholics and the Catholic Church? Why should he insist upon using a designation that he knows must be offensive to his Catholic readers? And why should he describe the Wisconsin clergy as on the war-path?

Three of the bishops have discharged what they conceived to be a conscientious duty in pointing out some serious faults in the Bennett law. They did not oppose the law *in toto*. They waged no war on the public schools, though that has been the point falsely insisted upon by all the opponents of private and parochial schools. They did not even object to compulsory education. They simply objected to two or three points in the law which they considered arbitrary and unjust. Fortunately the Lutherans were in the same boat with Catholics, and the recent election in Milwaukee was a pretty good indication as to whether the clergy were on the war-path against the people. In fact, it looks a good deal more as if the people were on the war-path against the law.

But it is not our purpose now to discuss the merits of the law or to prognosticate its political bearings. The point we make is simply one of social æsthetics and Christian propriety. Why should a gentleman, occupying the responsible position of editor-in-chief of a leading magazine, feel at perfect liberty, without apology or excuse, to indulge in ungentlemanly, unchristian, and offensive language towards other gentlemen, and they distinguished prelates of irreproachable life and conduct, simply because they are of a different faith from their Protestant fellow citizens? Is it possible that the influence of an old, hereditary, and absurd Protestant prejudice is sufficient not only to outweigh all considerations of policy and Christians propriety, but also to suppress the instincts of a gentleman, and the promptings of our better nature?

We fear our friend, the editor, does not sympathize with the mild, conciliatory policy of the new departure inaugurated by Mr. Parkman and the new Citizens' Public School Union. From recent developments we thought everything hereafter was to be made sweet and lovely for "Our Catholic brethren;" that all harsh language was to be laid aside, and they were to be treated with fairness and common courtesy. If the language of Education, upon which we are commenting, is to be taken as a specimen of the spirit of the new departure, we fear it will be a long time before Catholics will be convinced of the wisdom and sincerity of such a policy of conciliation.

Religious Liberty in the Maryland Colony.

In noticing Judge Dunn's declaration in the Iowa Catholic Messenger, that the colonial governments of the country, with one exception, rejected the principle of religious liberty, each one having practically its own established church, and that that exception was the Catholic colony of Maryland, our esteemed contemporary, the I. C. B. U. Journal, says: "The exception is not correct; Maryland for nearly one hundred years before the American Independence, rejected the principle of religious liberty, and prevented the Catholics from having public worship. We say that Pennsylvania was the only commonwealth here which applied the principle of religious liberty, and never had its own established church;" and he goes on to censure

Catholics in pretty severe terms, who, he says, "have harped so much about Maryland, and know so little about it, that they have done injustice to Pennsylvania and William Penn's liberal policy. Pennsylvania," he continues, "is the place Catholic writers should have been praising, if they had been well informed," etc.

Now, while we must admit that the position of our friend Griffin is, upon the whole, well-taken, and that, no doubt, Catholic writers, in their anxiety to establish the fact that the Catholics of Maryland first set the example of religious liberty in this country, have overlooked, to some extent, the claims of Pennsylvania, yet, we would respectfully suggest to our esteemed friend, that the article to which we allude ignores, and has a tendency to obscure, that grand fact for which we have always contended, viz., that the Catholics of Maryland, under Lord Baltimore, were the first to declare liberty of conscience to all comers. As a matter of fact, the act of toleration was passed by the Maryland assembly in 1649, whereas the act of William Penn was not declared till 1687, nearly forty years later.

It is perfectly true, and it is to the eternal disgrace of Protestantism, that the moment the Protestants got the majority they abolished the toleration act, and most cruelly persecuted the Catholics, and, in this respect Maryland must yield the palm to Pennsylvania, which, as our friend truly says, "was the only home of religious toleration all through its history." It certainly was not the fault of Catholics that the act of toleration was not consistently maintained throughout the whole history of Maryland; but that does not detract one iota from the grand fact that will forever remain as a bright and luminous page in our country's history, that Catholics first proclaimed to the world the sacred principle of toleration and religious liberty. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that even Pennsylvania may have been indebted to this Catholic colony of Maryland for the first suggestion of this inestimable boon, especially as it was, as we have said, nearly forty years after their declaration before the illustrious Quaker adopted the principle into his government.

Gaelic Athletes, Total Abstinence, etc.

My Dear Friends, — I ask leave to state a case to you and to solicit a favor.

The case is this. His Grace of Dublin, in conjunction with a large number of the Irish bishops, has proposed to celebrate the approaching centenary of Father Mathew by a simultaneous advance all along the line against intemperance, to result in the spread throughout the country of temperance societies, or of both associations combined.

I am entirely with his Grace of Dublin, and so are the priests of Cashel, in this matter.

A STIGMA ON THE NATION.

The excessive use of strong drink, everywhere hurtful, and un-

happily on the increase, is, and has been, simply ruinous in Ireland. What need is there to recall or enumerate to you its hideous and horrifying results? It has made countless homes desolate. It has given victims without number to the grave, to the jail, to the prison, to the workhouse, to the ocean.

It stains shamefully our otherwise blameless, and even brilliant, record. It has cast a stigma on our name and our nation. For centuries it has largely contributed towards making us slaves and keeping us so; and to this very day, it is constantly flung in our face, both at home and abroad, even by those who indulge in alcoholic excesses to a far greater extent than we do.

Banish drunkenness from Ireland, and she would be, I believe, not alone the fairest but the happiest, the most flourishing, and least sinful nation on the face of the earth. *Such is my case.*

Would you, as a body, join in a holy crusade against drink? That is *the favor* I now solicit at your hands.

ENLIST UNDER THE BANNER.

The athletes of old, in Greece and Rome, had to undergo a dreadfully severe training. They took their food mostly dry, we are told; and I nowhere find mention made of wine as having formed a portion of their dietary. In modern times it is much the same. Athletes in our days, *to excel*, must not only be sober, but even rigidly abstemious. It has been sometimes charged on the G. A. A., that either before or after play, more drink used to be consumed by the contestants than was useful or necessary for them. Be that as it may, the time has now come to prove that such a charge can no longer be reasonably made as against you. Enlist under the banner of the good Father Mathew. Join the temperance association that will be established next Sunday in your respective parishes. Do so in a body, and in your uniform. You will thus serve the cause, benefit yourselves, secure the stability of your association, and wipe a foul stain from off the face of your country. I am, my dear friends, your very faithful servant.

T. W. CROKE, *Archbishop of Cashel.*

The Palace, Thurles, March 18.

Since the appearance of the above, at a special meeting of the county Kildare Committee G. A. A., the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"That the county Kildare Committee of the Gaelic Athletic Association, having at heart the interests of the association, earnestly request the several clubs in their county to give at once practical proof of their gratitude to, and respect for, his Grace of Cashel, by joining the national temperance movement."

SELF-LOVE may be mortified in us, but it never dies; from time to time it sends forth shoots which prove that, though cut down to the root, it is never completely destroyed. Self-love never leaves us. It sleeps sometimes like a fox, then suddenly springs upon the chickens. We, must, therefore, be constantly watchful of it, and patiently defend ourselves against it.

New Tipperary.

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THISTLE ARE FESTIVELY BLENDED.

FOR some months, ever since the depopulation of Tipperary town by the arch evictor, Smith-Barry, the people have been at work, as busy as the proverbial nailers, building a new town. This latter is situated about a half mile outside of the old town, and is beyond the reach of Smith-Barry, or any other despoiler. The erection of New Tipperary was regarded as a national duty; consequently, contingents of men and horses arrived there daily from every portion of the south of Ireland, to aid the men who made such a noble and gallant fight against the common enemy. To-day, the new town was declared completed. The day was observed as a holiday throughout the south of Ireland, the occasion of opening the town being regarded as an event of national importance. Special trains converged on the town, and took crowds of people to the scene of the celebration. Mr. William O'Brien travelled over specially from the south of France, where he was sojourning, recuperating after his many and recent imprisonments.

Owing to the late arrival of Messrs. O'Brien and Davitt, and the English visitors, the ceremonies attending the opening of the town were delayed until the afternoon. Deputies from all parts of Ireland attended. Messrs. Picton, Stewart, Brunner, Leak and Schwann, members of parliament; Lady Sandhurst, Countess Schack, the Misses Orme and Mrs. Ponsonby and others arrived with Bryant, Mrs. Davitt, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien and other Irish members of parliament. A procession was formed, with the visiting Mayors in full regalia, and members of the municipal council in uniform at the head. Accompanied by bands of music, and with flags and banners flying, the paraders marched from Limerick Junction to New Tipperary.

The scene was one of great enthusiasm. The houses were gayly decorated with flags and evergreens, and pictures of Gladstone, Parnell, O'Brien, Davitt, Emmet and other patriots were everywhere displayed. Upon arriving at the platform which had been erected opposite the mart the procession halted. A meeting was promptly organized with Rev. Canon Cahill, parish priest of Tipperary, in the chair. Upon taking the chair Canon Cahill presented addresses to the British visitors from the town commissioners and the Tenant's Defence committee. Mr. Picton and Lady Sandhurst returned thanks, and complimented the people of the new town upon the spirit shown by them.

After a few words by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Davitt was introduced. He was greeted with loud cheers. He said that the first care of the evicted tenants had been to provide for their poorer brethren. That fact would redound to the honor of the Irish name, and to the advantage of the national cause. He was proud to join in the welcome to the English visitors.

Mr. O'Brien, who was the next speaker, received an ovation. He said he was delighted to find himself again in the thick of the fight. The scene they were now witnessing had no parallel in the history of

Ireland. It was the greatest demonstration he had ever witnessed outside of Dublin. In eloquent terms he described the people's triumph in this struggle, which roused the whole Irish race. When the national fight was ended, it would be their proudest thought that the men of Tipperary had risked their homes and property, their liberties and lives, for justice and this dear land. He concluded by declaring the mart open, and praying that God would bless the people, and save Ireland.

After several other speeches had been made, an adjournment was taken for luncheon.

A grand banquet was given this evening, at which six hundred guests were present. Canon Cahill presided. The banquet was held in the new William O'Brien Arcade, which was prettily decorated. Letters of apology for their absence were read from numerous English Liberals. Mr. Schwann proposed a toast to "The Prosperity of New Tipperary." On Mr. O'Brien rising to respond to the sentiment, the company sang "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. O'Brien said if he had lived a thousand years he would never be able to repay the kindness he had received. He was fatigued, and was unable to express the thoughts that swelled from his heart. He could not express his overwhelming delight on this glorious day. The bare announcement that Englishmen were coming had sent a shiver through the coercion garrison of Tipperary. Balfour was on his best behavior. He would keep the police from committing brutalities until the visitors had left. Balfour did not dare to discuss this Tipperary question before any free audience of English, Scotch, or Welshmen. If Balfour could obtain their verdict in his favor, he (O'Brien) would come and ask the people of Tipperary to haul down their flag and make peace with the coercionists.

Mr. Davitt, replying to Mr. Leak's toast, "Ireland a Nation," dwelt upon the significance of the daily increasing number of English visitors in Ireland.

After Mr. Picton had spoken, Mr. T. D. Sullivan read a poem written by himself in honor of the occasion. Mr. John O'Connor, M. P., for South Tipperary, offered a toast in honor of the visitors. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested throughout, and the whole affair was a grand success.

BISHOP SPALDING, in his article on Catholic Normal Schools, in the April number of the Catholic World, says: "What is called the School Question will be settled, if it is settled at all, by facts rather than by arguments, and to insist upon our grievances may even divert us from the real work of educating our children. As for those who accuse Catholics of sinister designs against the Common Schools, they are bigots or politicians, and need not be taken seriously." Two facts especially will contribute to the solution of the school problem, first, the real efficiency of our parochial schools, and, secondly, the enormous cost of the public schools, conducted upon a scale of such lavish expenditure as to cost as much per capita as it would to give every child an academic or collegiate education."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Lovingest Face in the World.

"I love you, mamma," my little one said,
As close to my heart crept her golden head,
"I love you lots," with a clasp and a kiss,
"The best of all mammas my mamma is.

"And I think," said she, looking up in my eyes
With a glance that was tender and grave and wise,
"That you've got just the lovingest face. Oh, oh,"
"I'm glad you're my mamma, I love you so."

What was the praise of the world to me
To the love of the little one throned on my knee?
And this was my prayer as I kissed the eyes
That were smiling up to me, pansywise,
"May the face of thy mother forever be
The 'lovingest' face in the world to thee."

The Mysterious Well.

For years there stood upon the old Doren property, a good long distance from the kitchen door of the mansion, a queer old well. It was of carven stone, with grotesque heads and faces on every side, and behind it the head and body of some fiendish-looking thing — a sort of satyr it seemed — with such fierce expression in its graven eyes that all children were afraid of it. A rustic shed covered the well. Ivy crept over it and half hid the stone face. And it was certainly a very picturesque object.

There had never been either windlass or sweep; only a chain fastened to the roof of the shed, to which the bucket was attached; but the water was always so high that it was very easy to draw it in this way.

In connection with this well, however, something very remarkable had occurred. In the year 1644, when the house was first occupied by the family, a young girl, Katharine Doren by name, the youngest daughter of the house, had gone to the well in the edge of the evening to fill a pail. She never returned. Her friends went in search of her, and found the pail on the well's curb.

It was thought at first that she was drowned, but this was not the case. However, she was never seen again. Her friends fancied she had been murdered; strangers believed that she had eloped with some lover; but no one ever knew what had become of Katharine Doren.

Meanwhile, her niece, a child at the time, grew up, married, and had a daughter, whom she named Katharine, after her lost aunt.

Forty years from the day on which the first Katharine had disappeared, this second Katharine, then seventeen years old, went in the gloaming of an autumn day to the stone well to fill a china pitcher.

Again the same thing happened; the pitcher was found on the well curb, and Katharine was never seen again. The whole country was scourged; posters were posted in every town; advertisements inserted in every paper; but the mother died of grief without having heard any tidings of her daughter.

Since then in every generation the same thing has happened. Seven girls had gone to the well for water and never been since seen, and, strangely enough, each had been named Katharine.

Yet so skeptical are the people of to-day, that no one really believed half that was said; and it was thought in the neighborhood that the Dorens were a race given to elopement, and that the girls took advantage of the legend of the well.

In the year 1844, the house was a crumbling edifice, that rocked in the wind when it blew strongly; and the widow of the late Doren, to whom it fell on the death of her husband's father, hesitated about taking up her abode there; but she was poor, and really had little choice. So to the old house she went, with her one daughter, Katharine — a girl of eighteen, blue-eyed, golden-haired, and bonny.

The widow had heard the story of the disappearance of the girls, but had scarcely believed it, and had never repeated it to her daughter. Katharine was in utter ignorance of it and the well. She ran about the garden, discovering new beauties at every turn, and, at last, actually danced with delight before the old stone well.

"Like a well in an old fairy story, mamma," she exclaimed, as she described it. "It makes me feel as though we really ought to find an old castle somewhere to match it. Just the well for a trysting place."

"If I remember rightly, it has been an unlucky well enough for the Doren women," said the widow.

"Tell me the story, mother," cried Katharine.

"No; idle tales like that are best untold," said the widow. "No doubt it is very good cold water; but when you meet your sweetheart, I hope it won't be at the well, but under your mother's eyes, in the house here."

Katharine laughed.

"The sweetheart must come first," she said; and began to help her mother to do the housework.

But she kept thinking of the well; and that evening, at dark, she took from the shelf in the kitchen a pitcher, quaint as the house itself, and, without saying anything to her mother, ran down the garden path. It was two hundred years from the day on which her ancestress, the first lost Katharine, had thus gone to the old stone well — two hundred years to the day and the hour, if this, the eighth Katharine, had but known it. But she did not.

She tripped along to the well, swinging the old blue pitcher in her hand. She reached it, and bent over the curb. A dim reflection of her own face greeted her.

"How high the water is!" she said. "I can reach it with the pitcher," and bent lower still.

But, failing to reach the water, she set the pitcher on the curb, and caught the chain which held the bucket.

On the instant it seemed to her that the stone satyr behind the fountain darted his head forward, and rolled his great eyes, and at the same instant great hands seized her arms and dragged her downwards.

The poor girl struggled and tried to scream. The water was in her eyes, her ears, and her mouth; the blood rushed to her head. Still the great hands held her, until suddenly she found herself leaving the water. She stood in a great cave of white stone, with stalactites hanging from the roof; and the thing that held her she could not see, for it was behind her.

The stalactites glittered like diamonds — they draped the entrance to another cave. This, however, as she was still pushed forward, she saw to be gorgeous with pearls and opals, and sea gems of all sorts. In its midst, under a sparkling canopy, lay a beautiful young being, like a man, but more radiant, more splendid — a man whose eyes were jewels, whose teeth were pearl, whose lips were coral. He looked at her and smiled. And now, for the first time, the strange being who held her spoke.

"My prince," he said, "I bring you an eighth Katharine."

And the girl, looking around, saw the stone features of the sculptured satyr behind the well.

"Katharine!" repeated the being he addressed. "A pretty Katharine, too — young, fresh and lovely. Katie mine, welcome to my palace. All that you can ask for shall be yours, and you my queen."

There was a subtle power in his eyes. A strange mesmeric influence seemed to draw her towards him. It was like that with which the snake charms the bird.

But at the moment she heard a strange fluttering chorus of sighs, and, looking about her, saw the figures of seven women, all old and bent, sitting at seven spinning-wheels. They seemed to be of stone; but as she looked they sighed again, and each turned into a white dove, that came fluttering towards her.

The breeze they made with their wings seemed to dispel the enchantment the man with the jeweled-like eyes had cast about her.

"Let me go!" she cried. "In the name of Heaven let me go home to my mother!"

She forced herself into the outer cave, thence into the cold water of the well, calling on all the holy names she knew meanwhile.

Again her breath deserted her; the water rushed into her eyes and ears; but blindly feeling about, she felt the bucket that had dropped into the well after her. Above her, at the top of the well, the blessed blue sky was visible.

At that instant a head blotted it out. A man, a laborer, going home from his work, had paused there to drink; and the next moment she lay senseless and pallid on the grass beside the well.

When she came to herself she told her story. Some said that she had only had one of those visions which the drowning are said to have; and that the cold well had its source in some hidden cave, whither the

water at times had power to draw any object on its surface; and some grew pale and shuddered, as they thought of the seven stone Katharines at their seven stone spinning-wheels.

But the Widow Doren never said what she thought; she only caused a mason to bring a great flag-stone to the well, cover it, cement it, and seal it up forever.

God's Own Way: A Scotchman and a Bishop.

A SCOTCH bishop was travelling on foot through the mountains of his diocese. The night surprised him in a forest into which he had strayed. After seeking shelter in which to pass the night, he at last came to a thatched cottage inhabited by a poor family. The good people received him without knowing whom they had welcomed under their roof. The bishop, on his side, was equally ignorant of who his hosts were. Were they Catholics? Were they Protestants? There were no signs to enlighten him in his doubts.

After several minutes of mutual reserve, the mother, who appeared to be a widow, with eagerness mingled with respect, made a gesture to the children to offer suitable hospitality to the stranger. In a few minutes the modest table was prepared, and the bishop was invited to partake of their simple but plentiful repast. The bishop studied his people and it was not long before he perceived that, in spite of their efforts to hide it, some great trouble was burdening their minds. After some moments' hesitation he was emboldened to say:

"You are all very well, but you appear to me to be very sad."

"Alas! yes," answered the mother, who seemed to be waiting for the question to unburden her mind. "Yes, we are sad. In the room adjoining us is our poor father lying on his couch dying, and what afflicts us most is that he pretends that he is to live and obstinately refuses to prepare for death."

"May I see him?" said the bishop with surprise.

"Willingly," said the woman with that confidence peculiar to afflicted souls, and immediately she introduced her guest into the little chamber of the sick man. Truly the old man was reduced to the last extremity. Death was but a step away, and he was not willing to die. At the first allusion to the subject he seemed to regain all his vigor and answered with all his strength:

"No, I shall not die!"

"But, my friend, consider this: We must all die, and your sickness joined to your age" —

"I tell you I shall not die. No, it is impossible!" And to all the reflections which were used to persuade him, he made the invariable response — "I shall not die! — I shall not die yet!"

Finally the bishop said: "You have no more than a breath of life; tell me what reason you have for believing you will not die."

The reasonableness of this question seemed to strike the dying man, and, throwing a look full of life upon the bishop, he said:

"Sir, are you a Catholic?"

"I am," answered the bishop'

"In that case," said the sick man, "I will tell you why I shall not die," and collecting all his strength he raised himself up in his bed and in a strong though dying voice said: "I also am a Catholic, and, sir, since my First Communion until to-day I have never omitted to ask each day of Our Lady the grace not to die without having a priest at my bed. And do you believe that my Mother will not hear me? It is impossible! It is impossible! I shall not die!"

"My child," said the bishop, touched to the depths of his soul "my child, your prayer has been answered. The one who speaks to you is not only a priest, but he is your bishop. The Holy Mother has conducted me through the forest to receive your last sigh," and opening his mantle he showed the dying man his pectoral cross.

At the sight of this he cried: "O Mary, my good Mother, I thank you!" Then turning to the bishop he said: "Hear my confession. Now, I believe, I am going to die." Several moments afterwards, purified for the last time, he died a happy death.

"No one has ever invoked the Blessed Virgin without being heard," says St. Bernard. No matter what happens, never despair. "It is impossible," says St. Alphonsus Liguori, "for a true servant of Mary to be lost."

"Is God Here?"

A YOUNG man had been rather profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a gentle, pious wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago he became victor, when the glaring evil was set before him by a little incident, in its real and shocking sinfulness.

One Sunday morning, standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his little three-year-old daughter, as, lying her dolly hastily down, she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?"

Pale and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said, "Why?"

"'Cause I thought he was when I heard you speak to him."

Then noticing the sober look on his face, and the tears of shame in his eyes as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming assuringly:

"Call Him again, papa, and I dess He'll surely come."

Oh, how every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still, small voice was heard at last. Catching the wondering child up in his arms, he knelt down, and implored of God forgiveness for the past offences, and guidance for all his future life, thanking Him in fervent spirit that He had not "surely come" before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely "A little child shall lead them."

Saved by a White Owl.

THE body of a large, white owl is lying in a good-sized glass case in the cabin of a barque at a San Francisco wharf. It is a beautiful specimen of its species, and is the property of the master of the barque, Captain Edmonds. It is fully two feet in height, and its snowy breast is nearly nine inches across. But there is a story attached to Captain Edmonds' owl, and this was related by the Captain himself, while we were inspecting the bird.

"Three years ago," said the Captain, "I was in command of a schooner owned by the Hudson Bay Fur Company, plying between Ungara Bay and other points along Hudson's Straits and Newfoundland and Halifax. You must know that all through the wild and desolate north country are trading posts, where hundreds of white trappers and Indians, in the employ of the company, leave their bundles of furs and hides. From these posts parties are sent out to carry the furs to the coast, where they are picked up by the schooners and barques, to be taken to civilized regions. Well, so far, so good. It was late in the season, and I had my cargo all aboard, with the exception of a lot of furs from Fort Hatton, several miles below the mouth of the Whale River. Days passed, and, as they did not arrive, I got anxious, and at last determined to set out for the fort, and find out the cause of the delay. It was a good day's journey to the fort, and, taking some provisions in a bag, which I slung over my shoulder, I started on my snow-shoes, leaving the vessel in charge of the mate. To make a long story short, I reached the fort, and was told that the furs had been dispatched to another schooner. So I hastened on my return, as I wanted to get my vessel out of the straits before winter set in in dead earnest.

"Before I had covered my first mile, the band on one of my snow-shoes gave way, and I sat down in the snow to mend it. While so engaged, I did not notice anything about me; and when I did look up, snow was falling, and the atmosphere had grown very dark — the sure sign of a storm. I replaced my shoe and hurried onward, but was soon in the midst of a howling, blinding snowstorm. In my bewilderment I lost my bearings, and wandered aimlessly about, hallooing and yelling, with small hopes of my cries being heard. Some hours passed in this way, and it became pitch dark. Benumbed and exhausted, I at last fell down in the snow, and gave up all hope of ever seeing my schooner again. As with people freezing, I became semi-conscious, and my extreme cold gave way to a prickly heat, which I knew was preliminary to death.

"Suddenly I heard one of the most unearthly noises near me. It affected me like an electric shock, and caused me to stagger up and look around. I heard another 'hoo — hoo,' and then I saw something white in the darkness. My fears increased. I thought it must be a spook. The fluttering was repeated, the object came nearer. Then I saw my mistake. It was a white owl, out in the storm with myself. Then I recalled the old Esquimaux superstition, that a white owl always appears when one is in distress, and that if followed, the bird

will conduct one to a place of safety. I approached the owl, and it receded. I staggered ahead and it still went before me, but it never got out of sight. I don't know how far I followed the bird, which at intervals emitted its mournful 'hoo — hoo,' as though to encourage me. Thinking I must be near the ship, I hallooed with all my feeble might, and was rejoiced to hear a response. Soon through the falling snow I saw a lantern, and I knew that I was saved. The owl seemed loath to leave me, and I threw it the remains of my provisions, which it devoured greedily. It was not long before I was once more on the schooner; and now you know why I think so much of this owl, as it is the very one that saved my life."

"But how did you get it?" we asked.

"That is the queer part of it," resumed the Captain. "In the morning, the owl was seen flapping around in the snow, and one of the men secured it without trouble. It died soon after it was brought aboard. I concluded that in its hungry condition it had gorged itself with the food I threw it, and its death was the result. Being somewhat of a taxidermist, I stuffed it myself, and money couldn't buy it."

Napoleon and His Page.

NAPOLEON I., though far from devout, had retained as a remnant of his Christian education a certain respect for religion and for those who professed it. When at the summit of his power, after Europe had bowed to his despotic rule, he was present one evening at the Comedie Francaise in Paris. His eyes wandered from the stage to the spectators, whose countenances he studied; then turning to his young page, to whom he was very partial (for he bore a name and title of the old *noblesse* — Rohan-Chabot, Prince de Leon), the Emperor noticed that the youth seemed to pay no attention to the play, and kept his hands concealed under a fur rug folded on his knees. Curious as to the cause of such singular behavior in a boy so young, Napoleon suddenly thrust his hand in the fur, and discovered between the fingers of his page a Rosary.

At that period the Rosary was far from being in favor at the Court; the young duke blushed, and expected a severe reprimand.

"Ah, Auguste! I have caught you!" exclaimed the Emperor. "Well, I am pleased, and like you all the better for it. You are above the silly scenes of the stage. One day you will be a man." And, returning the beads to their owner, he added: "Continue; I will not interrupt you again."

The tittering courtiers dared not make merry over the adventure after the words of their master.

The page became a man, indeed; he died Cardinal-Archbishop of Besancon, where he left a cherished memory of piety and good works. The Cardinal de Rohan was the valued friend of the most distinguished Catholics of the early part of the nineteenth century; we will name only two,— Mgr. Dupanloup, the eminent Bishop of Orleans, and Montalembert, the eloquent author of the Monks of the West.

A Story for June.

HELEN was walking home from school, making serious reflections and good resolutions. This, I must tell you, was by no means an ordinary occupation of my little heroine.

It was the first of June; the children had got a nice instruction on the Sacred Heart, and on the promises made in favor of those who practise this devotion. Of course, my dear little readers, you all know these promises. Helen spoke half aloud: "We are to learn to be meek and humble of heart; indeed, I am not very meek. I will endeavor to become so; I will try this month not to be cross when I am told to do things which I do not care to do; then I shall have lots of acts for the Sacred Heart. Papa will be so pleased, and"——

"Miss Helen! Miss Helen!" Helen looked round and saw one of the maids running across a field which lay at one side of the road. She soon reached the spot on the road where the child stood, and exclaimed:

"Oh! such a race as I had. Miss Helen, your papa told me to meet you and tell you that he got a sick call; he fears he cannot return till late, and he wants you to stay with Miss Mimi, as she is only pretty well. The doctor said he was really sorry to disappoint you, miss."

An angry flush now covered Helen's face as she slowly turned into the field.

"There," she muttered, "that is always the way; just the very evening when I had settled with Jane and Emma Rothsay to go to Little Island. Stupid little Mimi!" but even as she mentioned Mimi's name, her voice softened, for the little blind sister was the darling of the family; and, besides, Helen was beginning to feel rather ashamed of herself. However, she was a brave, earnest child, so she said fervently: "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like to Thine," and walked into the house, determined to do her best to amuse Mimi, who was recovering from a long fit of illness, and was as yet barely able to move from one room to another. The child was lying on a sofa in the back drawing-room; she smiled gladly when she heard Helen's steps, and exclaimed:

"O Helen! I was so lonely I asked your guardian angel to send you home fast." Helen kissed her little motherless sister, and devoted herself to her amusement. Then she told her what they had been taught that day. Mimi's face flushed as she whispered: "Helen, I will say the aspiration often, and I will try to be patient."—"And I, Mimi, I will try and be obedient."—"Then the Sacred Heart will love us very much," replied Mimi.

Helen felt glad she had taught another to love the Sacred Heart, so might she not hope to have her name written in that Heart?

Soon Mimi fell asleep. Helen stood up and looked out; it was a lovely evening, and regretful, murmuring thoughts again filled her mind. "I can go *now;* fortunately I have not sent the apology *yet.* Papa never meant me to stay if Mimi were asleep." So reasoning,

Helen went to her room, dressed hastily, and walked down the avenue. She did not feel satisfied,— conscience reproached her. "Then the Sacred Heart will love us both." Mimi's words rang in her ears — one fervent prayer and Helen turned back — her angel rejoiced at her victory. She passed into the drawing-room — Mimi was not there; terrified, Helen looked round, and saw that the folding-door was slightly ajar; she ran into the front drawing-room; the rails of the balcony had been that evening removed, as they were to be replaced on the morrow by new ones; on the balcony, one step from the edge, stood wee, blind Mimi, groping about, evidently in search of a flower-stand which usually stood on the balcony.

A quick appeal to Jesus and Mary, and in a quiet tone Helen said: "Mimi, pet, don't stir for a moment till I go to you." Helen often wondered afterwards at her own calmness; had she been agitated, her voice might have startled the child and caused her to fall. Helen had overcome herself for love of the Sacred Heart; now in the hour of danger, that Heart helped her. Mimi stood quite still; Helen crossed the room swiftly, lifted her from the balcony, then, and not without many tears, told her all, and both sisters knelt to thank the sweet Jesus. I need not tell you that Helen tried during the remainder of the month to keep her resolution; she did not become perfect, but she certainly did improve.

Dear little readers, will you try to correct some fault this month? You may not, like Helen, see your efforts visibly rewarded, but the reward is none the less sure, for the loving Heart of our Saviour rewards even "a cup of cold water" given in His name, for his love. Will not that Heart reward the acts of self-denial, of obedience, of patience, performed to please it during its own month of June?

Dr. Nature's Prescription.

TAKE the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter.
Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy, and the whiskey.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.
Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure, cold water;
Then you will be well,
Or at least you *oughter*.

May.

Oh, the flow'rets, the bonny wee flow'rets,
Glinting and smiling and peeping through the grass!
And oh, the children, the bonny little children,
I see them and love them and bless them as I pass!
I bless them — but I'm sad for them —
I wish I could be glad for them,
For who, alas! can tell me the Fate that shall befall?
The flow'rets of the morning,
The green wood path adorning,
May be scatter'd ere the noontide by the wild wind's sudden call;
Or pluck'd because they're beautiful,
By rudest hands, undutiful;
Or trampled under-foot by the cattle of the stall;
And the smiling little children, the bonny little children,
That sport like happy moths in the sunny summer sheen,
May perish ere the daytime
Of their sweet expected May-time,
And sleep beneath the daisies and the long grass growing green!

* * * * * * * *

But oh, ye fairy blossoms! whatever be the future,
I would not, if I might, peer through its awful glass.
Bloom, flowrets of the wild wood!
Rejoice, oh, happy childhood!
I look at you and love you and bless you as I pass!

Charles Mackay.

"I Know a Thing or Two."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid for me, father," replied the boy laughing. "I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the old man's notions.

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said, among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, you boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take that dangerous step.

Sagacity of a Dog.

EVENING of April 7, there was a beautiful exhibition of brute intelligence in front of Fibre and Fabric's office, in Boston. In crossing Federal street, at quarter past five, to the New York & New England depot, and stopping in the middle of the street to get my daily paper, the newsboy said, "Catch on to the dog; he's got a team and won't let any one go near it." As I had time I walked up the street a few steps, and there stood a horse hitched to a "top buggy," right in the middle of Atlantic avenue, defended by a dog which was apparently a cross between a shepherd and a Newfoundland. It was unusually intelligent, defending the team against all comers who tried to remove it to the side of the street. Quite a crowd had gathered on the sidewalk. Noticing a burly policeman sneaking up to the dog and drawing his billy from under his coat to strike him, I walked between the policeman and the dog, and spoke kindly to the animal, when the dog fell back under the team. The policeman then took the horse to the side of the street, and left the team and dog to await their owner. Had I not been there the policeman would have killed the animal for his faithfulness, and the multitude would have enjoyed the killing of the almost human creature. In the midst of all the trouble the dog would stretch his neck, looking up in the direction the team had come. The look interpreted meant, "Why don't my master come and take his team and relieve me?" When the team with its faithful guardian had been removed to the side of the street, I left for home. I have a dog and parrot that are as near human as animals can well be; but the intelligent expression on the face of the dog mentioned, during the few moments of terrible trial to him, I shall never forget.

Boys that Hate to go to School.

THE following order, issued by a prominent railway company of the West may suggest something to the boy "who doesn't intend to go to school longer than he can help," and who is a perfect pest to his parents and teacher while he goes — to learn lessons simply to oblige somebody else!

"The Wabash railroad has issued a positive order that no boy or young man shall be employed in its shops, or other departments, for the purpose of learning any trade or skilled work, unless he brings a certificate from his instructors stating that he completed the studies of the second grammar department of school work. The reason for this order is, that the company has found that young men who have completed the English branches of study learn skilled work more readily than those who have not."

YOUNG man (gazing dreamily at the candy case in fancy grocery store) — I— I wish to get something real nice for a — a young lady, but I hardly know what to select. Grocer (briskly) — Very young? Young man — 'Bout seventeen — still going to boarding school. Grocer — Yes, sir; John, show this gentleman to the pickle counter.

Bring up a Child in the Way It Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"OUR school hours," says Carlyle, "are all the days and nights of our existence, whose lessons stream in upon us with every breath we draw." The Catholic Church is surely wise, then, when she makes use of these hours to teach the most important lessons of life, the lessons of religion and morality.

CATHOLIC parents, for their own sake as much as for their children's, should carefully select suitable reading matter for the home. Parents who are careless in this regard should pause and think. If children are left to their own judgment to select books and papers, their inexperience may lead them to purchase impure literature, which rarely fails to leave its imprint on a youthful mind.

THE strongest attempts made to destroy Christianity, at the present day, are confined to attacks on the children of Catholic parents. Our Holy Father Leo XIII. declares this in his latest published letter of advice to the Catholic and Christian world. "The family is the cradle of civil society," he says, "and in a great measure its fate is determined at the domestic hearth. Thus, those who want to get rid of Christian institutions strike at the very roots of the family and prematurely corrupt its tenderest offshoots."

THERE is no pretension made in the public schools to teach the law of God; that is left to the parents at home to do, to the Church, or to the Sunday-school. For reasons, which ought to be known now by all, the Catholic children who attend public schools are not taught the law of God by their parents at home, by the Church, or by the Sunday-school; and, therefore, they are being brought up in ignorance of the law of God. To parents who allow their children to be brought up in this way, we present the words of God, and trust that they will take warning from them: "Because thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will forget thy children."

THE Catholic Church, in her plan of teaching children in the school-room the lessons of eternal life, encounters the enmity and the opposition of Protestant and infidel writers on education, who teach the very contrary. She declares that the first and most important study of children is the study of God and His laws, and the school-room where the child spends its best and longest hours for study, is the place to have that done; her opponents maintain, and force the governments to sustain them, that the teaching of religion and morality has no place in the school-room, but should be confined to the home, the Church, or the Sunday-school. They thus make it a secondary matter, and reverse the law of God with respect to it: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice."

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

MR. THOMAS FLATLEY, ex-Deputy Collector of Boston, has returned to his law practice, and has opened his office at 13 School street, Boston.

GOD in the Constitution, a reply to Col. Ingersoll, contributed to The Arena Magazine by Bishop Spalding, should have been credited to that publication. We are thankful to the Herald for calling our attention to the omission which was purely accidental.

Mr. Doogue.

MR. DOOGUE has come out of the aldermanic investigation with flying colors. The committee of the whole reported that the charges made by Alderman Cushing were met and answered by Mr. Doogue so completely and so satisfactorily that, in the opinion of the committee, there was no cause for an investigation, and no reason for pursuing the matter any further. Naturally, Alderman Cushing dissented from a report which left him in so bad a plight. The board clinched its vindication of Mr. Doogue by confirming him for another term as superintendent of the Common by a vote of nine to two. Alderman Cushing was, of course, one of the nays, and City Hall rumor joins Alderman Carruth with him the other rejecter. How completely the attack upon Mr. Doogue broke down may be judged by the fact, that it did not succeed in delaying his confirmation an hour. He was renominated last week, and his name came up in due course yesterday to receive an aldermanic indorsement, which will be heartily approved by public opinion.

We copy, with much pleasure, the above from the Boston Daily Herald. It is a great triumph for Mr. Doogue. We honestly believe that Boston never had a more honest City Forester than its present occupant.

THE HON. P. A. COLLINS, at the Jeffersonian dinner in Boston, said: "On a bright and beautiful morning, the 4th of March, 1885, it was my privilege to distribute two tickets for the inauguration ceremonies. It was the first time in twenty-four years that a Jeffersonian Democrat had the privilege (though one before had the right) to take the oath as President. I handed one ticket to the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, and the other to the youngest descendant of Thomas Jefferson. They came and went together — both Democrats. I thought how strange and happy a conjunction it was. The patriotism of two continents! The son of that woman was leading his countrymen over a dark and rough path to self-government and prosperity; and the torch that guided his steps was lit by the great-grandfather of the boy."

ON the 3d of April, Miss Charlotte Grace O'Brien, daughter of the late Smith O'Brien, was received into the Catholic Church. The ceremony took place at Foynes, county Limerick. Miss O'Brien was baptized by Very Rev. J. Mulqueen, P. P., V. F., Shanagolden, assisted by the Rev. R. O'Kennedy, C. C., Patrickswell, the sponsors being Mr. Aubrey De Vere and Mrs. O'Connor. Miss O'Brien has always taken a warm interest in matters affecting Ireland, and was the originator of the Female Emigrants' Home, at Queenstown, which was maintained there for several years.

THE New York World: The Boston police board has ordered that after May 1st the sale of intoxicating liquors over bars must be stopped. The result will be that the Hubites will take their beer and their toddy sitting at tables little and big — a habit more conducive to "lingering long at the wine" than is the custom of perpendicular drinking. The Hub always was queer.

TWENTY new bishoprics are to be established in India by the Pope.

The Martyred Mgr. Darboy.

AT the end of one of the long corridors is the narrow prison which served as a place of confinement for Mgr. Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris, who was shot with the rest of the hostages by the Communists in 1871. Since that august prisoner was enclosed within the four narrow walls the cell has never been entered by any criminal. It has remained intact. The bed is just as it was when the great prelate was called to meet his fate. The same sheets have been left, and the iron cross which closes the spy-hole of the cell is still surmounted by the Latin words, "*Vitæ robur, mentis salus,*" written in pencil by the Archbishop, who occupied some of his weary moments in sketching on the door of his prison the instruments of the Passion. The winding staircase may still be seen by which the hostages went down when they were summoned to meet the firing party in the yard of La Grande Roquette, where the feeble old prelate, who had overtaxed his strength, was compelled to cling to the arm of a companion to avoid falling. The exact spot is still pointed out where the five hostages fell, and where Mgr. Darboy fervently called down forgiveness for his murderers. The mark of the bullets can still be seen round the white marble slab which records one of the most sanguinary acts of the Paris rabble, and evergreens mark the place where the men fell who died victims of its blind fury.

THE Lord Mayor, attended by many members of the Corporation and other citizens, formally opened the new Laborers' Buildings at Bow-lane on Tuesday. It was altogether an occasion of interest to the Municipality. To Dublin belongs the credit of having gone nearer to a solution of the problem of housing the poor than any other city in the Three Kingdoms. The Dublin Corporation has already proved that Municipal action properly directed can effect a vast improvement in the conditions under which the artisans and unskilled laborers of large towns must live, and that this amelioration of their lot can be accomplished without imposing any additional charge upon the rest of the community. Having regard to the facts that were disclosed on Tuesday in the address to the Lord Mayor from the Artisans' Dwellings Committee, we can now say that the Corporation has proved the feasibility of benefiting the working man and directly enriching the city at the same time.

An Extraordinary Stimulant.

A RIVAL to caffeine as a muscle-bracing and stimulating drug has been found in kola. Professor Haeckel, of Marseilles, admits the virtues of caffeine; but he says those of kola are greater. He used it in the food of members of an Alpine Club, who performed mountaineering feats of an unusual kind without being tired. The colonel of the One Hundred and Sixtieth Regiment at Perpignan, dosed by the professor with kola, made the ascent of the Canigou Mountain near Perpignan to a height of 9,137 feet, and felt quite fresh after his climb, which lasted twelve hours. He only halted once, and for twenty minutes, and ate nothing. The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Regiment was able last July to accomplish a march fifteen and a half hours from Laval to Rennes under similar conditions. They covered a distance of seventy-two kilometres, and were able to go much further in the last hour. They walked at the rate of three and three-fourths miles an hour. Kola is better than oats for giving mettle and staying power to horses. Perhaps the fasting men have got hold of alcoloid of kola, of which a very small quantity goes a long way.

THE new church at Nantasket Beach, building under the superintendence of the Rev. Gerald Fagan, of Hingham, will be ready for dedication probably in June. It is for the accommodation of the numerous tony Catholics who have their summer residences at Nantasket.

THE Rev. John A. Donnelly has been made rector of the new parish of the Sacred Heart, South Natick. The Rev. M. F. Delaney, late of Ashland, has succeeded the late Father John Walsh, in charge of St. Patrick's, North Natick.

The Crankiest Crank of Cranks; or, The Lunatic at Large.

ALL matter sent us for editorial notice receives careful and respectful consideration. But there are exceptions, sometimes, for cranks can invade an editorial sanctum through the mails as readily as mosquitoes can effect an entrance through the parlor window when the sash is raised.

We cannot give careful or respectful consideration to the ravings of cranks, for that would encourage them in their misty and erroneous ways, and society must be protected from the noisy and unhealthy vaporings of those deluded creatures.

The Board of Health affords us no protection from such pests, therefore we must guard ourselves and our readers as best we may from the onslaughts they would make upon peaceful and law-abiding citizens.

Here, for instance, lying before us, is a six-column communication clipped from an alleged newspaper, headed "Hibernia's Cry," and sent us by the writer who uses the *nom de plume*, "JAMES CORKERY." It must, indeed, have been a *nom de plume*, for no man in possession of his senses would sign his real name to such a production of bombast and blasphemy. With the "Cry" comes a note which says:—"Hoping, though you love Socrates, and love Plato, that you love truth more than all, I remain your brother in sorrow." What the creature meant by our love of Socrates and Plato in connection with his "Cry," beats us all hollow.

This crank has evidently gone crazy over the religion of the Irish people, and something that he calls — after the Fulton and Miner fashion — "a doughnut-deity." Like some lunatics he has a hazy-like notion of his own insanity. Here is a paragraph from his wailing "Cry:"

"These are not the vain and empty boastings of an intellect deranged. Stubborn facts as stern as they are antique, substantiate our claims, frowning, with scorn well-merited, upon ribald raillery or contradiction."

That settles it!

The poor unfortunate claims to be an Irishman, and, at some time in his life, a Catholic.

This is another phase of his hallucination. The *nom de plume*, "Corkery," might be construed to mean Cork (and) Kerry, but otherwise there is no meaning whatever in the creature's alleged nationality or religion.

If he be harmless, then he is only a crank. We hope so. Then he is decidedly the crankiest crank of cranks.

P. McC.

MICHAEL DAVITT has been doing good work for the wage-workers in Liverpool and Dublin. He reminds us of poor Tom Steel, O'Connell's head pacificator.

THERE will be a dress rehearsal of the Oberammergau Passion Play, open to the public, on Sunday, May 18. The play will afterwards be performed on Whit-Monday, on each of the five Sundays in June, and twice on week-days in that month. There will be five performances in July, seven in August, and five in September.

Parnell Loses One of His Lieutenants.

IN the death of Mr. Matthew Harrison, M. P., for East Galway, Mr. Parnell loses an able and trusted lieutenant, and the National party in the House is deprived of a ready and forcible debater, and a man of resources at a critical juncture. Besides this, he was a man who commanded the respect of his political opponents, and possessed the entire confidence of his constituents, being entirely capable of controlling them in matters which otherwise might be calculated to damage the National cause. In the selection of a successor it will be difficult to find a man possessing, in so great a degree as he did, the quality of leadership necessary to his position.

MR. GLADSTONE writes: "My reason for not visiting Ireland is that my going there may tend to exasperate our opponents in Ulster, whose severance on the Irish question from most of their fellow-countrymen, as well as from their own ancestors, is perhaps the greatest Irish misfortune of the present day."

THE labor demonstration in London, on the 4th of May, numbered over two thousand people.

CATHOLIC zeal for the due observance of the Father Mathew Centenary next October, and the Father Mathew Memorial Church in Cork, Ire., whose completion is to be its fitting international commemoration, will be quickened by the knowledge that Pope Leo XIII. has both much at heart. As a manifestation of his good-will thereto, and also with a view to promote temperance work, the Holy Father has sent to the Provincial of the Capuchin Order, in Ireland, his Apostolic Benediction to all who will devote their services and means, or in any way whatever contribute to the organizing and carrying into effect of the centenary celebration.

THE O'Shea reputed scandal case turns out to be a *fiasco*.

Irish Blood in Continental Europe.

MILWAUKEE Catholic Citizen: The posterity of the expatriated Celt are continually cropping out in the politics of continental Europe. The Laceys in Russia, the late Prime Minister Taafe in Austria, MacMahon in France, and O'Donnell in Spain are instances. Now we are told that Bismarck's successor, Count Caprivi, is a descendant of the Spanish O'Donnells, and a relative on his mother's side of MacMahon of France, one of whose Christian names is Patrick. These O'Donnells and MacMahons abode originally in the Green Isle, whence they departed, having little to do at home, for the purpose of giving continental Europe a taste of war and state-craft.

SALT FIELD.—At the annual meeting of the Stockton-on-Tees Chamber of Commerce, the president stated that the Teeside salt field covered an area of eleven square miles, averaging seventy feet in thickness, although in some places it was as thick as one hundred feet. Each acre contained about two hundred thousand tons of salt, and the district contained enough to supply the whole world for eight hundred years.

THE Holy See is making arrangements for the establishment of a regular hierarchy in Japan. The missions in Japan are overned at present by three Vicars-Apostolic, and the Church is making rapid progress in all parts of the empire.

Indian Catholics.

FATHER GRASSI, S. J., writes to Archbishop Gross, that, in compliance with several petitions of the Indians on the Umatilla reservation (from whose reservation the nuns were tyrannously removed three years ago), the government permitted the devotion of one hundred and sixty acres of their lands for a Catholic school, and Franciscan Sisters are now teaching in a building there, just completed. The Indians refused for three years to send their children to godless schools, saying: "We want them to be taught Catholicity as well as book learning."

THE United States senator-elect from Louisiana to succeed Mr. Eustis is Hon. E. D. White, of New Orleans. He is a Catholic. "J. J. R.," the New South correspondent of the Baltimore Catholic Mirror, says of him: "He has been a most prominent figure at the bar, on the bench, and before the people for a considerable period. He will make a national reputation at Washington. His whole aspect is that of power, physically and mentally, and yet I have seldom met a man of gentler temperament. He is of Irish and Maryland extraction, forty-five years old, and unmarried."

The Day We Celebrate.

JUDGE BARRETT, at one of the St. Patrick's Day dinners in New York, referred to the absence of Chauncey M. Depew, who was still too ill to speak at dinners, or to attend to his other duties. "Let us send to the sick room," said he, "a word of sympathy and good-will. (Cheers.) If he were here to-night, he would say, 'I am an Irishman in Ireland, a German in Germany, and a World's Fair man all the time." (Cheers and laughter.) Judge Barrett also said that with Irishmen, love of America and loyalty to her did not prevent loyalty to the mother country. "Ireland," he remarked, "is the mother, America is the bride, England is the mother-in-law." (Cheers and laughter.)

Our Quarterly.

MESSRS. HARDY & MAHONEY, publishers of the American Catholic Quarterly Review, announces that, "Since the death of its late distinguished and learned editor-in-chief, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran, the future editorial direction of the American Catholic Quarterly Review has been a subject of deep concern, not only to its proprietors, but also to the friends and readers of the Quarterly throughout the country. We are happy, however, to be able to announce now that arrangements have been consummated by which this solicitude has been dissipated, and that, beginning with the July number of the present year, the American Catholic Quarterly Review will enter upon a renewed career of usefulness and prosperity, under the chief editorial direction of the Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia; with the Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D.D.; the Rev. Luke V. McCabe, professor of moral and dogmatic theology, etc., in the theological seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and George Dering Wolff, LL.D., editor of the Catholic Standard, as associate editors."

The North American well says: "Our Quarterly does not infringe upon any field now occupied by any other Catholic magazine. It simply rises above all." Address Hardy & Mahoney, Philadelphia, Penn.

BISHOP HEALY, of Portland, Me., celebrated his sixtieth birthday on Easter Sunday, by participating at Mass and Vespers before two of the largest gatherings ever held in the church. Bishop Healy was made bishop of Maine in 1875, going from St. James' Church, Boston. The thousands of his flock in the Pine Tree state, as well as in Boston, will wish him many more returns of the day.

SIGNOR SAFFI, who, with Mazzini and Armellini, formed the triumvirate in 1848, when the people rose in rebellion, drove Pius IX., from Rome, and established a republic, is dead. Signor Saffi's fame is due to the exploits of the triumvirate of which he was a member, which was established in 1849, after the flight of Pope Pio Nono to Gæta, remained in power for a short time only, and was suppressed by French intervention. In April, 1850, Pio Nono returned to the Vatican with all his former power confirmed, and Gen. Oudinot and ten thousand French troops to support him.

JEREMIAH CURTIN, author of Folk-Lore of Ireland, recently published by Little & Brown, a Boston firm and highly commended, was a former resident of Milwaukee.

MAY GOD BLESS and direct, through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they wished to be placed, the writers of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, its rights and those of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to its doctrines and precepts with devotion and fidelity. — *Pius IX.*

THE German pilgrimage to Rome, which will take place in May, will, it is said, number a thousand persons of all classes. Mgr. Kopp and several members of the Centre party will be amongst the pilgrims.

P. S. GILMORE and his famous band gave a concert in Music Hall, Boston, evening of the 20th of April, to a large audience. He was cheered to the echo. Mr. Gilmore is a favorite with Boston audiences. No matter what other attractions may be in the city, he is sure to have a good audience. While in the city, he met Mr. Donahoe and paid twelve years' subscription in advance for his MAGAZINE. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Gilmore has been deservedly prosperous in his profession. He is a universal favorite.

IT is announced that the Duke of Newcastle is about to sell Worksop Manor, Nottinghamshire, England, which his greatgrandfather purchased from the Duke of Norfolk. The estate is splendidly timbered and contains about six thousand acres. Probably the woods will be converted into material for friction matches, like the groves that once adorned the Vale of Avoca.

THE Holy Father has approved of the project of holding a Plenary Council of all the South American churches. The time of the meeting has not been determined, but the measure is sure of success. At the present time the different South American Republics are drifting toward a union, and the Church proposes to lead the way. The meeting of that council will be the proclamation of freedom for the Church on the Southern Continent, and God speed the day prays the Western Watchman.

A Chinese Lady in Ireland.

THE Dublin correspondent of the London Daily Graphic writes: "A Chinese lady of high rank is staying at present at the Rectory Clontarf, with Mrs. Bradshaw, the rector's daughter, whom she accompanied recently from China. The celestial male travels to a limited extent; but etiquette or religion has hitherto compelled Chinese ladies to stay at home. Our visitor, if not the very first, is certainly the second Chinese lady of rank, who has ever visited Europe. Her object in coming is to interest the ladies of Ireland in the religious welfare of Chinese women. Through an interpreter she made a pretty and graceful speech the other night to an audience in the Clontarf Parochial Hall. She dresses with great taste and richly. Sorrowfully we state what we would gladly contradict — namely, that her feet are not more than three inches long. To think that such things should be seen in the land of Nora Creina."

MR. WILLIAM A. GOLDEN, secretary of the Pioneer Diocesan Council of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, at Pittsburgh, Pa., has sent out an interesting pamphlet showing the need of an alliance of the Catholic laity throughout the country. He says: "Aside from the incidental development of the general brotherhood, common to the children of Holy Mother Church, and the promotion of a more wide-spread, cordial, and generous personal fellowship amongst the rank and file of the Catholic laity everywhere, most meritorious objects in themselves, the signs of the times unerringly point to the ever-growing necessity for the vast body of our people to unite in a compact, working force in temporalities even as they are a unit in matters spiritual."

Taking Things Coolly.

A DOCTOR is sent for to attend sick woman: on his arrival finds woman dead. "Why was I not summoned sooner?" doctor asks angrily. "We did think of it," explains the bereaved husband; "but we concluded that it would be cheaper to let 'er die a natural death."

On another occasion doctor arrives too late. Husband explains: "You see, doctor," says husband, "when she complained of feelin' bad, I gave her the pill you prescribed for me a year ago but which I didn't take. It's hawful, I know; but just think wot would 'ave 'appened if I'd 'ave taken it."

Failure of a Conspiracy.

A CONSPIRACY to blacken the character and standing of Captain M. A. Healy, of the United States revenue cutter Bear, was hatched up in San Francisco. But it failed. Captain Healy is a brother of Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, Bishop of Portland, Me., and an excellent officer. The committee of naval officers, who inquired into the charges, reported as follows: "The testimony goes to show that Captain Healy has been a particularly intelligent, zealous, and efficient officer in the discharge of his difficult and perilous duties in the Arctic; that he is humane and kind to his men, and to shipwrecked sailors and unfortunates whom he has relieved, and who have been, in many instances, thrown upon his personal bounty.

IN response to numerous petitions from the Spanish Catholics, the Holy Father has declared that the Feast of St. Joseph shall henceforth be a holy-day of obligation in Spain.

THE newly-consecrated Bishop of Derry, Ireland, speaking at a recent banquet said: "There is an old prophecy in this part of the country which I hope may now come to pass, viz., 'When an O'Doherty rules in Derry, and an O'Donnell in Raphoe, Ireland shall be free.'"

Physical Condition of the Rulers of Europe.

In view of the disturbing rumors afloat in Europe, it may not be uninteresting to glance at the physical condition of the several crowned heads. According to a recent medical report, the Emperor of Russia is a confirmed hypochondriac, haunted by an ever-present terror of assassination. The Czarina is subject to intense nervous prostration. Francis Joseph, of Austria, is a melancholy, heart-broken man. His Empress is doubly afflicted with sciatica and melancholia, which recent family troubles have intensified. She belongs to the same family as the crazy kings of Bavaria, and is said to share their affliction. Young William, of Germany, has suffered all his life from serious physical defects for which there is no remedy. The King of Holland is flickering out the socket of a misspent life. The Sultan of Turkey is a monomaniac. The King of Italy is a martyr to chronic gastric derangement. The King of Wurtemburg is more than half a lunatic. The King of Belgium has a painful limp. The infant King of Spain inherits the constitutional defects of his father, and has but a slender hold on life. Roumania's Queen is afflicted with hallucinations. Queen Victoria is the healthiest of European sovereigns, but she suffers occasionally with rheumatism. This is a very sad showing for the great ones of the earth, and gives emphasis to the saying—"uneasily lies the head that wears a crown."

Gladstone's Big Head.

The London correspondent of the New York World says: I have heard from an authentic source a curious fact concerning Mr. Gladstone. One of his most remarkable physical characteristics is the size of his head. It is altogether exceptional. Recently, a trusted follower of his was visiting at Hawarden, and one evening the conversation turned on phrenology. Needless to say, Gladstone had included this empirical science in his limitless studies. "I am a bit of a phrenologist myself," said he, "and here is a circumstance that will surprise you. Within the last twenty years my head has grown considerably in size, and I can demonstrate it to you." The old man hied off to an adjourning room, and returned with an old Court hat. He explained that it belonged to a uniform he had used early in his official career. Said Mr. Gladstone, placing the hat on his head, "This was large enough for me when I got it; but it is much too small for me now." And so it was—it did not go down on his head at all. He confessed that the alteration in the size of his head puzzled him, and declared he had never heard of a similar case.

Bishop O'Connor will Recover.

Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha, who has been lying at death's door, in Pittsburg so long, is convalescing, and there is now hardly any doubt of his recovery. He lately passed through Chicago, on his way to Omaha. City Comptroller Onahan, who had a few words with Bishop O'Connor at the depot, says that while the bishop is not vigorous, he is well on the way to recovery.

It is almost incredible in this land of churches and preachers, yet a New York paper makes the statement, derived from statistics of the condition of Christianity in the United States, collected through the agents of a Bible society that there are nearly eighty towns and plantations within its jurisdiction in the state of Maine, where religious services are seldom, if ever, held.

The verdict of the *Moniteur de Rome* on the Commissioners' Report well expresses what is now felt in Vatican circles with regard to the charges made against the Irish party. These are its words: "From this campaign, which is undertaken against its leader, the Irish cause comes forth stronger than ever, and more full of confidence in its final triumph."

The Catholic Church is everywhere, even in Protestant families. Protestant children validly baptized die as Catholics, because before they attain the use of reason, they are too innocent to protest against the True Church. It takes intelligent sinners to stamp out a protest against glaring truth.

THE Pope has conferred the highest Papal distinction, the Order of Christ, on Dr. Windhorst, the leader of the Catholic party in Germany.

The New Church of St. Bernard,

SITUATED in West Newton, Mass., was dedicated on Sunday, April 27, by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. The dedication sermon was delivered by Rev. M. T. Boylan, of Charlestown. Haydn's Seventh Mass in G was performed by the choir. The consecration of the new three-thousand-pound bell took place at the vesper services, in the afternoon. St. Bernard's Catholic Church is on Washington street, on the site of the one which was destroyed by fire on the evening of June 23, 1889. The new structure is imposing in appearance, of Gothic style of architecture, and constructed of brick and stone. The interior has a seating capacity of ten hundred and fifty persons. The rector is Rev. L. J. O'Toole, and he is assisted by Rev. J. A. Barrett. Father O'Toole is to be congratulated for his enterprise in bringing to completion, in so short a time, such an elegant church.

What he was Roaring About.

HIGHLANDERS, as we know, have the habit when talking English, such as it is, of interpolating the personal pronoun "*he*" where it is not required, such as, "The King he has come." Often, therefore, a sentence or expression is rendered strange, as we are going to prove. The Rev. McD——, of a certain Highland parish, recently began his discourse thus: "My brethren, you will find the subject of this discourse in the first Epistle-General of the Apostle Peter, chapter five, verse eight, in the words, 'The devil he goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends, with your leave, we will divide the subject into four heads. First, we shall endeavor to ascertain who the devil he was. Second, we shall enquire into his geographical position — namely: where the devil he was. Third — and this of a general character — who the devil he was seeking. Fourthly and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve a question which has never been solved yet — What the devil he was roaring about?"

Distinguished Converts.

IT is announced that the Rev. C. W. Townshend, M. A., the principal of the Oxford University (Church of England) Mission in Calcutta, has been received into the Church, and that he has entered the Order of Jesus preparatory to becoming a missionary priest in India. It is singular that the late head of the Oxford Mission to Bombay (the Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.,) has also become a Catholic; and is now a member of the Order of St. Charles attached to the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, London.

MR. J. R. EYRE has a very thoughtful and logical article on the Union between England and Ireland, in the Westminster Review. He cites authorities from the leading statesmen, politicians, and lawyers of the century to prove that the Act of Union was unconstitutional and immoral; that it was effected entirely against the wishes of the people, and that the Parliamentary representatives who sold their country, committed a corrupt and unconstitutional act, which was grossly illegal in the eyes of the law. The argument is well arranged, and the article altogether well thought out.

Irish Feeling Towards England.

DR. O'DONNELL, Bishop of Raphoe, Ire., writes to Dr. Aubrey, Liberal candidate for the Horncastle division of Lincolnshire, as follows: "The attitude of English Liberals towards Ireland has effected an extraordinary change in the feelings of our people towards England. For centuries all that was best in this country was arrayed in hostility to English power. To-day you have the cordial good-will of the Irish leaders, the Irish priests, and the Irish people. The unparalleled spectacle of a great nation acknowledging that she had badly treated her weaker neighbor, and giving every evidence of a sincere desire to redress past wrongs, has brought about this blessed change. I do hope that you will soon be called to aid in Parliament in passing that final measure of conciliation which you have labored so hard out of Parliament to promote."

Cure for Diphtheria.

MEDICAL science has long sought for a sovereign remedy for the scourge of childhood, diphtheria, says the Chicago Tribune, yet the colored people of Louisiana, and perhaps of other localities in the South, have for years known and used a cure which is remarkable for its simplicity. It is nothing more nor less than the juice of the pineapple. "The remedy is not mine," said a gentleman when interviewed; "it has been used by negroes in the swamps down South for years. One of my children was down with diphtheria, and was in a critical condition. An old colored man who heard of the case asked if we had tried pineapple juice. We tried it and the child got well. I have known it tried in hundreds of cases. I have told my friends about it whenever I heard of a case, and never knew it to fail. You get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice and let the patient swallow it. The juice is so corrosive a nature that it will cut out diphtheretic mucous, and if you will take the fruit before it is ripe and give the juice to a person whose throat is well it makes the mucous membranes of his throat sore. Among those who tried the cure on my recommendation I may mention Francis J. Kennett, the Board of Trade man, whose children were all down with diphtheria and were cured by the remedy." Mr. Kennett confirms this statement.

THE German papers make the simultaneous announcements that Caprivi, the new German Imperial Chancellor, is of Irish extraction on the mother's side, and is a distant relative of Marshal McMahon. The statement comes from the Chancellor himself. We congratulate the Fatherland in having chosen a scion of the all-conquering race of Celts for its chief defender in the troublous days upon which it is entering.

REV. DAVID MOYES, of Warren, Mass., received the degree of Doctor in Canon Law at the Pontifical Seminary of the Apollinare in Rome. The ceremony of taking the oath and receiving the beretta and ring, which accompanies the granting of the Doctorate, took place in the chapel of the Seminary, and then the diploma was granted; it is signed by Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar of Rome, and was presented by the rector, the well-known Mgr. Salvatore Talamo. Father Moyes left Rome on the morning of March 23, on his return to America. Rev. James Moyes, brother of Rev. David Moyes, has been selected by his Bishop, after a public concensus to fill the office of Canon Theologian of the Cathedral of Salford. This is a great honor for a priest so young. By a strange coincidence, on the day that Canon Moyes was honored in England, his brother, Father Moyes, of Warren, received the Doctorate of Canon Law in Rome.

THE American Catholic University, of Washington, announces that it will not help to swell the list of bachelors and masters of arts and doctors in philosophy, theology, etc., unless the candidates for honors in these branches of learning pass an examination and earn them. This is wise and manly. The LL. D. list is getting to be as big a humbug as is the list of toy colonels. A degree from a university ought to mean something.

Breakers Ahead!

A NEW England capitalist, travelling through the South, wrote home from Chattanooga, Tenn., a few days ago, and, in discussing the land boom in the South, penned these lines: "I hear of new towns every day where there are to be land sales, many that you never hear of North. The business is surely overdone, especially in the present condition of the iron market. An old rebel, who has just sold a poor farm with mineral on it for a big price, put it about right a day or two ago. Said he: 'The Yankees licked us in the war, but we are giving them —— now.'"

ONE of the latest bits of gossip from the other side is to the effect that intrepid William O'Brien, the gallant Nationalist, has become engaged to a pretty little French girl, the daughter of a financier. If it be true, hosts of admirers in America will wish him a long life of happiness in return for the miseries he has endured in prisons of the English government in Ireland.

The Pope and the German Empire:—Socialism, etc.

LEO XIII., has addressed an important document to Archbishop Kremeutz, of Cologne, and is made public by the Vatican to-night in the face of the threatened universal labor demonstration of to-morrow. It will be followed by similar Pontifical rescripts to other nations. The Pope declares that he does not ignore the vast dangers and difficulties with which the social question has surrounded them; that he has deeply reflected on the causes and the true remedies. He declares his promise to give all the aid in his power to the Archbishop to solve the great question of the time, and succor the miserable toilers.

THE PART OF THE CHURCH.

The Pope asserts that the Church's part in the work of relieving the situation will be more important than that of the civil governments, because the divine force inherent in religion will turn men willingly to just and honest ways. The Pope says: "In order that the action of the Church may be more effective, as the times require that all of the means placed in its hands should be put into operation, their united force conspiring for one sole purpose, to lessen the gravity of the evil, above all things it is our duty to seek with patience and assiduity to induce people to correct their habits, and habituate themselves to conform their public and private life to the doctrine and example of Christ.

PATERNAL ADVICE.

"It would be well if in the questions which are agitating the various classes the precepts of justice and charity are not violated, and that the differences which by chance arise might be settled by the paternal and authoritative intervention of the holy priests. They should endeavor to render the discomforts of their present life more tolerable to the poor, and the Church should not serve as a fomenter of cupidity or extravagance, but urge them to acquire treasures more precious in Heaven."

At this point the Pope praises the industry and piety of the Germans, who have opened schools and workhouses for the education of poor children of both sexes, and founded pious congregations, which all tend to hold the working people to good customs. The Pontiff calls upon the bishops of Germany to co-operate with the priests and the people in the extension of these institutions, especially in the industrial and art centres.

TO CONGRATULATE THE BISHOPS.

"If things are done comformably to our desires," says the Pope, "there will be good reason to congratulate the bishops of Germany for providing to their utmost for the public tranquillity and for defending civilization."

In conclusion, the Pope exhorts the German bishops to prepare the priests to fight slavery and ignorance in Africa.

ROME, April 30, 1890.

THE wedding of the Hon. Robert Boyle, son of the Earl of Cork, to Miss Hale, of San Francisco, was solemnized in London the afternoon of April 30th, at St. Mary's Catholic Church, in Cadogan street. The ceremony was a very quiet one, owing to the bridegroom's family being in mourning. It being what is known as a "mixed marriage," there was no music; neither was there any Mass celebrated. There were no bridesmaids, but the bridegroom was attended by his brother, Viscount Dungarvon.

The Catholic Union

OF Boston, at a recent meeting, elected the following officers: Honorary president, Most Rev. John J. Williams, D. D.; president, Thomas B. Fitz; first vice-president, John W. McDonald; second vice-president, James A. Reilly; recording secretary and treasurer, John J. McCluskey; corresponding secretary, Thomas J. Kelly; executive committee, the foregoing *ex officiis*, and Thomas A. Crawford, Daniel Prendergast, Francis Martin, Stephen Murphy, J. B. Fitzpatrick; committee on nominations to membership, M. C. Curry, Henry McQuade, T. J. Monahan, J. S. O'Gorman. The treasurer's report showed receipts, $3,237.24; expenditures, including payment of $1,000 on mortgage, $3,371.34. Balance on land, $955. Fifty-eight members admitted during the year. Now on roll, 291.

Father Mathew's Lecture.

THERE was a particularly enthusiastic gathering in the Boston Theatre, Sunday evening, March 20th. The audience assembled to do honor to the memory of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, the centenary of whose birth will be celebrated next October. Before his death, Father Mathew began the erection of a church in Cork. This still remains unfinished, and it is the earnest wish of those most interested, that the work shall be completed before the celebration. To this end, Father Theobold Mathew, who bears the same name as the great advocate of total abstinence, is now in this country soliciting contributions. Gov. Brackett, who presided, spoke of the grand work of the elder Father Mathew, as did also Mr. John F. Cronan, who introduced the governor. Nearly every sentiment uttered by the speakers was vigorously applauded. Previous to the speaking, there was a pleasing concert. Among the more prominent invited guests, many of whom had seats upon the stage, were: Mayor Hart, Very Rev. William Byrne, Revs. Robert Fulton, S.J., J. J. Colgan, William A. Blenkinsop, P. A. McKenna, Dr. Talbot, and Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, Gen. M. T. Donahoe, Representatives John H. McDonough and William S. McNary, Hon. E. J. Flynn, Hon. Rufus S. Frost, Messrs. Thomas B. Fitz, John P. Squire, Hon. Joseph D. Fallon, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, and Captain Richard H. Tobin. The subject of Father Mathew's lecture was the life and labor of the great apostle of total abstinence. His remarks were enthusiastically received. Father Mathew has administered the pledge to thousands in Boston and vicinity, since his arrival in this city.

The Emperor and the Jesuit.

THE Emperor of Germany has conferred the Cross of the Order of the Crown, on Father Bollig, S. J., second librarian of the Vatican library. The letter in which the announcement of the conferring of this honor was conveyed, set forth that the Emperor bestowed the distinction in recognition of the learned Jesuit's great services to the many scholars of all countries who have been faciliated in their researches by his courteous aid.

The "Devil Fish."

THE Holy Family, a Catholic paper of New Orleans, edited by the Hon. Frank McGloin, has come out boldly against the "devil fish," of this country, which, after the curse of drink, involves more families in destruction than almost any other evil social power. After showing how the Louisiana Lottery Company realizes at a rate of a trifle less than forty-seven per cent. and refunds in prizes a trifle over fifty-three per cent., and after calling for a legislative inquiry into its doings, Judge McGloin closes with these brave words, which we are glad to repeat with emphasis, — they are especially timely in view of the fact that the company have been making persistent efforts to capture the legislature and government of the new state of North Dakota:

"But if such committee can possibly find out these things, it can never get the facts and figures touching the poverty and crime this institution has occasioned,— embezzlements, starvation of families, suicides; the degradation it has wrought among many, by converting them from honest and industrious people into gamblers; the shame with which it has covered the fair name of Louisiana at home and abroad.

THE BLARNEY-STONE $3.00 trouser company is the latest institution started in the Hub.

CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications, made at home by the patient, once in two weeks.

N. B. — This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada. — *Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal trouble should carefully read the above. dec 90

Convent of the Good Shepherd.

THE second Sunday after Easter, which fell this year on April 20, is the feast of Our Lord, under His tender name of the Good Shepherd. It is the patronal feast of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd. The day was celebrated at their convent in Boston, by the always interesting ceremonies of a religious reception. The two young ladies who received the white veil and entered on their novitiate were Miss Anna Murphy, of Malden, Mass., in religion, Sister Mary of St. Francis de Sales, and Miss Bridget McNamara, of Clinton, Mass., Sister Mary of the Good Shepherd. The Rev. Peter Defains, C.SS.R., officiated, and gave an earnest instruction to the new novices, based on the words of Christ: "If you will be my disciples, take up your cross daily, and follow me." The altar and sanctuary were beautiful with their Easter adornments. The young ladies wore the usual rich bridal dress, veils, and orange blossoms. The impressive ritual of the Order was carried out with all possible solemnity, and the music was sweet and devotional. The relatives of the new novices were present.

SKIN IMPERFECTIONS — I especially guarantee the permanent removal of superfluous hair perfectly; also moles, warts, eczema, pimples, blackheads, birth-marks, muddy complexion, etc. Send for free book on "Skin Blemishes and Complection." DR. STEPHENSON, specialist in skin disfigurements, 28 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. f 91.

INTEREST in the sailings of the great Trans-Atlantic steamers daily grows apace, and the latest bidder for marine favors evolves a new consideration. The last addition to the great flotilla of steamers plying between Liverpool and New York is "The Majestic," of the White Star Line, built in Belfast, Ireland. This magnificent vessel has completed her maiden trip out in six days ten hours and thirty minutes. This is splendid steaming, probably the highest ever attained on a maiden voyage, and the runs in miles for the several days are 444, 467, 412, 445, 471, 460.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, MILFORD, MASS. — On the morning of Sunday, April 27, the grand tower which beautifully crowns St. Mary's Church, Milford, Mass., was dedicated by Bishop O'Reilly; and in the afternoon, the great bell, the gift of the venerable rector, Father P. Cuddihy, was blessed by the Bishop. The tower is one hundred and forty feet high, constructed of Milford granite, and is especially massive, the walls at the bottom being three feet thick and at the top two feet. The top is finished with high corner pinnacles, terminating in double crosses, connected by highly ornamented balustrades. Work on this was begun in May, 1887, and, except the wood-work for the suspension of the great bells, was practically completed in November, 1889. The tower is a splendid revival of ancient church architecture. Father Cuddihy has had charge of this parish since 1857; and the church, school, and rectory are enduring monuments to his zeal for the honor of God and the welfare of his people. The church, one of the finest in New England, cost nearly two hundred thousand dollars. The older bell was brought from Ireland many years ago by Father Cuddihy, and has long been suspended in a temporary wooden tower in the churchyard. Its weight is four thousand pounds. To this has been added by Father Cuddihy, a new bell, cast this spring, by McShane & Co., Baltimore, Md., weighing 5,312 pounds. The cost of the bell and the tower is close on fifty thousand dollars. A great number of priests from Boston, Worcester, Springfield, and other parts of New England, gathered for the impressive ceremonies. Bishop O'Reilly preached. The church was crowded at both services.

A New Method of Treating Disease.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on, till these incomparable cures now include diseases of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, *has ruined more stomachs than alcohol.* A circular describing these new remedies is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors. dec 90

Throat and Lung Troubles.

Boston is often abused without cause, as being the natural home of more cases of throat and lung troubles than any other part of the universe. One proof that this is not true of Boston any more than many other portions of this country, is the fact that during the past winter when the epidemic, la grippe, swept over the whole country, Boston fared no worse than many other towns, and the death-rate from the after effects of la grippe was no greater in that city than elsewhere.

That disease was an epidemic of bronchitis, influenza, or catarrhal cold, and as every one knows tended to seriously affect every weak part of the patient's system, and augment any natural weakness or disease. Reports from all parts of our country show that the number of persons who have been left with a sort of chronic catarrh, larnyngitis, catarrhal sore throat, and bronchial affections likely to cause serious throat and lung troubles if not checked, is in proportion to the population about the same the country over. All of these troubles are a more or less serious inflammation of the mucous lining of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes liable to cause death in one place as much as another, from croup, ulcerated sore throat, pneumonia, bronchitis, and consumption; and which ought not to be neglected, but treated by means which will allay the inflammations causing the trouble in each case. One of the most effectual remedies for any form of inflammation is an anodyne treatment. The universal verdict is that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has, the past winter, as in the last half century, relieved and cured more such troubles than any one single medicine. It has been generally used by young and old, rich and poor, physicians and laymen. The wrapper around each bottle contains a vast amount of information about its use, or I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send a forty-eight page pamphlet free to any address sent them on a postal card.

Doctor A. M. Dam, 405 Columbus avenue, Boston, is the leading and acknowledged popular physician of the Back Bay territory. Doctor A. M. Dam is a graduate of the regular school of medicine, university of New York, and can be relied upon, in all his treatment of paralysis and heart disease. He has few equals.

Barbour's royal Irish silk, or linen floss, in all colors, for high art embroidery, and Barbour Brothers Irish linen thread has stood the test of over one hundred years without a rival. What a glorious record in the commercial world!

Now is the time to drink pure water. Aerated water, Apollinaris, and Mallow Spa. Of all the waters introduced and imported from Germany, and other foreign countries, nothing can excel the Mallow Spa. Col. R. F. Scannel, 182, 184, and 186 Charles street, Boston, is the sole proprietor and manufacturer of the finest Apollinaris water known in the United States; through its merits he is fast driving away the bogus imported articles. Col. Scannel is a whole-souled man, a thorough citizen of the United States, and is now supplying the principal hotels and restaurants of the country with Mallow Spa, and other aerated waters.

The New England Piano

Is unsurpassed for tone and action, is unrivalled for standing in tune, well-balanced tone and absolute durability, superior elegance and design of cases, thoroughly reliable and fully guaranteed, and sold at a moderate price.

This is the language of an advertisement which can be found in another part of our Magazine. The New England Piano Company is one of the youngest, one of the best and most extensive in our city, and we will add the most reliable. Their factory covers acres and acres of ground, and fronts on three streets, George, Gerard, and Howard streets, Boston Highlands; their salesrooms are at 157 Tremont street, Boston, and 98 Fifth avenue, New York. They are the largest manufacturers in the United States.

The Etna Hotel, 14 and 16 Beach street, Boston, near Washington street, is gaining every day under the popular management of Messrs. McGarry & Murphy. Success to them.

Music, music, music. Everybody buys music of Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt & Co., 13 and 15 West street, the most popular music store in Boston, and the largest stock to select from.

Mr. Julius Fellner's restaurant is visited every day and night by gentlemen of every profession. At the Old Elm, 150 Tremont street, Boston, are all the delicacies of the season at moderate prices.

Ancient Order of Hibernians, and all others in want of regalia, or ball badges will find everything in the line at Frederick Alford's, 110 Tremont street, Boston, Studio Building, Room 20.

Hygeia Lithia Water is one of the most effectual remedies known for gout, rheumatism, or kidney disorders. Sold by all dealers. Mr. Horace S. Woodbury, 60 Broad street, Boston, is the principal distributing agent.

On Sunday, May 4th, the Brothers of the Christian Schools celebrated the feast of their founder, the Blessed De La Salle. The celebration was observed in their colleges at Rome, Paris, London, Quito, San Francisco, St. Louis, Montreal, Baltimore, and New York.

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."— *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

John Murphy & Co. Baltimore.

CARMEL IN AMERICA. A Centennial History of the Discalced Carmelites of the United States. By Charles Warren Currier, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

As there is a movement on foot in Boston to establish this Order in our city, this book will be particularly interesting. The author, too, is a learned member of the Redemptorists in Boston, and deservedly popular with the people of this city. The book is an extremely interesting one, and will be sought by Catholics throughout the country.

1791: A TALE OF SAN DOMINGO. By E. W. Gillian, M. D.

All desirous of reading the stirring events of the period alluded to will read this book with avidity.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN. By Clara Mulholland, author of Miser of Kings' Court, Percy's Revenge, etc.

A very interesting story. Anything from the Misses Mulholland are sought after and read with pleasure and profit.

Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS. By William O'Brien, M. P., with portrait of the author. One volume, crown 8vo, cloth, 556 pages, $1.50.

This long-looked-for book has come to hand, and is for sale by all booksellers.

During large portions of Mr. William O'Brien's latest term of imprisonment in Ireland under the Coercion Act, he was, owing to the influence of British public opinion, allowed the use of books and writing materials. It was under these circumstances that "When we were Boys" came to be written; — except four chapters, the whole story was composed in prison. Begun at first merely to beguile the enforced idleness of solitary confinement, it grew, so the author tells us, "insensibly into something like a picture of the transformation which the progress of American democratic ideas has brought about in Irish society." The writer's besetting difficulty throughout was, so he says, "how to soften for strangers' ears those minor chords of sorrow which haunt Irish life like night-winds sighing through one of our ruined shrines." The book presents a picture of Irish life, or, rather, a series of most characteristic pictures, prepared by one who has been familiar from boyhood with every phase of Irish character. Merely as a story it is interesting, varied in incident, and enlivened with easy humor; but it has also the higher merit of depicting a civilization now in process of transformation. For such a panorama of Irish character and Irish scenery, Mr. O'Brien has very unusual qualifications.

James B. Cullen & Co., Boston.

AN INTERESTING MEMOIR OF THE JAMESTOWN'S VOYAGE TO IRELAND. By the late R. B. Forbes, her commander. Price 25 cts.

The Jamestown left Boston in the famine year, well loaded with provisions for the sufferers. Capt. Forbes tells the whole story in this neatly gotten-up pamphlet, illustrated with an engraving of the Jamestown.

Fr. Pustet, New York and Cin.

A SHORT AND PRACTICAL MAY DEVOTION. Compiled by Clementinus Deymann, O. S. F. Approved and recommended by Rt. Rev. J. J. Hogan, D. D. bishop of Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo. Price 20c.

We are sorry we did not get this book in time for our May issue. Nevertheless, buy it for the balance of the month.

MEDITATIONS ON THE VENI SANCTA SPIRITUS, with Devotions of Novena in preparation for the Feast of Pentecost. Compiled from various sources by a Sister of Mercy. Price 20c.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

MENHIKOFF; OR, THE PEASANT PRINCE. By Alfred D. Aveline.

JEAN BART. By Frederick Keonig. Translated from the French.

The above books are interesting stories, well printed and bound, and reflect credit on the publishers.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

THE TWELVE VIRTUES OF A GOOD TEACHER, for Mothers, Instructors and all charged with the education of girls. By Rev. H. Pottier, S. J. From the twelfth French edition, by a Sister of Mercy. Price, 30 cents.

A good book for all who have charge of the education of girls. It is neatly bound and sold for 30 cents.

M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

SONGS OF REMEMBRANCE. By Margaret Ryan (Alice Esmonde).

These are Songs of Sorrow. The writer's soul ever turns to the grave, and from its shadow receives its inspiration. Redeemed by faith that sees beyond the cloud, they are to be commended, although there is a general want of melody in the verse. This cannot be said, however, of "First Things," "Thanks," and the

"Spring Birds," the latter being joyous with the May. There is also a breathing sweetness in "The Cry of the Soul."

In the morning, when the pure air comes unbreathed, and the fresh fields lie untrod,
When the lark's song rises upward, and the wet flowers deck the sod;
In the time of earnest praying, in the hushed and holy morn,
Hear those voices softly pleading, hear those low words interceding,
From the green graves lonesome lying,
Evermore in sad tones crying,—
"*Have pity! You at least have pity, you my friends!*"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. publish THE MONTH, a Catholic Magazine and Review, issued simultaneously in London and Baltimore.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE, an illustrated Magazine and Quarterly Record of Catholic Progress, edited and published by the Fathers of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of the Sacred Heart, in the special interests of their missions and (generally) of all such among the colored races. The magazine is not only interesting and instructive for the colored people, but all Catholic people. Each issue contains sixty large pages, and is handsomely illustrated. $1 a year. Address, 401 Cortland st., Baltimore, Md.

THE *Annuaire*, or Calendar of the Catholic University of Louvain, for 1890 just to hand, gives a pleasing idea of the rapid progress of that great centre of learning. During the academic year 1888–9 the total number of students rose to 1,824, by far the largest figure yet attained.

Golden Jubilee.

THE SALVE REGINA, for April, comes to us with a full account of the ceremonies attending the golden jubilee of the religious profession of MOTHER MARY MAGDALEN O'FARRELL, St. Mary's Dominican Convent, St. Charles avenue, New Orleans, La., March 19, 1890. Mother Mary was born Sept. 4, 1822, professed March 19, 1840, founding the institution for deaf and dumb, at St. Mary's Dominican Convent, Cabra, Dublin, Ireland, 1846, St. Mary's Dominican Convent, New Orleans, La., 1860. The account of the ceremonies are interesting, but regret we cannot publish on account of their length.

All the above books can be had at Messrs. Noonan & Co., 19 and 21 Boylston street.

MUSIC.

White, Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal.—"Still is the Night," words by Constance Bache, music by C. Schiloosky. "The Lord is My Shepherd," by Carl Bohm. "Once a Sailor," barytone song, by C. A. White. "Ave Maria," by C. A. White. "Tim Macarthy's Daughter," Irish comic song, by E. W. Rogers.

Instrumental.—"Gavotte," by Gluck. "Jingle Bells," grand galop de Cornet, by Frederic E. White. "Valse Elegante," by Jas. Rummel. "Polka Mazurka," by Francois Behr. "Kol-Nidsei," by J. Rosenfeld. "Montmorency Galop," by Bernard H. Collam. "Let the Band Play," grand march de ballet for four hands, by Frederic E. White. "The Market Maid" march, by C. Bohm. "Tyroliene," valse Imprestor, by Joachim Raff. "The Sultan Polka," by Chas. D'Albert. "Chicago World's Exposition Waltzes," by Frederic E. White. "Fair Lily Waltz," by Antoine Lafont. "March," from "Norma," by F. Burgmuller. "Le Petit Bal Galop," by Francois Behr. "Glittering Dewdrops," Mazurka Brilliante, by Hiram S. Bentley. "Four Brilliant Compositions," by Benjamin Godard, viz., Barcarolle, 2 Waltzes and Mazurka. "La Zingano," by Carl Bohm. "Twinkling Stars Schottische," by Paul Keller. "Polka Mazurka," by Joseph Rummel. "The Dewdrop," by A. Favanger. "The Fantastic Waltzes," by Fr. Zikoff. "Polka Boherne," by A. Rubinstein. "Sounds from the Forest Fantasie," by Herbert L. Eddy. "Happy Birdlings," Polka Rondo, by Edward Stanfield. "Fascination Gavotte," by Paul Keller.

BOOKS.

"Easter Cantata; A Series of Song for Sunday-schools," by C. C. Stearns.

"The Folio," for March and April, both interesting numbers.

"Easter Concert," by Edwin Arthur Jones. A fine composition for chorus or church choir use.

"Third Mass in A," (Coronation Mass). Composed for the coronation of King Charles X., by L. Cherubini. A Mass that should be sung by every church choir in the land.

Christ Before Pilate.

MR. DONAHOE: *Dear Sir.*—I have received the painting Christ Before Pilate, sent by you, for which I return you my thanks. It is a beautiful picture, and should be with your valuable MAGAZINE in every Catholic family.

MRS. MARY MULLIGAN, ST. CLOUD, MINN.

EVERYBODY smokes the T. & B. Tobacco. Messrs. Mark A. Torrey & Co., 6 India street, Boston, sole New England agents.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMAN.

THE diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y., mourns the loss of one of its zealous rectors, Rev. James O'Boyle, of St. Matthew's Church, on Utica avenue. Father O'Boyle died on April 10, from an attack of pneumonia which prostrated him on April 1. His loss is sincerely regretted by his congregation, and all others who knew of his faithful discharge of priestly duties as well as his many brilliant gifts of mind. Father O'Boyle was born in Belfast, Ire., fifty years ago. He studied theology in Maynooth, and came to Brooklyn Diocese about seven years ago. May his soul rest in peace.

SISTER.

AFTER many long years of suffering, Sister M. Patricia, of Pacific, Mo., died March 31st, at the Union depot, in Chicago. Sister Patricia had been afflicted with consumption for a long time. In the little convent in Missouri she gradually faded away. She expressed the wish, a few weeks ago, to go to her old home at the Silver Lake Convent, in Manitowoc county, to die. So, accompanied by another sister, the invalid set out for Wisconsin. The journey was very fatiguing, and weakened her greatly. She arrived at Chicago and had to wait for another train to take her to Manitowoc. She was assisted into the ladies' waiting-room at the Union depot, and had hardly settled into a comfortable seat when she fell back unconscious, and, although medical aid was promptly summoned, she died in a few minutes. Dr. Hekteon, of the coroner's office, issued a death certificate, and her sister companion took the next train for the convent home with the dead body. Sister Patricia was thirty-five years of age. May she rest in peace.

Leo XIII. and the late Father Meehan.

MORE than sixty years ago two youths were fellow students in Rome. One was Irish, the other Italian. At the close of their studies both were ordained to the priesthood and each went forth to duty, one to Ireland, and the other to his native province in Italy. The Irishman, named Meehan, remained a humble curate to the day of his death; the Italian, named Pecci, is still living and is now the head of the Universal Church. The Irish curate to whom we allude was the Rev. C. P. Meehan, the author of the History of the Confederation of Kilkenny and other valuable treatises on Irish history. In our MAGAZINE of January, 1889, a warm and greatly loved friend of the deceased, wrote an account of Father Meehan. The same Reverend gentleman contributes a brief notice of his death which will be found elsewhere.

Silver Jubilee of Cardinal Manning.

SUNDAY, June 8, will be the "silver jubilee" of Cardinal Manning's Episcopal consecration, and it has been decided on the first convenient day afterwards to present to his Eminence a testimonial. The Duke of Norfolk, Monsignor Gilbert, and Alderman and Sheriff Knill have the management of the fund, towards which subscriptions have been received from all classes of the community and members of all religious denominations. The Daily News says that the zeal of the Cardinal Archbishop for improving the dwellings of the poor, promoting education and temperance, as well as his generous sympathy with the working classes, have made him friends everywhere, and contributions have been received from Ireland, France, Germany, India, America, Canada, and Australia. In the broadest sense of the word the recognition will be thoroughly "Catholic."

HERR WINDHORST is anxious to support the German Emperor's movement toward social reform. "In this matter," he said to a recent visitor, "the Kaiser and the Pope are one. The growth of infidel socialism is due in great part to the waning interest in religious matters, — an indifference fostered by the want of religious instruction in schools."

B. P. L. Bindery.
APR 24 1911